

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF GODS REVENGE,
AGAINST THE CRYING
and execrable sinne of

Murther.

In thirty severall Tragicall Histories,
(digested into six Books) committed in di-
vers Countreyes beyond the Seas, and
*never before published or imprin-
ted in any Language.*

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

BOOKE II.



AT LONDON,
Imprinted by FELIX KYNGSTON,
for *William Lee*, and are to be sold at his shop
in Fleet-street, at the signe of the golden
Buck, neere Seriants Inne.

1622.

THE
TRIVMPS
OF GODS REVENGE
AGAINST THE CRYING

and execrable kind of

Wickedness

For this reason, I have thought
it fit to publish this
little book, which I have
written, and which I hope
will be of some use to
the world.

Written by J. H. H. H.

Printed by J. H. H. H.

London, 1711.

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TO THE RIGHT
HONOVABLE, AND TRVLV
Noble, RICHARD LO. BVCKHVRST,
Earle of DORSET, and Lo. Lieutenant of
his Maiesties Countie of
SURREY.

RIGHT HONOVABLE:

 *Vt of a resolution, whe-
ther more bold or zea-
lous, I know not: I haue
aduentured this second
Booke of my Tragicall
Histories to the world, under your Ho-
nours Patronage and protection: Nei-
ther need I goe farre to yeeld either your
Ho. or the world, a reason of this my
Presumption and Ambition, sith your*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

vertues innobling your blood, as much as your Nobility illustrates your vertues, was the first motiue which drew me hereunto: for whiles many others endeavour to be great, your Ho. (resembling your selfe) not onely endeavors, but strines to be good: as well knowing that Goodnesse is the glory and essence, yea the life, and as I may say, the soule of Greatnesse; and that betwixt Greatnes and Goodnesse there is this difference and disparity; that, makes vs famous; this, immortal; that, beloued of men; this, of God; that accompanyeth vs onely to our graues, and this, to Heauen. My second preuailing motiue in this my Dedication, proceeded from the respect of my particular duty, (as my first was solely deriued from the consideration of your owne generall and generous vertues:) for hauing the
honour

The Epistle Dedicatory.

honour to retaine to your Noble Brother, Sir Edward Sackuile Knight, to whom, for many singular respects, and (inmerited) fauours (whiles I am my selfe) I owe not onely my seruice, but my selfe; Ithererein hold me obliged and bound to proffer and impart this part of my labours to your Ho. (as the first publike testimony of my zeale and seruice, eternally deuoted and consecrated to the Illustrious name and family of the Sackuiles: whereof, Gods diuine prouidence hath made your Ho. chiefe heire and pillar. The drift and scope of these Histories are to informe the world, how Gods reuenge still fights and triumphs against the crying and execrable sinne of (wilfull and premeditated) murther, which in these our (impure and profane) times, is so fatally and frequently coin-

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

cident to unregenerate Christians : which scarlet and bloody crime is infallibly met with, and rewarded by Gods sharpe and seuerer punishments; hauing purposely published and diuulged them to my deare Country of England, that they may serue (though not by the way of comparison, yet of application) as the sight of Iulius Cæsar's bloody Robe, (shewed by Marcus Antonius to the Romanes, in Campo Martio, when hee there pronounced his funerall Oration,) thereby to make his murther, and murtherers in the greater horror and execration with the people. The Histories of themselves are as different, as their effects and accidents: their Scenes being wilfully and sinfully laid in diuers parts of Christendome beyond the seas, and the Tragedies vnfortunately perpetrated and personated

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

sonated by those, who more adhering to impiety, then Grace, and to Satan, then God, made shipwracke, if not of their soules with their bodies, I am sure of their liues with their fortunes, and of their fortunes with their liues. They themselves, (or rather their finnes) first brought the Materials, I, onely the Collection, illustration and pollishing of these their deplorable Histories; which are penned in so lowe a sphere of speech: and so inelegant a phrase, as they can no way merit the Honour of your perusall, much lesse of your iudgement, and least of all, of your noble protection and patronage.

Howsoever, my hopes (led and marshalled by the premises) doe as it were flatter me, that your perfections will wink at my imperfections, and your curiosity at
my

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

my ignorance and presumption, in daigning permit this my rude Pamphlet, to salute and pilgrimage the world, vnder the authenticall passe-port of your Honours fauour; who of her selfe is composed of so poore metall, (or rather drosse) as without the pure gold of your Honourable name, it would run a hazard, not to passe currant with the curious wits, and censures of this our (too curious, and too censorious) age: whereof could I rest assured, I should then not onely reioyce, but triumph in this my happinesse, as so richly exceeding the proportion of my poore labours and merits, that I could not aspire to a greater honour, nor desire a sweeter felicity: And so recommending this my imperfect Pamphlet to your fauour, my vnworthy selfe to your pardon; and your Ho. (your Noble Countesse, and the
sweet

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*sweet young Lady your Daughter, to
Gods best fauours and mercies: I will
assume the confidence, and con-
stancy to remaine*

*Your Honours in all hu-
mility and seruice,*

IOHN REYNOLDS.

THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF
BOSTON
FROM
1630 TO 1800

BY
JOHN H. COLEMAN

NEW YORK
1880

The Grounds, and Contents of these Histories.

Hist. VI.

Victoryna causeth Syponthus to stabbe and murther her first husband Souranza, and she her selfe poisoneth Fassino her second: so they both being miraculously detected, and convicted of these their cruell murders, he is beheaded, and she hang'd and burnt for the same.

Hist. VII.

Catalina causeth her Waying-maide Anfilua, two severall times attempt to poison her owne Sister Berinthia: wherein sayling, she afterwards makes an Empericke, tearm'd Sarmiata, poison her sayd Maide Anfilua: Catalina is kill'd with a Thunder-bolt and Sarmiata hang'd for poisoning Anfilua. Antonio steals Berinthia away by her owne consent: whereupon her brother Sebastiano fights with Antonio, and kills him in a Duell: Berinthia, in reuenge hereof, afterwards murdereth her brother Sebastiano: she is adiudged to be immured 'twixt two walls, and there languisheth and dyes.

Hist. VIII.

Belluile treacherously murdereth Poligny in the street. Laurieta, Poligny's Mistresse, betrayeth Belluile to her Chamber, and there, in reuenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistoll, when assisted by her Waying-maid Lucilla, they likewise give him many wounds with a Poyard, and so murder him. Lucilla staying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and Laurieta is taken, and hang'd and burnt for the same.

Hist. IX.

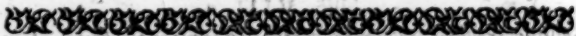
Iacomo de Castelnou, lustfully falls in love with his daughter in Law Perina, his owne sonne Francisco de Castelnou's wife:

The Contents.

whom to enioy, hee causeth Ierantha first to poyson his owne Lady Fidelia, and then his sayd sonne Francisco de Castellnoue, in reuenge whereof, Perina treacherously murdereth him in his bed. Ierantha ready to dye in trauell of child, confesseth her two murders, for the which she is hang'd and burnt: Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is iudged to perpetuall imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dyes.

Hist. X.

Bertolini seeks Paulina in marriage, but shee loues Sturio, and not himselfe: he prays her brother Brellati his deare friend, to sollicit her for him, which he doth, but cannot preuaile: whereupon Bertolini leas fall some disgracefull speeches, both against her honour and his reputation: for which Brellati challengeth the field of him, where Bertolini kills him, and he flies for the same. Sturio seeks to marry her, but his father will not consent therunto, and conueyes him away secretly: for which two disasters, Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio findes out Bertolini, and sends him a challenge, and hauing him at his mercy, giues him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kills Sturio with a Petronell in the street from a window: he is taken for this second murder, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.



ERRATA.

PAge 9. line 8. for looke *Sourance*, read looke from *Sourance* p. 14. l. 3. for eight daies, r. eight daies after. p. 36. l. 14. for more. r. more. p. 54. l. 15. for thought, r. thoughts. p. 57. l. 31. for *Alerex*. r. *Villarex*. p. 62. l. 5. for preparatiue, r. preferuatiue. p. 67. l. 18. for signet, r. signall. p. 67. l. 10. for the proceeding, r. thy proceeding. p. 98. l. 18. for Gentlewomen, r. Gentlemen. p. 107. l. 27. for thinke, r. thanke. p. 126. l. 7. for or what, r. or what not. p. 128. l. 7. for the great, r. thy great. p. 145. l. 10. for impius, r. impietious. p. 208. l. 7. for gheft, r. ghefts.



THE
TRIVMPHS OF
 GODS REVENGE AGAINST
 the crying and execrable sinne
 of Murther.

History VI.

Victoryna causeth Sypontus to stab and murther her first Husband Souranza, and she her selfe poysoneth Fassinio her second: so they both being miraculously delected and conuicted of these their cruell murders, he is beheaded, and she hanged, and burnt for the same.



Here lust takes vp our desires, and reuenge and murther seazeth on our resolutions, it is the true way to make vs wretched in this life, and our soules miserable in that to come : for if *Chastity* and *Charity* (the two precious vertues and ornaments of a Christian) steere not our actions on *Earth* : how shall (nay how can) we hope to arriue to the harbour of *Heauen*? or if we abandon these celestiall vertues, to follow and imbrace those infernall vices : what doe wee but take our selues from felicity to misery, and consequently

giue our selues from *God* to *Satan*? But did we seriously (and not triuially) consider: that there is a *Heauen* to reward the righteous, and a hell to punish the vngodly, we would neither defile our hearts, nor pollute our soules, with the thought, much lesse with the action of such beastly, and inhumane crimes: but in this sinfull age of ours, the number is but too great of lasciuious and impious Christians, who delight in the affection and practice thereof: among whom, I hererepresent the History of an execrable Gentlewoman, and her wretched and vnfortunate Louer, who were both borne to honour, and not to infamy: had they had as much grace to secure their liues, as vanity and impiety to ruine them. *The History* is bloody, and therefore mournfull: but if we detest their crimes, wee need not feare their punishments: for *God* is as gracious and propitious to protect the innocent, as iust and seuerer to chastise the guilty.

In *Italy* the beauty of *Europe*, and in the City of *Venice*, (the glory of *Italy*, the Nymph of the sea, and the Pearle and Diamond of the world) in the latter yeeres of the raigne of noble *Leonardo Donato*, who, as Duke, sate to the helme of that potent and powerfull *Estate*: (so famous for banishing the *Iesuites*, and for opposing himselfe against the intrusion and fulminations of *Pope Paulus Quintus*, in the iust defence and maintenance of the prerogatiues and priuiledges of the *Seignory*.) There was at that time a Gentleman, a younger brother, yet of well-neere fifty yeeres old, of the Noble family of the *Beraldi*, named, *Seignior Iacomo Beraldi*, who dwelt aboute the *Rialto* bridge, (that famous master-piece of *Architecture*) vpon the *Canalla Grando*,
who

who in the *Aprill* of his youth, tooke to wife the *Dona Lucia*, daughter to *Seignior Lorenzo Burffo*, a Gentleman of *Padua*; by whom hee had seuen children, foure sonnes, and three daughters: so as his wife and hee esteeming themselues happy in their issue, past away their time in much content and felicity: but *God* (for some secret and sacred reasons to his diuine *Majesty* best knowne) conuerting his smiles into frownes, within the space of seuen yeeres, takes away sixe of their children, so as their eldest daughter onely remained liuing, being a young Gentlewoman of some eighteene yeres old, named, *Dona Victoryna*.

This young *Gentlewoman*, being noble, rich, and faire, (three powerful and attractive Adamants, to draw the affections of many *Cavaliers*) she, according to her desert, had diuers Gallants who sought her in marriage: but she was of *nature* proud, cholericke, disdainfull and malicious; vices enow to ruine both a beauty and a fortune: but of all her sutors and seruants, he whom she best loued and affected, was one *Seignior Sypontus*, a Gentleman of the City, who was more noble then rich, and yet more debosht and vicious, then noble; but otherwise a very proper young Gallant: but the perfections of the body, are nothing to bee compared to the excellent qualities and indowments of the minde, for those are but the varnishes and shadowes of a meere man; but these the perfections and excellencies of a wise man, and therein noble: sith indeed wisdom is one of the truest degrees, and most essentiall parts of Nobility. Now if *Victoryna* loue *Sypontus*; with no lesse reciprocall flame and zeale doth *Sypontus* affect *Victoryna*: for as his eyes behold the delicacy

of her personage, and the sweetnesse of her beauty: so his heart loues either, and adores both: yea, so deepe an impression hath shee ingrauen in his thoughts and contemplations, that he is neuer merry till he see her, nor pleased till he inioy the felicity of her company; which *Victoryna* much reioyceth to see, and obserues with infinite content and delectation. *Sypontus* thus intangled in the snares of *Victoryna's* beauty, and shee likewise in those of his perfections, he resolves to court her, and seeke her in marriage, which hee performes with much affection, zeale and constancy; leauing no industry, care, curiosity, or cost, vnattempted, to enrich and crowne his desires with the precious and inestimable treasures of her loue. I should make this short Discourse swell into an ample History, to particularize, or punctually relate the Letters, Sonnets, presents, meetings, dancings, musicke, and banquets which past twixt these two louers, and wherewith *Sypontus* entertained his deare Mistrisse *Victoryna*: I will therefore purposely omit it, and couer my selfe with this excuse, which may satisfie my Reader, to consider, that *Sypontus* (as before) was an *Italian*, whose custome and nature rather exceed, then come short in all amarus ceremonies and complements: and therefore againe to resume my History; I must briefly declare, that after the protraction and recesse of a yeeres time, *Victoryna* consenteth to *Sypontus* to be his wife, so far forth as he can obtaine those of her father and mother: a fit and vertuous answere of a daughter, wherein I know not whether she bewray more modesty and discretion in her selfe, or respect and obedience to her Parents.

Sypontus

Syponius infinitely pleased with this sweet newes and delightfull melody, is as it were rauished and rap't vp into heauen with ioy, when flattering himselfe with this poore hope, that as *Victoryna* was courteous, so he should finde her Parents kind to him: hee, with much respect and honour, repaires to *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, and in faire and discreet termes acquaints them with his long affection to their daughter *Victoryna*; whom (with as much earnestnes as humility) he prays to bestow her on him for his wife: but this old couple are as much displeased at *Syponius* his motion, as their daughter *Victoryna* reioyceth therat, and so they returne him their denial in stead of their consent: onely in generall tearmes they thanke him for his loue and honour, and certifie him that they haue otherwise disposed of their daughter. *Syponius* bites the lip, and *Victoryna* hangs her head at this their bitter and distastfull answer: but he is too generous and amorous to bee put off with this first repulse. Whereupon he imployes his Parents and kinsfolkes, (whereof some were of the chiefeſt ranke of *Senators* and *Magnificos*) to draw *Beraldi* and *Lucia* to consent to this match: but in vaine: for they are deafe to those requests, and resolute in their denial, grounding their refusal vpon *Syponius* his pouerty: for they see hee is become poore; because in the last trans-marine warres, the *Turkes* tooke from his father and himselfe, most of his lands and possessions neere *Scuttari* in *Dalmatia*, and therefore they resolute to provide a richer husband for their daughter. The iniquity of our times are as strange as lamentable: for in matters of marriage, Parents, without due regard either to the natures or affections of their children, still

preferre gold before Grace, and many times riches before Vertue and Nobility, which concurre and meete in one personage: but diuers of these marriages, in the end, finde either shame, misery, or repentance, and sometimes all.

Sypontus stormes as much as *Victoryna* grieues at his refusall: but to frustrate that, and provide for this: *Beraldi* deales with *Seignior Iouan Battista Souranza* to marry his daughter *Victoryna*: who is a Gentleman of a good house, but farre richer then *Sypontus*; but withall farre different in age: for *Sypontus* is but twenty eight yeeres old, and *Souranza* neere threescore. So as gold playing the chiefe part in this contract, *Souranza* is sure of *Victoryna* for his wife ere hee know her, or hardly hath seene her. *Beraldi* aduertiseth his daughter of his will and pleasure herein: so *Souranza* sees her with affection and ioy, and she him with disdain and griefe: and thus this old louer, the first time entertaines his young *Mistrisse* with kisses, and she him with teares. He is no sooner departed, but *Victoryna* very sorrowfully & pensiuely throwes herselfe to her Parents feet, and with showres of teares, very earnestly and passionately beseech them, that they will not inforce her to marry *Souranza*, whom (she affirms) shee cannot loue, much lesse obey, prayes them to consider what a misery, nay what a hell it will be to her thoughts and selfe, to haue him in her bed, and *Sypontus* in her heart. When she could no further proceed, because her sighes cut her words in pieces, and so griefe daunting her hart, and her feare to *Souranza*, and affection to *Sypontus*, casting a milke-white Vaile ouer her vermillion cheekes, shee sinkes to the earth in a fainting cold swoone

swoone. When her hard-hearted and cruell Parents (more with astonishment then commiseration and pittie) step to her assistance, and againe bring her to her senses: who not forgetting where her speeches ended, she remembers to begin, and continue them thus: O my deare Parents, name not *Souranza* for my husband, but if yee will needes giue me one, then by all that blood of yours, which streameth in all the veines of my body; of two let me enioy one, either *Sypontus*, or my Graue; he the beginner of my ioyes, or this the ender of all my miseries and sorrowes: neither is it disobedience in mee, but feare of cruelty in your selues, that throwes me on the exigent of this request and resolution; whereon I pray, consider by the bonds of nature, and not by the rules of auarice and inhumanity. But her Father and Mother (without any respect to her youth, and teares, or regard to her affection and prayers) loue *Souranza's* wealth so wel, as they will hate *Sypontus* his pouerty, and in it himselfe: and therefore checking *Victoryna* for her folly, and taxing her of indiscretion, their command and authority giues a law to her obedience and desires: And to conclude, they are so bitter, and withall so cruell to her, that within few dayes, they violently enforce her to marrie *Souranza*: But this enforced match will produce repentance and misery of all sides.

As it is a duty in children to honour and obey their Parents, so it is no lesse in Parents carefully to regard and tenderly to affect their children: but in matches that are concluded with wealth without affection, there Parents ought proceede with iudgement, not with passion, with perswasion, not with force: for can there

there be any hell vpon earth, comparable to that of a discontented bed, or is it not a griefe to Parents, through their cruelty, to see their children liue in despair, in stead of hope; in affliction in stead of ioy; and to die miserably, whereas they might haue liued pleasantly and prosperously? Tis true that young folkes affections are not still well grounded, but for want of aduice and counsell many times meete with misery for felicity: yet sith marriage is a contract not for a day, but for euer, not for an houre, but for the terme & lease of our liues, therefore Parents, in matching their children, should be rather charitable then greedy for the world, and rather compassionate then ridged: but enough of this, and againe to our *History*.

We haue seene *Victoryna*, with an vnwilling willingness, enforc'd to marrie *Souranza*: wee shall not goe farre, before wee see what sharpe calamities, and bitter afflictions & miseries this match produceth: *The argument and cause, briefly is thus: Victoryna lyes with her husband Souranza, but cannot loue him*: from whence (as so many lines frō their centre) spring forth many mournfull & disastrous accidents: the little Ring of matrimony incloseth many great and waighty considerations, & among others this is not one of the least: disparity in yeeres makes nō true harmony in affections; for there is no affinity twixt *Iannary* and *May*, and it is a matter, though not impossible, yet difficult for youth and age to sympathize: *Souranza* his best performance of the rites and duties of marriage, is but desire: yea, his age cannot sufficiently estimate, much lesse reward the dainties of *Victoryna's* youth, for hee is more superstitious then amorous, as delighting rather to kisse an
Image

Image in the Church, then his wife in his bed, and not to betray the truth. I must craue leaue of modesty, to auerre that shee findes little difference twixt a Mayd and a Wife, so as her lust out-brauing her chastity, and sensuality trampling her vertues and honour vnder foote: whereas her affection should looke from *Sypontus* to *Souranza*: both shee and it contrariwise, looke *Souranza* to *Sypontus*. Dissembling pleasures, which strangle when they seeme to embrace and kisse vs, bitter Pils candid in Sugar, Cordials to the sence, but corrosiues to the soule! Yea, *Victoryna* in forgetting her modesty, will not remember her vow in marriage, for had shee beene as vertuous as young, or as chaste as faire, it had not onely beene her vertue, but her duty, to haue smothered the defects, and concealed the imperfections and impotencie of her old husband: chastity would haue perswaded her to this, but incontinencie and lust draw her to a contrary resolution.

Sypontus likewise stormes and grieues at this vn-wished and vnequall match of old *Souranza*, with his young and faire *Victoryna*: yea, he hates him so much, and loues her so tenderly and dearly, as hee would, but cannot preuent it: for (as before) they are married: and he in stead of the *Laurell*, is enforced to weare the *Willow*: but his grieve findes this comfort, and her discontent this consolation, that sith *Victoryna* is not his wife, she is his *Mistresse*: and sith *Sypontus* is not her husband, hee is her seruant, or (to vse the *Venetian* phrase) she is his *Courtizana*, and hee her *Enamorata*: but such leagues and contracts of vicious affections, seldome make happy ends, for as they begin in lust, so commonly they terminate in infamy and misery. Sy-

pontus often familiarizeth with *Victoryna*, yea their familiarity is such, as I in modesty will not report, sith in chastity I cannot, and although they beare their affections and pleasures secret, yet custome breeding a habite, and that a second nature, *Souranza* is now no sooner abroad, but *Sypontus* is at home, so as in effect *Souranza* is but the shadow, and *Sypontus* the substance of *Victoryna's* husband: but these lasciuious Louers shal pay deare for their affections, *Sypontus* for entertaining and keeping another mans wife, and *Victoryna* for breaking her vow in wedlocke to her husband, in defiling his bed, and contaminating her body with the foule sinne of adultery.

It had beene good and safe for them, if they had not begun these their beastly pleasures, but to giue no end to them, must needs proue dangerous and ruinous: to commit this sinne of adultery, is odious, but to perseuere therein, is most abominable before God: the reason hereof is as true as pregnant, for if the reward of a single sinne bee death, the redoubling thereof must needs be double damnation: but as it is the nature of adultery to be accompanied and waited on by other sinnes: so *Victoryna* is not onely content to loue *Sypontus*, but she makes a farther progression in impiety, and will needs hate her husband *Souranza*: who poore honest Gentleman, sicke with the Gowt, and a Cough of the lungs, is now distastfull, and which is worse, odious to her: so that shee which should be a cordiall to his age, his age is now a corrosiue to her youth, and shee so farre forgets both her selfe and her duty, as she rather contemnes then loues him, and as hee reioyceth in her sight, so shee delights in nothing
so

so much as in his absence, and *Sypontus* presence: she makes her discontents and malice to her husband, knowne to *Sypontus*, who doth pitty, but will not remedy them: all her speeches tend to wish her selfe in another world, or her husband not in this. *Sypontus* is not ignorant whereat she aymes: but although he enjoy the wife, yet he cannot finde in his heart, but is too consciencious to murther the husband: had he remained in the constancy of this resolution, he had beene happy, and not so miserable and vnfortunate to end his dayes with shame and infamy. But now behold, an vnexpected accident drawes and throwes him on headlong to perpetrate this execrable murther, for (as the *Gentry* and *Nobility* of *Venice* are, for the most part Marchants) so *Sypontus* receiveth suddaine and sorrowfull newes of two great losses befallne him, in the *Leuant* seas, in two severall ships, the one comming from *Allepo*, taken by the *Turkish* Pyrates of *Rhodes*, the other from *Alexandria*, taken, as is supposed, by one of the *Duke* of *Ossunas* *Neopolitan* Gallies, scowring the *Ilands* of the *Archipelagus*, in which two vessels hee lost at least seuentie thousand *Zeckymes*, it being the two third parts of his whole estate: and now to maintaine his greatnesse, and beare vp his port and reputation, knowing *Souranza* to be infinitely rich, and his wife *Victoryna* young, amorous, and faire: he agrees with the diuell, and so resolues to murther him, and then to marrie her: which he knowes, she aboue any earthly matter chiefly desires. Loe here the foundation and proiect of a murther, as lamentable as execrable! Necessity in base spirits may be a powerfull; but in those more vertuous and noble, it should neuer

be a pernicious and prodigious counsellor: for there is as much generosity and fortitude in supporting po-
uerty with patience, as there is couetousnesse in being
ambitious to purchase wealth with infamy.

At the next enteruiew and meeting of *Sypontus* & *Vi-
ctorina*, she like a bad womā, a wicked wife, & a wretch-
ed creature, redoubleth him her complaints and dis-
contents against her husband; and because *Sypontus*
knowes it wisdome to strike whiles the iron is hore,
as also that Time must be taken by the forelocke: he
like a wretched Politician, layes hold of this occasion
and opportunity, and so consenteth to the murther of
her husband, when frō this bloody resolutiō, they passe
to the manner how to effect it: they consult on this la-
mentable businesse. *Victoryna* (industrious in her ma-
lice) proposeth to poyson him, and so to burie him in
her little garden: but *Sypontus* dislikes this proiect, and
proffers her to murther him in his *Gondola*, as he comes
from *Lucifizina*: whereon they agree. So some tenne
daies after, *Victoryna* aduertizeth him, that her husband
is to goe to his house of pleasure in the Countrey,
neere *Padua*, on the banke of the riuer *Brenta*, where
he is onely to stay three dayes. *Sypontus* imbraceth this
occasion, and continually wantonizing with his wife
in his absence, promiseth her to meet her husband at
his returne, and then to dispatch him: which newes
with a longing desire this miserable Courtizan *Victo-
ryna* attends with as much impatience as impudency.
Sypontus in the meane time (in fauour of twice tenne
Zeckynes) is prepared of two wicked *Gondoliers* or wa-
termen, who deeply vow, and sweare to conceale this
murther. So the precize day of *Souranza's* departure
from

from his Countrey house, being come, *Sypontus*, not to faile of his promise to his *Mistresse Victoryna*, in the execution of this his bloody and damnable attempt, takes his *Gondola*, and hovers in the direct passage betwixt *Lucifixina*, and *Venice*, for *Souranza* his arrivall: who, poore harmelesse Gentleman, loved his young wife so tenderly and dearly, as hee thought this short time long that he had wanted from her: but hee hath seene his last of her, and alas, alas, he shall see an end of himselfe: for about five of the clocke in the evening (it being Summer time) his vsuall hower of returne, he takes *Gondola* at *Lucifixina*, for *Venice*, and neere mid-way twixt both, *Sypontus* espies him, and the sooner, because it being hot weather, and no wind stirring, *Souranza* had caused his courtaines to bee withdrawne. *Sypontus* (inflamed with boyling malice and reuenge) with all possible celerity makes towards his *Gondola*, the which disguised and masked hee enters, and there with his Ponyard very diuellithly stabs him three severall times at the hart, when falling down dead to his feet, he most barbarously cut off his beard, and nose (that he might not be known) and so throwes him into the Sea; as also his Waterman after him, that they might tell no tales: when hauing finished these execrable murthers, he with his *Gondola*, with all possible speed hies first to *Murano*, and so lands by the *Patriarchy*: from thence by the *Arsenall*, and so to his owne house behind Saint *Serui's* Church, thereby to cast a fairer varnish on his villany, by landing and comming into the City another way, when being arrived at his house, he that night, by a confident servant of his, sends *Victoryna* this Letter.

Faire and deare Victoryna, I haue begun, and ended a businesse, which infinity imports thy good, and my content: the party hath drunke his fill of White and Claret, and is now gone to his eternall rest: so a little time, I hope, will wipe off thy old teares, and confirme thy new ioyes: be but as affectionate, as I secret: and as secret, as till death I will bee affectionate, and thou needst neither feare my fortunes, nor doubt thine owne: iudge what I would doe to inioy thee, and for thy sake, sith I haue already undertaken and acted a businesse of this nature: we must for a time refraine each others company, that wee may the sooner meet, and imbrace, with more content, and lesse danger.

SIPONTVS.

Victoryna infinitely reioyceth at this newes, and the better to cloke her malice, vnder the vaile of secrecie, she laments and complains to her father of her husbands long absence. Souranza's Parents are by Beraldi acquainted herewith, they begin to finde the time of his stay very long, and now resolue to send his nephew, Seignior Andrea Souranza vp the riuer Brenia, to know the cause thereof: hee passeth and repasseth the Sluce of Lucifizina, and brings word that he departed thence for Venice, in a Gondola, foure dayes since: Victoryna his wife grieues, and weepes at his absence, so doe his owne Parents and friends, who enquire of all sides, but finde comfort or newes from none, what is become of him. And here, Reader, before thy curiosity carry thee further, I coniure thee to stand astonished & wonder, at the inscrutable and wonderfull iudgement of God, in the deteccion of this murther. For Fishermen some eight dayes casting out their nets betwixt the Islands of

la Lazareto and Saint George Maggiore, bring vp this dead body of murdered *Souranza*, being well apparelled: but chiefly for their owne discharge, they bring the dead corps to *Venice*, and land him at Saint *Markes* stayres, where they extend and expose his body to bee knowne of passengers: now behold further Gods miraculous prouidence, in the discouery and finding out hereof: for amongst the numberlesse number of spectators and walkers, who daily, and almost houely frequent and adorne that famous Burse and incomparable Palace, it happened that *Andrea Souranza* cast his eye on this dead and sea-withered body: on whom he lookes with as much stedfastnesse as curiosity, as if *Nature* had made his liuing body a part of that dead; or as if his hot blood had some synparthy and affinity with that of the dead personage, which long since the coldnesse of the Sea had congealed and frozen: but at last espying a red spot in his necke (vnder his right eare) that he brought into the world with him, and which all the influence and vertue of the water of the Sea had not power to deface and wash away: as also obseruing a wart ouer his left eye-lid, which *Nature* had giuen his birth, and his youth his age: hee passionately cries out before the world, that it is the body of his Vnkle, *Seignior Iouan Baptista Souranza*: so it is visited by his Parents and friends, and knowne to bee the same: so they carry him to an adioyning house, and there deuelling it naked, finde that hee hath three seuerall wounds in his body, either of a Sword or Poyard, which giues matter of talke, and administred cause of admiration in all the City: so they bury him honourably, according to his ranke and degree, and all knowing

knowing him to be murthered, infinitely bewaile his vntimely, and lament his mournfull death: but especially his wife *Victoryna*, who hauing formerly plaid the strumpet, then the murtheresse, now takes on the Maske, and assumes the representation of an Hypocrite; outwardly seeming to dye for sorrow, when God, and her foule and vlcerrated conscience knowes, that inwardly her heart leapes for ioy, thus to be depriu'd and freed of her old husband. Yea, and the more to bleare the eyes, and eclipse the iudgement of the world, for casting the least shadow of suspition on her, for this vnnaturall murther: she and her whole family take on blacke and mourning Attire, and for her selfe in two moneths after, neuer goes soorth her house, except to the Church where her husband was buried: where her hypocrisie is so infinitely feigned: and dissembling, that shee is often obserued to bedew and wash his Tombe with her teares: but these *Crocodile* teares of hers, and these her false and treacherous sorrowes shall not auaille her: for although Gods diuine and sacred *Maiestie* be mercifull in his iustice, yet he is so iust in his mercies, as neither the politrique secrecie of *Sypontus*, nor the hypocriticall sorrowes of *Victoryna*, for this cruell murther, shall goe either vnmask'd, or unpunished: but in their due appointed time, they shall be brought forth in their colours, and made publike examples, as well of infamy, as destruction for the same: the manner is thus:

The deceased *Signiour Iowan Souranza* hath a younger brother, named *Signiour Hieronymo Souranza*: who hauing carefully and curiously obserued, that his sister in law *Victoryna*, neuer perfectly nor dearly loued his brother

brother her husband, and that shee was neither so familiar, nor dutifull to him, as it behoou'd her, during the terme of her marriage: which partly he attributed to the disparity of their yeeres, in respect of the frozenesse of his age, and the heat and freshnesse of her youth. Hee began vehemently to suspect her of this murder, which hee often reuolu'd and ruminated in his minde, as if the suggestion and perswasion thereof, not onely bore probability but truth with it: to which end, as the affection of a true friend (much more of a brother) should passe beyond the Graue, and not remaine intomb'd, and buried in the dust thereof: he is resolu'd to put his best wits and inuention vpon the tenter-hookes, to discouer and reueale the same: to which end, hee breakes with *Victoryna's Gentlewoman*, who wayted on her in her Chamber, and who indeed was his owne Neece *Felicia*, to know what *Gentlemen* chiefly frequented her *Lady*. *Felicia* informes her Vnkle, that *Sygnior Sypontus* is many nights with her, that there is much affection and familiarity betweene them, and that he sends her many Letters. Her Vnkle glad of this glimmering light, which hee hopes will produce a greater and perfecter, coniures her to intercept some of his Letters, for the more effectuall discouerie of his Brother & her Vnkles death. So *Felicia* promifeth her best care & fidelity herein, and shortly effecteth it: for in few dayes after being sent by her *Lady Victoryna* to a Casket of hers, to fetch her a new payre of *Romish* Gloues, shee opening an *Iuory Box*, therein findes a Letter; which she reades, and seeing it signed by *Sypontus*, shee thinks it no sinne to be false to her *Lady*, and true to her Vnkle, and so very secret-

ly and safely sends it him ; which indeede was the very Letter we haue formerly seene and read : and now is his ieaousie and suspition confirm'd. So vowing and sacrificing reuenge to his dead and murdered brother, away he goes to three chicfe Iudges of the forty, who sit on criminall causes , and very passionately accuseth *Sypontus* and *Victoryna* for the murder , committed on the person of his brother *Signiour Iouan Baptista Souranza*, at sea : whereupon they are both committed prisoners, but sequestred in seuerall Chambers. *Sypontus* is first examined, then *Victoryna* : they both very constantly deny the murder , and with many sugred words, and subtile euasions, intimate and insinuate their innocencies therein : so the next day the Iudges produce *Sypontus* his owne Letter ; the sight whereof extremely afflicteth and vexeth him : but he is constant in his deniall, and resolute in that constancie, and so takes on a brazen face ; and with many asseuerations and imprecations, againe and againe denies it, auerring it is not his hand , but a meere imposture and inuention of his enemies, who haue counterfai'ted it, purposely to procure his ruine and destruction : yet inwardly to himselfe he feareth all is discovered, and that there is no meanes left him to escape death, whose image and forme hee now too apparantly and fatally sees before his eyes. So he is sent backe to his prison, and his Iudges in the *interim* consult on his fact; where he is no sooner arriued, but bolting his Chamber priuately to himselfe, he considering that either *Victoryna*, or some for her, had betrayed him by his owne Letter, he in the bitter fury of choller and passion throwes away his Hat, now crosseth his armes, and then beates his.

his brest, and stamping with his feet, at last very low to himselfe bandeth forth these speeches:

And is it possible, that I must now lose my life through *Victoryna* her folly and treachery, into whose hands I repos'd both my secrets and it? Haue I done what I haue done for her sake, and is this the requitall she giues me? And sith there is no other witnesse, must mine owne Letter be produced in iustice against me? What will I not doe? what haue I not done for her sake? Woe is mee, that I should liue to be rewarded with this monstrous and inhumane ingratitude; when for sorrow and indignation, not able to containe himselfe, he takes Pen and Paper, and writes *Victoryna* this ensuing Letter.

IS it possible that thy affection to mee hath beene all this while feigned, and that thou, whom I trusted with all my secrets, art now become the onely woman of the world to betray me? I haue hazarded my life for thy sake, and must I now be so vnfortunate and wretched, to lose it through thy treacherie? When I bore matters with such care and secrecie, that no witnesse whatsoeuer could be produced against me, must mine owne Letter, which was safely deliuered thee, be brought forth to conuict me of my crime, and so to incurre death, which otherwise I had auoyded? Is this thy reward of my loue? Is this thy recompence of my affection? O *Victoryna*, *Victoryna*! Such is my tender esteeme of thy sweet youth and beauty, that had I enioyed a thousand liues, I would haue reputed my selfe happy, to haue lost them all for thy sake and seruice: and hauing but one, wilt thou be so cruell to deprive me thereof? But that my loyaltie and my affection may shine in thy malice; take this for thy com-

fort, that as I haue euer liu'd, so I will now dye thy true Seruant and faishfull Lower.

SYPONTVS.

But obserue here the errour of *Sypontus* his iudgement: for whiles he imputes it to *Victoryna's* treacherie, that this his Letter will occasion his death; hee is so irreligious and impious, as hee lookes not vp to heauen, to consider that the detection thereof proceeds from *Gods* immediate finger and prouidence. No: No. For the diuell yet holdes his thoughts so fast captiuated & intangled in the snares of *Victoryna's* beauty, as he hath not yet the grace to looke from his crime, to his repentance; nor consequently from *Earth* to *Heauen*: but like a prophane *Libertine* and vnregenerate person, being within a small point of time neere his end, he yet thinks not of his soule nor of *God*, but onely dallies away the remainder of his houres, in the miserable contemplation of his fond affection and beastly sensuality.

By this time *Victoryna* hath receiu'd his Letter; at the newes and reading whereof, such is the passion of her frenzie, which she (though vniustly) termes loue: that she is all in teares, sighes, and lamentable exclamations: she knowes it impossible for any other of the world to be the reuealer of *Sypontus* his Letter, but onely her Mayd *Felicia*, whom in her vncharitable reuenge, she curseth to the pit of hell: but that which addes a greater torment to her torments, and a more sensible degree of affliction to her miserable sorrowes, is, to see that her *Sypontus* (whom by many degrees she loues farre dearer then her life) sinisterly suspecteth her

her fidelity towards him : yea so farre, as he not onely calls her affection, but her trechery in question : and this indeed seemes to drowne her in her teares. But yet notwithstanding so feruent is her loue towards him, as the feare of his death drawes her to a resolution of her owne : so if Syponthus dye, she vowes she will be her owne accuser, and so not liue, but dye with him. Strange effects of loue, or rather of folly, sith loue being irregular, and taking false objects, (in its true character) is not loue, but folly : to which end, calling for inke and paper, she bitterly weeping, indites and sends him these few lines, in answer of his.

I Were the most wretched and ingratefullest Lady of the world; yea a Lady who should not then deserue either to see or liue in the world, if Victoryna should any way proue trecherous to Syponthus, who hath still beene so true and kind to her. But belecue me, Deare Syponthus, and I speake it in presence of God, upon perill of my soule, I am as innocent as that witch, that diuell, my maide Felicia is guilty of the producing of thy Letter; which I feare will prooue thy death, and reioyce that in it, it shall likewise prooue mine. For to cleere my selfe of ingratitude and trechery, as I haue liued, so I will dye with thee: that as we mutually participated the ioyes of life, so we may the torments of death: for although thy letter accuse me not of my Husband Souranza's murther, yet that my affection may shine in my loyalty, and that in my affection, I will not suruiue, but dye with thee: for I will accuse my selfe to my Iudges, not onely as accessary, but as author of that murther: and this resolution of mine I write thee with teares, and will shortly seale it with my blood.

VICTORYNA.

D 3

Syponthus,

Sypontus, in the midst of his perplexities and sorrowes, receiues this Letter from *Victoryna*, the sweetnesse of whose affection and constancy, much reuiues his ioy, and comforteth him. For now her innocency defaceth his suspition of her ingratitude and trechery: and withall, he plainly sees, and truly beleeueth, that it was *Felicia*, not *Victoryna*, who brought this letter to light. But when hee descends to the latter part of her Letter, and findes her resolution to dye with him, then he condemnes his former error in taxing her, and in requitall, loues her so tenderly and dearly, that hee vowes he will be so farre from accusing her, as accessary of her husbands murther, as both the Racke, and his death shall cleare and proclaime her innoecy. Had the grounds of these feruent and reciprocall affections of *Victoryna* and *Sypontus*, been laid in vertue, as they were in vice; or in chastity, and not in lust and adultery, they would haue giuen cause to the whole world, as iustly to praise, as now to dispraise them, and then to haue been as ambitious of their imitation, as now of their contempt and detestation.

So *Sypontus* (as before) hauing fully and definitiue-ly resolved not to accuse, but to cleare *Victoryna* of this murther, as also that he would dye alone, and leaue her youth and beauty to the inioying of many more earthly pleasures: he expecting houely to be sent for before his Iudges, to sit vpon his torment or death, thinking himselfe bound both in affection and honour, to signifie *Victoryna* his pleasure herein, hee craues his Iaylors absence, and with much affection and passion, writes her this his last Letter:

Sweet

Sweet Victoryna, thy Letter hath given me so full satisfaction, as I repent me of my rash credulity, conceived against thy affection and constancy, and now lay the fault of the discovery of my Letter, where it is, and ought to bee, on Felicia, not on thy selfe. It is with a sorrowfull, but true presage, that I foresee, my life hastens to her period: the Racke is already prepared for my torments, & I hourly expect when I shall be fetch't to receiue them, which for thy sake I will embrace and suffer, with as much constancy as patience: I will deny mine owne guiltinesse the first time, but not the second: but in my torments and death I will acquit thee of thine, with as true a resolution, as Earth expects to lose me, and I hope to finde Heauen. Therefore by all the bonds of loue and affection that euer haue been betwene vs, I first pray, then coniure thee to change thy resolution, and to stand on thine innocency. For if thou wilt, or desirest to gratifie me with thy last affection and courtesie at my death; let mee beare this one content and ioy to my graue, that Victoryna will liue for Syponthus his sake, though Syponthus dye for hers.

SYPONTUS.

He had no sooner sent away this his Letter to Victoryna, but he himselfe is sent for to appeare before his Iudges, who vpon his second examination and denyall, adiudge him to the Racke; which hee indures with admirable patience and constancy. Yea, he cannot be drawne to confesse, but stands firme in his deniall, and not onely cleeres himselfe, but also acquits Victoryna: Hieronymo Souranza doth notwithstanding earnestly follow and follicite the Iudges, and God, out of his immense mercy and profound prouidence so ordaineth, that

that their consciences suggest and prompt them, that *Sypontus* is the actor of this execrable murther. Wherefore the next day they administer him double torment: when so, his resolution and strength failing him, he acknowledgeth the Letter his, & confesseth it was himself that had murdered *Seignior Iouan Battista Souranza*: but withall protesteth constantly that *Victoryna* is innocent, and no way accessary hereunto. The Iudges reioyce at *Sypontus* his confession, as much as they grieue at the foulness of his fact: and so, although they were also desirous to hang him, yet considering hee was a *Venecian Gentleman*, (and consequently had a voyce in the great Councell of the *Seignory*,) they adidge him the next day to lose his head, betwixt the two *Columnnes* at *Saint Markes Place*, and so for that right send him backe to his prison, to prepare himselfe to dye. *Sypontus* is no sooner departed from them, but they consult on *Victoryna*, whether she were guilty, or innocent of her husband *Souranza's* murther, but they differ in opinion: some would likewise haue her racked: but others of them more aduised and modest, reply, that *Sypontus* his Letter intimated onely his affection to *Victoryna*, but no way her malice to her dead husband *Souranza*, nor that she was any way guilty or accessary to his murther: so they resolute to forbear her, and not to put her to the torment, except *Sypontus* accuse her at his execution. Now the very night that he was to dye the next morne, hee infinitely desires his Tylor to permit him to conferre with *Victoryna*, and to take his last leaue of her, which is denied him, as hauing receiued command from authority to the contrary; whereat extremely grieuing, hee is called away

away by some Diuines, whom the charity of that graue Senate send him, to prepare and direct his soule, in her passage and transmigration to *Heauen*. So passing the night in teares and prayers for the foulness of his crime, the morne being come, and nine of the clocke stricken, hee is brought to the scaffold, where a world of people concur and flocke from all parts of the City, to see this wretched and vnfortunate Gentleman at the last Scene and part of his life vpon this infamous Theater. Heere *Sypontus* freely confesseth his foule murder of *Souranza*, but is yet so vaine and wretched, as he takes it to his death, that *Victoryna* is absolutely innocent heereof: hee seemes to bee very repentant and sorrowfull for all his sinnes in generall, and for this murder in particular.

For expiation and reward hereof, his head is severed from his body: a iust recompence and punishment for so vicious and bloody a Gentleman, who adhering to adultery more then chastity, to reuenge, then charity, and to the diuell, then *God*, forgot himselfe so farre, as to commit this execrable and lamentable murder.

Now, the order and *Decorum* of our History, leades vs from dead *Sypontus*, to liuing *Victoryna*, who, I know not whether more grieue at his death, or reioyce, that on the Racke and scaffold he hath acquitted her of her husbands murder. In a word, it is remarkable to behold the vanity & inconstancy of this female Monster: for contrary to her vowe, and repugnant to her Letters and teares, *Sypontus* is no sooner dead, but her affection towards him dyes with him: yea, his blood is scarce so soone cold, as her zeale and friendship: for she

now holds it a pure folly to cast away her youth, and life, if she may preserue the one, and saue the other; and therefore resolues to try her best art and wit, to make her innocency passe currant with her Iudges: yea, so desirous and ambitious is shee to liue, as her female heart hath drawne on this masculine fortitude and generosity, that if occasion present, shee will constantly both out-dare, and out-braue the torments of the Racke, thereby to preuent her death.

Some three dayes after *Sypontus* was executed, the Iudges againe sit and consult on *Victoryna*, but finding no euidence nor witnessse to accuse her, they at first are of opinion to discharge and free her: onely they deeme it requisite to terrifie, but not to torment her with the Racke, before they giue her her liberty: whereunto they all agree. So they send for her, and threaten her with the Racke: but she vowes, that all the torments of the world shall neuer inforce her to confesse an vntruth, and that shee neuer had the least suspicion that *Sypontus* was guilty of the execrable murder of her husband: her Iudges will not yet beleue her; so they cause her to be carried to the Racke: whereunto shee very cheerfully and patiently permits her selfe to be fastened, bidding the Executioner doe his worst: which constancy of hers, her Iudges seeing and hearing, they, in pittie and commiseration, as well of her youth and beauty, as to her descent, and the teares and prayers of venerable old *Beraldi* her father, cause her to be loosed, and so in open Court acquite and discharge her.

Here we see this wretched Courtesana *Victoryna* acquitted of her Iudges for her husbands murder, so as triumphing

triumphing more in her good fortune, then her innocency, she now thinks the storme of her punishment past and ore-blowne, and that no future can possibly be reserued for her, or she for it: but her hopes will deceiue her: for although shee haue made her peace with *Earth*, yet she hath not with *Heauen*; and although she haue deluded the eyes of her *Judges*, yet shee shall not those of *God*; but when his appoynted houre, and her due time is come, then her crimes and sinnes, her adultery and murther shall draw downe vengeance from *heauen* to her confusion. In the meane time wee shall see this Monster and disgrace of her sexe, make such bad vse of her former danger, as shee will againe adde blood to blood, and murther to murther: but *God* will reserue not onely the rod of his wrath for her correction, but the full viols of his indignation for her confusion; as the sequell will shew thee.

Sixe moneths are scarce past, since the murther of her husband *Souranza*, and the execution of her *Enamorata Sypontus*, but shee hath already quite forgotten these two mournfull and tragicall accidents: and which is more, she is so frolicke and youthfull, as shee hath throwne off her mourning attire, and drawne on her rich apparell, and glittering iewels, whercof the curiosity of the nobler sort of *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* of the *City* take exact obseruation: and although *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, her father and mother herein taxe her of indiscretion and immodesty, yet shee thinks her selfe exempt of their commands, and therefore will doe it, out of the ambitious priuiledge of her owne vncontrollable authority and wilfulnesse. Besides, her thoughts are so youthfull, and her carriage so light, as

notwithstanding she came (as it were) but now from burying of her first husband, yet she is resolu'd without delay, to haue a second: her father and mother checke her of leuity and inciuiltie in imbracing this resolution: but in vaine: for her impudency returns them this immodest answere, that shee will not trifle away her time, but marry. They aduize her to be cautious, and to doe nothing rashly in this her second match, that the misfortune and scandall of her first, may no more reflect on her. But she will make choyce for her selfe by the eyes of her youth, and not by those of their age; by those of her owne fancy, and not by these of their election. Her Husband *Souranza* dyed rich, both in lands and moneyes, and his Widdow *Victoryna*, without any opposition, inioyeth all: so she needs not looke out for Suters, for there are Gallants enow who sue and seeke her: but of them all, he whom she best and chiefly affecteth, is one *Seignior Londouicus Fastino*, a very neat and proper young Gentleman of the City, rich, and well descended; his parents and kinsmen for the most part being *Clarissimo's* and *Senators*, and all of them *Gentlemen of Venice*; and him *Victoryna* desires, and resolues to make her husband, grounding her chiefeest reason and affection on this resolution and foundation, that as *Souranza* was too old for her, so *Fastino* was young enough, and therefore fit to be her husband, and she his wife, measuring him wholly by his exterior personage, and not so much as once prying either into his vices or vertues. *Fastino*, who carried a vicious and pernicious heart vnder a pleasing gesture and tongue, and louing *Victoryna's* wealth more then her beauty, obseruing her affection and respect

spect to him, seekes, courts, and wins her. Her Parents vnderstanding hereof, as also that *Fassino* is a vicious and debosh't Gentleman, with all their possible power and authority, they seeke to diuert their daughter from him. But she is deafe to their requests, and resolu'd, that as shee followed the streame of their commands in her first match, so shee will now the current of her owne pleasures and affections in this her second: and so, to the wonder of *Venice*, and the griefe of all her parents and friends, before shee had about ten dayes conferred with *Fassino*, shee marries him. But this match shall not succeed according to their desires: for *Victoryna* shall shortly repent it, and *Fassino* as soone rue and smart for it; sith it is a *maxime*, that sudden affections proue seldome prosperous: for if they haue not time to settle and take roote, they are incident as soone to fade as flourish, especially if they are contracted and grounded more for lust then loue, and more for wealth then Vertue.

The first moneth of this marriage, *Fassino* keeps good correspondence and obseruance with his wife, but thence forth hee breakes Pale, and rangeth: for the truth is, although hee were but a young Gentleman; yet (which is lamentable) he was an old whore-master: which lasciuious profession of his, threatens the ruine, not onely of his health, but of his fortune and reputation: so now, when he should be at home, he is abroad: yea, not onely by day, but by night, that vpon the whole, *Victoryna* is more a Widdow then a Wife: at which vnlook'd and vnwish'd for newes, she not onely bites the lip, but very often puts finger in her eye and weepes: for it gripes and grieues her at

heart, to see her selfe thus slighted, neglected, and abus'd by *Fassino*: whom, of all the Gallants of the Citie, she had elected and chosen for her husband: shee is infinitely grieu'd hereat, and yet her griefe and sorrow infinitely exceedes her iealousie: and now as gracelesse as she is, she thinks God hath purposely sent her this lasciuious *Fassino* for her second Husband, as a iust plague and punishment, to reuenge her adultery committed against *Souranza* her first: so, had she had more grace, and lesse vanity and impiety, shee would haue made better vse of this consideration, and not so soone forgotten it, and in it, her selfe.

Now as it is the nature of iealousie, to haue more eyes then *Argus*, and so to pry and see euery where: *Victoryna*, her curiosity, or rather her malice herein, findes out, that her Husband *Fassino* familiarly frequenteth and vseth the company of many *Curtizans*, especially of the Lady *Paleriana*, one of the most famous and reputed beauties of *Venice*: and this newes indeed strikes her at the very gall with sorrow and vexation; faine shee would reforme and remedy this vice of her Husband: but how she knowes not, for she sees little or no hope to reclaime him, sith hee not onely tenderly loues *Paleriana*, but which is worse, she apparantly sees, that for her sake, he contemnes her selfe and her company: for when he comes home, hee hath no delight in her, but only in his Lute or Books, which is but to passe his melancholly, for his Lady *Paleriana's* absence, till hee againe reuisit her: so as wholly neglected, and as I may truly say, almost forsaken of her Husband, she knowes not what to doe, nor how to beare her selfe in those furious stormes of her griefe, and

and miserable tempest of her ieaiousie. But of two different courses to reclaime him from this his sinne of Whoredome, shee takes the worst: for in stead of counselling and disswading her Husband, shee torments him with a thousand scandalous and iniurious speeches; but this, in stead of quenching, doth but on-ly bring oyle to the flame of his lust: for if he repaired home to her seldome before, now hee scarce at all comes neere her: so as shee is a Wife; yet no Wife: and hath a Husband, yet no Husband: but this is not the way to reclaime him, for faire speeches and sweet exhortations may preuaile, when choller cannot.

And now it is, that this wretched & execrable *Lady* againe assumes bloody resolutions against her second Husband, as she had formerly done against her first; vowing that he shall dye, ere she will liue to bee thus contemned and abused of him: yea, her hot loue to him is so soone growne cold, and her seruient affection already so frozen, that now she thinkes on nothing else but how to be reuenged, and to be rid of him; and is so impious and gracelesse, as she cares not how, nor in what manner soeuer she send him from this world to another: for the diuell hath drawne a resolution from her, or rather she from the diuell, that heere he shall not much longer liue. *Good God!* what an impious and wretched fury of hell will *Victoryna* proue her selfe heere on *Earth*? for the blood and life of one husband cannot quench the thirst of her lust and reuenge, but shee must and will imbrue her hands in that of two: as if it were not enough for her to trot, but that she will needs gallop and ride poast to hell. O what pittie is it to see a *Lady* so wretched, and
exe-

execrable! O what an execrable wretchednesse is it, to see a *Lady* so inhumane, and so deuoyd of pittie! But the diuell is strong with her, because her faith is weake with *God*: therefore she will aduance, she will not retire, in this her bloody designe and resolution. Wherefore we shall shortly see *Fassino* his adultery punished with death, by his wife *Vittorynd's* reuenge; and this murder of hers iustly rewarded and reuenged with the punishment of her owne: the bloodier our actions are, the seuerer Gods iudgements, and the sharper his reuenge will be.

Of all sorts and degrees of inhumane and violent deaths, this wretched Lady *Vittoryna* thinks poyson the surest, and yet the most secret to dispatch her husband. This inuention came immediately from the diuell, and is onely practised by his members: of which number she will desperately and damnably make her selfe one: her lust and reuenge, like miserable aduocates and fatall Orators, perswade her to this execrable attempt, wherein by cutting off her husbands life, shee shall finde that she likewise casts away her owne. So neither *Grace* nor *Nature* preuailing, she sends for an *Apothecary*, named *Augustino*; and when shee hath coniured, and he promised his secrecie, shee acquaints him, that her new husband *Fassino* keeps *Courtisans* to her nose, and daily and hourelly offereth her many other insupportable abuses and disgraces; in requitall and reuenge whereof shee is resolved to poyson him, and prays him to vndertake and performe it, and that shee will reward him with three hundred *Zekynes* for his labour.

Of all professions and faculties, there are good and bad,

bad: *Augustino* loves God too well, heerein to obey the diuell: he hath too much grace, to bee so impious and gracelesse, and vowes that hee will not buy gold at so deare a rate, as the price of blood; so as a good *Christian*, and true child of God, he not onely refuseth *Victoryna's* motion and proffer, but in religious termes seekes to diuert and perswade her from this her bloody attempt. But she is resolute in her malice, and wilfull in her reuenge, and therefore will performe it her selfe, sith this *Augustino* will not: so (by a second hand) she procures poyson from a strange *Emperike*, whereof the *City of Venice*, more then other of *Italy*, aboundeth: so shee onely waits for an opportunity, which very shortly, though, alas, too too soone, presents it selfe, the manner thus:

It is impossible that *Fasino* his dissolute life and extreme deboshing can keepe him long from sicknesse; for this punishment is alwayes incident and hereditary to that sinne. Hee complaines thereof to his wife *Victoryna*, who receiues this newes rather with gladnesse then commiseration and pitty: and so taking his bed, he prays her to make him some comfortable hot broth for his stomacke: which newes shee heares, and imbraceth inwardly with ioy, outwardly with disdain. For albeit she layes hold of this opportunity to poyson him, yet she dissembles her malice; and the better to colour her villany, because shee knowes it the smother and shorter way to bee reuenged in poysoning him, she wil not make the broth her selfe, but commands her maid *Felicia* to doe it, (of whom we haue formerly spoken, in the discouery of *Sypontus* his Letter to her Vnkle *Hieronymo Souranza*;) which treche-

rous office of hers, our malicious and diuellish *Victoryna* her Lady and Mistrisse, hath now a plot in her head, to requite with an execrable and hellish recompence: for whiles *Felicia* is boyling of the broth, her Lady *Victoryna* trips to her chamber and closer, and fethcerth out the poyson, inueloped in a paper, wherof she takes two parts and brings downe with her, and whiles she had purposely sent *Felicia* from the fire, she runnes and throwes it into the broth, which for the present no whit altered the colour thereof: so *Fassino* calling for it, this poore innocent Gentlewoman *Felicia*, (not suspecting or dreaming of poyson) giues it him, which (as ignorant thereof) hee suppes vp; and this was about nine or ten of the clocke in the morning.

Now whiles *Felicia* is acting this mournfull Tragedy in *Fassino* his chamber, her Lady *Victoryna* is acting another in hers; for shee takes the other third part of the poyson, and secretly opening *Felicia's* trunke, puts it into a painted boxe which shee found therein, and so lockes it againe, hoping (though indeed with a wretched and hellish hope) that her husband being dead, his body opened, and the poyson found in her trunke, she would giue out that *Felicia* had poysoned him with broth that morne, and this found in her cheft, would make her guilty of the murther; for the which she knew shee must needs dye. See, see, the diuellish double malice of this wretched Lady *Victoryna*, as well to her husband *Fassino*, as her maid *Felicia*! But as finely as the diuell hath taught her to spinne the thred of this her malice and reuenge; yet though her plot haue taken effect and hold of her husband, neuertheless

thelesse she shall in the end faile of hers to innocent *Felicia* in the interim, though to the eyes of the world it seeme at first to succeed according to her desires by the bye, yet it shall not in the maine: but that murder, and this treason of *Victoryna* shall not goe long either vnderdetected, or vnpunished.

This poyson working in *Fasino* his stomacke and body, begins by degrees to cut off his vitall spirits, so as his strength failes him, his red cheekes already look pale and earthly, and his body infinitely swels: he calls for his wife *Victoryna*, who with all hast and expedition tells her secretly, that he feares, *Felicia* hath poysoned him with the broth shee gaue him in the morning, and so requesteth her to send for his parents and friends to bee present at his death, for liue hee could not. *Victoryna* like a dissembling she-diuell, teares her haire for anger, and for meere sorrow seemes to drowne her selfe in her teares at this newes, kisseth and fawnes on her husband, and in all possible haste sends away of all sides for his kinsfolkes and friends, who hastily repaire thither, and finde *Fasino* almost dead: so they, with teares, inquire his sicknesse, when with open voyce his wife *Victoryna* cries out, that her wretched maid *Felicia* had with broth, that morne, poysoned him; which *Fasino* his memory and tongue yet serue him to confesse and auerre, word for word, as his wife *Victoryna* had related them: whereat they are all sorrowfull, and weepe, and then, and there cause *Felicia* to be apprehended and shut fast in a chamber; who (poore harmelesse young *Gentlewoman*) is amazed at the terrour and strangenesse of this newes, and cries out and weepes so bitterly, as she seemes to melt

her selfe into teares, onely shee knowes her selfe innocent, and yet feares that this malice and reuenge proceeds to her from her *Lady Victoryna*. Whiles *Felicia* is thus vnder sure keeping, her Master *Fassino* dyes: which newes is soone disperfed and divulged abroad, to the grieve and admiration of the whole City. The next morne the *criminall Iudges* are aduertised hereof, who repaire to *Fassino* his house, who by this time is dead, and there see his breathlesse carkasse, which they ordaine to be opened: the poyson is apparantly found on his stomaeke, in its naturall and pristine colour, when examining first *Fassino*, then *Victoryna's* parents, they report *Fassino* his owne words vttered a little before his death, that *Felicia* had that more poisoned him with broth: which is auerred by *Victorina*, who saith, she saw her giue it him. So they send away poore *Felicia* to prison, but yet with a vehement suspicion, that this poysoned arrow came out of *Victoryna* her owne quiuer, which they the sooner beleue, in respect of her former troubles, and suspicion for the murder of her first husband *Souranza*: so the *Iudges* returne and betake themselues, that very instant, to their *Tribunall of Iustice*, in the *Dukes Palace of Saint Markes*: where they send for *Felicia*, who is brought them, vnacompanied of any: for as misfortune would, both her Vnkle *Hieronymo*, and her Cousin *Andrea Souranza*, were then at *Corfu*, imployed in some publike affaires for the *Seignory*. The *Iudges* examine *Felicia*, concerning the broth and poyson she gaue her Master. Shee bitterly sighing and weeping, confesseth the broth, but denyes the poyson; vowing by her part and hope of *Heauen*, she neuer touched nor knew what poyson was, and desired

fired no fauor of the, if it were found or proued against her; withall, she acquaints the, & she feares it is a tricke of malice & reuenge, clapt on her by her *Lady Victoryna*, for the discouery of *Syponius* his letter. And to speak truth, the *Iudges* in their hearts partly adhere & concur with her in this opinion: they demand her whether her *Lady Victoryna* touched this broth, either by the fire or the bed? She, according to the truth, answeres, that to her knowledge or sight, she touched it not, nor no other but her selfe. So they send her againe to prison, and returne speedily to *Fassino* his house; where committing *Victoryna* to a sure guard, they ascend her chamber and closet, search all her trunks, caskets and boxes, for poyson, but finde none: and the like they doe to *Felicia's* trunks, which they breake open, sice hauing the key; and in a boxe finde a quantity of the same poyson, whereby it was apparant she absolutely poysoned her Master *Fassino*. The *Iudges* having thus found out and reuealed, as they thought, the true author of this murther, they descend, againe examine *Victoryna*, and so acquither. Poore *Felicia* is aduertised hereof, wherat she is amazed & astonished, and thinks that some witch or diuel castit there for her destruction. She is again sent for before her *Iudges*, who produce the poyson found in her trunk: she denyes both the poyson and the murther, with many sighes & teares: so they adiuudge her to the racke, which tormēt she suffereth with much patience and constancy; notwithstanding, her *Iudges* considering that she made and gaue *Fassino* the broth, that none touched it but her self, that he dyed of it, and that they found the remainder of the poyson in her trunk, they thinke her the murtherer; so they pro-

nounce sentence, that the next morne shee shall bee hanged at *S. Markes* place. She poore soule is returned to her prison; she bewailes her misfortune thus to die, and be cast away innocently, taxing her Iudges of iniustice, as her soule is ready to answere it to God.

All *Venice* prattleth of this cruell murther committed by this yong *Gentlewoman*; but for her Lady *Victoryna*, she triumphs and laughs like a Gypsey, to see how with one stone she hath giuen two strokes, and how one poore drug hath freed her this day of her husband *Fasino*, and will to morrow of *Felicia*, of whom she reioyceth in her selfe, that now shee hath cryed quittance for the discouery of *Sypontus* his Letter, which procured his death: but her hopes may deceiue her, or rather, the diuell will deceiue both her and her hopes too. How true or false, righteous or sinfull our actions be, *God* in his due time will make them appeare in their naked colours, and reward those with glory, and these with shame.

The next morne, according to the laudable custome of *Venice*, the mourners of the *Seignory* accompany our sorrowfull *Felicia* to the place of execution, where she modestly ascendeth the ladder, with much silence, pensiuenesse and affliction: at the sight of whose youth and beauty, most of that great infinity of spectators cannot refraine from teares, and commiserating and pitying, that so sweet a young *Gentlewoman* should come to so infamous and vntimely a death: when *Felicia* lifting vp her hands, and erecting her eyes and heart towards *Heauen*, she briefly speakes to this effect: she takes *Heauen* and *Earth* to witnesse that she is innocent of the poysoning of her Master *Fasino*, and ignorant

ignorant how that poyson should be brought into her trunk, that as her knowledge cannot accuse, so her conscience will not acquite her *Lady Victoryna* of that fact, onely shee leaues the detection and iudgement thereof to God, that being ready to forsake the world, sith the world is resolved to forsake her, shee as much triumphs in her innocency, as grieues at her misfortune: and that she may not onely appeare in *Earth*, but be found in *Heaven* a true *Christian*, shee first forgives her *Lady Victoryna*, and her *Judges*, and then beseecheth *God* to forgive her all her sinnes; whereunto shee humbly and heartily prayes all that are present, to adde their prayers to hers: and so she begins to take off her band, and to prepare her selfe to dye.

Now, *Christian Reader*, what humane wisdom, or earthly capacity would here conceiue or thinke, that there were any sublunary meanes left for this comfortlesse *Gentlewoman Felicia*, either to hope for life, or to flatter her selfe that she could auoyd death? But lo, as the children of *God* cannot fall, because he is the defender of the innocent, and the protector of the righteous, therefore we shall see to our comforts, and finde to *Gods* glory, that this innocent young *Gentlewoman* shall be miraculously freed of her dangers and punishment, and her inueterate Arch-enemie *Victoryna* brought in her stead, to receiue this shamefull death, in expiation of the horrible murders of her two husbands, which *God* will now discouer, and make apparent to the eyes of the world: for as the *Fryers* and *Nunnes* prepare *Felicia*, to take her last farewell of this world, and so to shut vp her life in the direfull and mournfull *Catastrophe* of her death; Behold, by the
prouidence

providence and mercy of God, the *Apothecarie Augustino* (of whom this our *History* hath formerly made an honest and religious mention) arriues from *Cape Istria*: and hauing left his ship at *Malmocco*, lands in a *Gondola* at *Saint Markes* stayres; when knowing and seeing an execution towards, hee thrusts himselfe in amongst the crowd of people: where beholding so young and so faire a Gentlewoman, ready to die: hee demands of those next by him, what shee was, and her crime: when being answered, that her name was *Felicia*, a wayting Gentlewoman to the *Lady Victoryna*, who had poysoned her Master *Fasino*: at the very first report of the names of *Victoryna*, and her husband *Fasino*, *Augustino* his blood flasheth vp in his face, and his heart began to beat within him, when demanding if no other were accessary to this murther: he was informed, that her *Lady Victoryna* was vehemently suspected thereof: but shee was cleared, and onely *Felicia*, this young Gentlewoman, found guilty therof: which words were no sooner deliuered him, but God putting into his heart and remembrance, that this *Lady Victoryna* would haue formerly seduced him for three hundred *Zeckynes*, to haue poysoned her husband *Fasino*, hee confidently beleeuing this young Gentlewoman innocent hereof, with all possible speed, as fast as his legges could drue, he runnes vp to the Southeast part of the corner of the *Gallery* of the *Dukes Palace*, where the Officers sit to see Execution done; the which hee requesteth for that time to stop, because he hath something to say concerning the murther of *Signiour Fasino*. Whereupon they call out to the Executioner to forbear: which bred infinite admiration in all the Specta-

Spectators, as wondering at the cause and reason thereof, when in constant and discreet termes, *Augustino* informes the *Iudges*, that he thinkes *Felicia* innocent, and her *Lady Victoryna* guilty of this murther, and so relates them the manner, time, and place, where *Victoryna* her selfe seduced him to poyson her Husband *Fasfino*, how she proffered him three hundred *Zeckynes* to performe it, which he refused, and to the vtmost of his power, sought to dissuade her from this bloody and execrable businesse. The *Iudges* are astonished at the strangeness of this newes, which they begin confidently to beleue, and so blesse the houre of *Augustino's* arriual, that hath withheld them from spilling the innocent blood of *Felicia*, when commanding her from the place of execution, to her prison, they instantly giue order for the *Lady Victoryna's* apprehension, who already had built *trophees* and *triumphes* of ioy in her heart, to see that all her bloody designes so well succeeded. But now is the *Lords* appoynted time come, wherein all her cruell murders, whoredome, trechery, and hypocrisie, shall be brought to light and punished: yea now it shall no longer be in her power, or in that of the diuell, her Schoole-master and Seducer, either to diminish the least part of her punishment, or to adde the least moment or poynt of time to her life. She is all in teares at her apprehension, but they rather ingender enuie, then pitty in her *Iudges*: And so from the delights and pleasures of her house, she is hastily conueyed to prison.

Her *Iudges*, in honour to the sacred dignity of *Iustice* (the *Queene of Earth*, and the daughter of *Heauen*) confront her with *Augustino*, who auerres his former de-

position, as constantly in her face, as she denies it impudently in his. But this will not preuaile her: for now *God* hath made the probabilities, or rather the sight of her crime too apparant. So without any regard to her prayers, teares, or exclamations, they adudge her to the Racke, where the tendernesse of her limbes, the sharpenesse of her torments, but especially the griefes and pinches of her conscience, make her acquit *Felicia*, acknowledge *Augustino* his euidence, and condemne her selfe to bee the author both of her first husbands stabbing, as also her seconds poysoning: her Iudges as much praise *God* for her confession, as they detest and are astonished at the falsenesse of these her horrible crimes. So with much ioy they first free innocent *Felicia* of her vniust imprisonment; and then knowing it pittie that so wretched a Lady as *Victoryna* should liue any longer, they, for her abominable cruelties and inhumanities, condemne her the next morne to be hanged and burnt on *Saint Markes Place*. At the knowledge and diuulging of which newes, as her father, mother, and kinsfolkes extremely grieue, so all *Venice* bleesse and glorifie *God*, first, that innocent *Felicia* is saued, and guilty *Victoryna* detected and condemned to the shame and punishment of a deserued death.

The same night the *Priests* and *Friers* deale with her about the state of her soule, and its pilgrimage and transmigration to heauen: they finde that her youth, lust, and reuenge hath taken a strange possession of the diuell, and he in them: for she still loues the memory of *Sypontus*, and enuies and detests that of her two husbands, *Sorranza* and *Fasino*: but they deale effectually.

ally with her, and in their speeches depainting her forth the ioyes of heauen, and the torments of hell, they at last happily preuaile, & so make her forsake the vanity and impiety of these her passions, by relishing the sweet showres of *Gods* mercies: so the next morne she is brought to her execution; where the world expecting to heare much matter from her, shee is very pensiue and contemplatiue, and sayes little, onely she prayes *Felicia* to forgiue her; as also all the Parents of her two Husbands, *Souranza* and *Fasino*, and likewise of *Sypontus*; but chiefly she inuokes *God* her *Sanior* and *Redeemer*, to pardon these her horrible sins of adultery and murder; and beseecheth all that are present to pray for her soule; and so according to her sentence, she is first hanged, then burnt: whereat all that great affluence and concourse of people praise the providence and iustice of *God*, in cutting off this female monster and shame of her sexe *Victoryna*: whose tragicall and mournfull History may we all reade and remeber, with detestation, that the example hereof be our forewarning and caueat, not to trust in the deceiueable lusts of the flesh, and the trecherous tentations of the diuell, but to rely on the mercies and promises of *God*, which wil neuer faile his elect, but will assuredly make them happy in their liues, blessed in their deathes, and consequently glorious in their resurrections.



THE
TRIVMPHS OF
 GODS REVENGE AGAINST
 the crying and execrable sinne
 of Murther.

History VII.

Catalina causeth her wayting Mayd Ansilua, two severall times attempts to poyson her owne sister Berinthia, where. in failing, she afterwards makes an Emperike termed Sarmiata, poyson her said Mayd Ansilua: Catalina is killed with a thunderbolt, and Sarmiata hanged for poysoning Ansilua: Antonio steales Berinthia away by her owne consent; whereupon her brother Sebastiano fights with Antonio, and kills him in a Duell: Berinthia, in reuenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her brother Sebastiano: she is adjudged to be immur'd twixt two walles, and there dies.



Ow foolishly and impiously doth our malice betray our selues, or the diuell our soules, when we maliciously think to betray others! for wee are as farre from Grace as wisdom, when we permit either
 irregular

irregular affection, or vnlawfull passion, to hale vs on to choller, choller to reuenge, and reuenge to murder: Nay, how exempt are we of *Religion*, and deuoyd of all Christian *piety* and *charity*, when our thoughts are so eclipsed, and our iudgements darkned, when our consciences are so defiled, and our soules polluted with reuenge, that the eldest sister seekes to poyson her younger, and this younger afterwards murdereth her owne and onely brother, because in a *Duell* hee had formerly killed her Louer! *Alasse, alasse*: these are bloody accidents, which not onely fight against *Grace*, but *Nature*, not onely against *Earth*, but *Heauen*, and not onely against our soules, but against *God*: neither are these the onely Tragedies that this our ensuing *Historie* reporteth, or relateth: for wee shall therein farther see a wretched wayting Gentlewoman, poysoned by her more wretched Lady and Mistresse, together with her execrable Agent, a bloody and gracelesse Emperike: and all iustly reuenged, and seuerely punished by the sword of Gods wrath and indignation: wherein the Christian Reader may obserue, as well to Gods glory, as his owne consolation, that neuer pretended, or actuall murders were either contriued more secretly, perpetrated more closely, detected more miraculously, or punished more strangely or seuerely: so as if the diuell haue not fully possessed our hearts and soules; or if our thoughts and resolutions doe yet retaine but the least sparke of *Grace* and *Christianity*: we shall flie their crimes by the feare and sight of their punishments; refetch our wandering and erroneous senses, from hell to earth, purposely to erraife them from *Earth* to *Heauen*; and so religiously

to giue and consecrate, both them, and our selues, and soules, from sinne to righteoufnesse, and consequently (with as much felicity as glory) from Satan to God.

There dwelt in the Citie of *Auero* in *Portugall*, an ancient Nobleman, termed *Don Gaspar de Vilarezo*, rich in either quality of earthly greatnesse, as well of blood as reuenues, who was neerely allyed to the *Marquesse of Denia* (in *Spaine*) as marrying a Neece of his named *Dona Alphanta*, a Lady exquisitely endued with the Ornaments of *Nature*, and the perfections of *Grace*: for she was both faire and vertuous, that adding lustre to these, and these returning and reflecting embelishment to that, which made her infinitely beloued of her husband *Vilarezo*, and exceedingly honoured of all those who had the honour to know her; and to crowne the felicity of their affections and marriage, they had three hopefull children, one son, and two daughters: he termed *Don Sebastiano*, and they the *Donas Catalina*, and *Berinthia*: he hauing attained his fifteenth yeere, was by his Father made Page to Count *Manriques de Lopez*, and continually followed him at Court, and they from their tenth to their thirteenth yeeres, liued sometimes at *Coimbra*: otherwhiles at *Lisbone*, but commonly at *Auero* with their Parents, who so carefully trayned them vp in those qualities and perfections, requisite for Ladies of their ranke, as they were no sooner seene, but admired of all who saw them.

But before wee make a farther progression in this History; (thereby the better to vnfold and anatomize it) I hold it rather necessary then impertinent, that we take

take a cursory, though not a curious survey of both these young Ladies perfections and imperfections, of their vices and vertues, their beauty and deformity: that as objects are best knowne by the opposition of their contraries: so by the way of comparison wee may distinguish how to know, and know how to distinguish of the disparity of these two sisters, in their inclinations, affections, and delineations.

Catalina was somewhat short of stature, but corpulent of body: *Berinthia* tall, but slender: *Catalina* was of taint and complexion, more browne then faire: *Berinthia* not browne, but sweetly faire, or fairly sweet: *Catalina* had a disdainfull, *Berinthia* a gracious eye: *Catalina* was proud, *Berinthia* humble. In a word, *Catalina* was of humour extremely imperious, ambitious, and reuengefull, and *Berinthia* modestly courteous, gracious and religious. So these two young Ladies growing now to bee capable of marriage, many gallant *Cavaliers* of *Auers* become Seruants and Suters to them, as well in respect of their fathers Nobility and wealth, as for their owne beauties and vertues: yea their fame is generally so spread, that from *Lisbone*, and most of the chiefe Cities of *Portugall*, diuers Nobles and Knights resort to their father *Don Alexes*'s house, to proffer vp their affections to the dignity and merits of his daughters. But his age finding their youth too young to bee acquainted with the secrets and mysteries of marriage, puts them all off, either in generall termes, or honourable excuses, as holding the matching of his daughters of so eminent and important consideration, as he thinks it fit he should aduisedly consult, and not rashly conclude them: which
affection

affection and care of Parents to their children, is still as honourable as commendable.

Don Sebastiano their brother, being often both at *Madrid*, *Vallidolyd* and *Lisbone*, becomes very intimately and singularly acquainted with *Don Antonio de Riuer*, a noble and rich young *Cavalier*, by birth likewise a *Portugall*, of the City of *Eluas*, who was first and chiefe Gentleman to the *Duke of Braganza*; and the better to vnite and perpetuate their familiarity, hee proffers him his eldest sister in marriage, and prayes him at his first conueniency to ride ouer to *Auero* to see her, offering himselfe to accompany him in this iourney, and to second him in that enterprize, as well towards his father as sister. *Don Antonio* very kindly and thankfully listeneth to *Don Sebastiano's* courteous and affectionate proffer, and knowing it so farre from the least disparagement, as it was a great happinesse and honour for him to match himselfe in so noble a Family: they assigne a day for that iourney, 'gainst when, *Don Antonio* makes ready his preparatiues and traine in all respects answerable to his ranke and generosity. They arriue at *Auero*, where *Don Gaspar de Vilarezo*, for his owne worth, and his sonnes report, receiues *Don Antonio* honourably, and entertaines him courteously: he visiteth and saluteth, first the mother, then the two young Ladies her daughters: & although he cannot dislike *Catalina*, yet so precious and amiable is sweet *Berinthia* in his eye; as he no sooner sees, but loues her: yea her piercing eye, her vermillion cheeke, and delicate stature, a&t such wonders in his heart, as he secretly proclaimes himselfe her seruant, and publikely she his *Mistrisse*: to which end he takes time

time and opportunity at aduantage, and so reueales her so much in termes, that intimate the seruency of his zeale, and endeere the zeale of his affection and constancy. *Berinthia* entertaines his motion and speeches with many blushes, which now and then cast a roseat vaile o're the milke-white Lillies of her complexion; and to speake truth, if *Antonio* bee inamoured of *Berinthia*, no lesse is she of him: so as not onely their eyes, but their contemplations and hearts seeme already to sympathize, and burne in the flame of an equall affection. In a word, by stealth he courts her often. And not to detaine my Reader in the intricate *Labyrinth* of the whole passages of their loues: *Antonio* for this time findes *Berinthia* in this resolution, that as she hath not the will to grant, so shee hath not the power to deny his suit: the rest, time will produce.

But so powerfully doe the beauty and vertues of sweet *Berinthia* worke in *Antonio* his affections, that impatient of delays, he findes out her father and mother, and in due termes (requisite for him to giue, and they receiue) demands their daughter *Berinthia* in marriage. *Vilarezo* thanking *Antonio* for this honour, replies, that of his two daughters, he thinks *Berinthia* his younger as vnworthy of him, as *Catalina* his eldest worthily bestowed on him. *Antonio* answeres, that as he cannot deny but *Catalina* is faire, yet hee must confesse that *Berinthia* is more beautifull to his eye, and more pleasing to his thoughts. *Vilarezo* lastly replies, that he will first match *Catalina*, ere *Berinthia*, and that he is as content to giue him the first, as not as yet resolued to dispose of the second: and so for this

time, they on these termes depart, *Vilarezo* taking *Antonio* and his sonne *Sebastiano* with him to hunt a Stag, whereof his adiacent Forrest hath plenty. But whiles *Antonio* his body pursues the Stag, his thoughts are flying after the beauty of his deare and faire *Berinthia*; who as the Paragon of *Beauty* and *Nature*, sits *Empresse* and *Queene-Regent* in the Court of his contemplations and affections: hee is wounded at the heart with *Vilarezo* his answere, and *Berinthia* to the gall, when he certified her of her fathers resolution, onely modesty (that sweet companion and precious ornament of Virgins) to the extremity of her power endeouored to keepe *Antonio* from perceiuing or suspecting so much. *Antonio* prayes his deare friend *Sebastiano* to perswade his father to giue him his sister *Berinthia* to wife: he performes the true part of a true friend and a Gentleman; but in vaine: for his father *Vilarezo* is resolute, first, to marry *Catalina*, when *Antonio*, not of power so soone to leaue the sight and presence of his sweet *Berinthia*, must inuent some matter for his stay. And indeed as loue is the whetstone of wit to giue an edge to inuention; so *Antonio*, to inioy the presence of his faire *Berinthia*, is inforced to make shew that hee neglects her, and affecteth *Catalina*: and so conuerseth often with her; but still in generall termes, whereat shee builds many castles of hope and content, in the ayre of her thoughts. For if *Berinthia* loued *Antonio*, no lesse doth *Catalina* strange effects of affection, where two sisters deeply and dearly loue one Gentleman, and when but one, and peradventure neither of them shall inioy him.

But as *Catalina* is the pretext, so *Berinthia* is both the

sole

sole object and cause of *Antonio's* stay, whom he courts and layeth close siege to, as often as opportunity makes him happy in the desired happinesse and felicity of her company: Shee giues him blushes for his sighes, and sometimes (although a man) the seruency of his affection was such, as hee cannot refraine from returning her teares for her blushes: when albeit loue perswades him to stay longer in *Auero*, yet discretion calls and commands him away to *Lisbone*: and all the fruit of his iourney that he shall carry thither with him is this, that for inioying of faire *Berinthia* to his wife, he conceiues farre more reason to hope, then to despair. Next death, there is no second affliction so grievous or bitter to Louers, as separation and parting: this *Berinthia* feeles, but will not acknowledge, and this *Antonio* acknowledgeth, because feeles. After supper, taking her to a window, hee secretly prays her to honour him with the acceptance of a poore Scarfe, and plaine paire of gloues (which notwithstanding were infinitely rich, and wonderfully faire) in token of his affection; and she, the morne of his departure, by *Diego* his Page, sends him a handkerchiefe, curiously wrought with hearts and flames of silke and gold, in signe of her thankfulnesse: hee promiseth *Berinthia* to write, and see her shortly; and *Catalina* intreates him to be no stranger to *Auero*. To *Catalina* he giues many words, but few kisses; to *Berinthia* many kisses, but more teares: His departure makes *Berinthia* sad, as grieuing at his absence; and *Catalina* ioyfull, as hoping of his returne: *Catalina* triumphs for ioy, hoping that *Antonio* shall be her husband; and *Berinthia* now begins to looke pale with sorrow, fearing shee shall

not be so happy to be his wife. By this time breakfast is serued in, when *Sebastiano* comes, takes *Antonio* and his two sisters, and carries them to the Parlour, where *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* attend *Antonio's* comming. They all sit downe; and although their fare be curious, yet *Antonio's* eyes feed and feast vpon more curious dainties; as the sparkling eyes, flaxen haire, and vermillion cheekes of *Berinthia's* incomparable beauty, which is obserued of all parts, except of *Berinthia*, who is so secret and cautious in her earriage, as although her affection, yet her discretion will not permit her modesty either to obserue or see it. Breakfast ended, *Antonio* taking *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* apart, first giues them infinite thanks for his honourable and courteous entertainment, and then very earnestly againe prayes them not to reiect his suit for their daughter *Berinthia*. *Vilarezo* and his wife pray *Antonio* to excuse his bad reception, which they know comes many wayes short of his deserts and merits, and also request him to imbrace their motion for their daughter *Catalina*. Thus after many other complements, he takes his conge of *Vilarezo*, kisseth his wife and two daughters, first *Catalina*, then *Berinthia*, who though last in yeeres, yet is the first Lady in his desires and thoughts, and the onely *Queene* of his affections. So they are as it were inforced to make a vertue of necessity, and to take a short farewel, in stead of a more solemne, which either of them wished, and both desired; but their eyes dictate to their hearts, what their tongues cannot expresse: and so *Antonio* and *Sebastiano* take Coach, and away for *Lisbone*, *Antonio* as much triumphing in the beauty of his faire *Berinthia*,

Berinthia, as his friend *Sebastiano* grieues, that of his two Sisters, *Antonio* would not accept of *Catalina*, nor his Father consent to giue him *Berinthia* for his wife: notwithstanding, they confirme their familiaritie and friendship with many interchangeable and reciprocall protestations; that sith they cannot be brothers, they will liue and dye deare and intimate friends: but I feare the contrary.

Being arriued at *Lisbone*, *Antonio* feeles strange alterations in his thoughts and passions. For now he is so intangled in the fetters of *Berinthia's* beautie and vertues, that he will see no other object but her *Idea*, nor (almost) speake of any *Lady*, but of her selfe, and in these his amorous contemplations he both reioyceth and triumpheth; but againe remembring the assurance of *Vilarezo* his refusall, and the incertainty of *Berinthia's* affection and consent, his hopes are nipt in their blossomes, and his ioyes as soone fade as flourish; he wisheth that *Auero* were *Lisbone*, and either himselfe in *Auero* with *Berinthia*, or she in *Lisbone* with him. To attempt the one, he holds it as great a folly, as a vanitie to wish the other: but he bethinkes himselfe of a remedy for this his perplexity, and reputes himselfe obliged in the bonds as well of respect, as loue, to write to his faire *Berinthia*: and then againe he feares, that it will finde a difficult passage and access to her, because of her Fathers distaste, and Sisters ielousie: but the Sunne of his affection doth soone dispell and dissipate these doubts, or rather disperse them as clouds before the winde: and now to preuent those who might attempt to intercept his letters, he bethinkes himselfe of an inuention, as worthy, as com-

mendable in a Louer : he writes *Berinthia* a letter, and accompanying it with a rich Diamond , sends it her by *Diego* his owne Page to *Auero*, whom purposely & feignedly he causeth to arme himselfe with this pretext and colour , that he is in loue with *Ansilua* the Lady *Catalina's* wayting Gentlewoman, and hath now gotten leaue of his Master to come to *Auero* to seeke her in marriage : where after some fiftene daies he arriues, and verie secretly deliuers his Masters ring and letter to *Berinthia*, who (sweet Lady) was then tost with the winde of feare, and the waues of sorrow, that in all this time she heard not from *Antonio*, doubting indeed lest the change of aire, places, and objects might haue power to change his affection, when now blushing for ioy, as much as before she looked pale for sorrow, she takes the ring and letter, and kissing both secretly, flies to her Chamber, when bolting the doore , she with as much affection as impatience breaking vp the scales, therein findes these lines:

Sweet *Berinthia*, wert thou as courteous as faire, thou wouldst rest as confident of my affections, as I doe of thy beautie, and then as much reioyce in that, as I triumph in this : but as my tongue lately wanted power, so now doth my pen art, to informe thee, how dearly I loue thy beautie, and honour thy vertues, so as could thy thought prie into mine, or my heart be so happy to dictate to thine, those should know, and this see, that *Antonio* is ambitious of no other earthly felicitie, then either to liue thy husband, or die thy Martyr. Thinke with thy selfe, how farre thou undervaluest, and vnrequitest my zeale, when I will despaire of louing *Catalina*, and yet cannot hope that *Berinthia* will affect

affect me : only therefore in thee (sweet Lady) it remaines, either to crowne my ioyes by thy consent, or to immortalize my torments by thy refusall : be pleased therefore, faire Berinthia, to signifie me thy resolution, that I may know my doome, and prepare my selfe, either to wed thee or my graue.

ANTONIO.

Berinthia hauing againe and againe perused and o're-read this letter, giues it a thousand kisses for his sake who wrote and sent it her, and so verie secretly locks it vp in her Casket, as also the Diamond, and now attends an opportunity to confer priuately with *Diego*, when he will resolute to returne to his Master at *Lisbone*, that she may returne him an answer, though not so sweet as he expects, yet not so bitter as he feares : in the meane time *Diego* deliuereth her Father *Vilarezo* his Masters letter, in fauour of his (pretended) sute to *Ansilua*, as also in thankfulnessse of his entertainment, without naming either *Catalina*, or *Berinthia* his daughters, or once mentioning his returne to *Auero* : whereat *Vilarezo* grieues, and *Catalina* bites the lip. But *Berinthia* cannot but smile to see *Antonio* his inuention, for the safe deliuey of his letters, nor yet refraine from laughing in her selfe, to see how cunningly his Page *Diego* courts *Ansilua* : for he makes such demonstration of loue to her, and she is so enamoured of him, that *Catalina* thinkes a short time will finish this match, but he and her sister *Berinthia* know the contrary. *Diego* at the end of three daies is desirous to depart, and *Berinthia* extremely glad of his resolution to stay no longer : so she takes her

her selfe to her Chamber, and writes this letter to her Antonio in answer of his.

HAd I not beene more courteous to thee, then I am faire in my selfe; thou hadst not tasted so much of my affection, nor I so many of my fathers frownes: and although thy tongue and penne haue acquainted me with thy rich zeale intended and deuoted to my poore merits, yet iudge with thy selfe, whether it be fit for me to requite thee with obseruance; or him that gaue me my being, with disobedience. As I desire not to haue thee die my Martyr, so my father will not permit thee to liue my husband: and yet, as it is out of my power to remedy the first, so it is not impossible for time to effect and compass the last; not that I resolute to giue thee too much hope; rather that I aime to take away some of thy despaire, so the end that I may finde thee as constant in thy affection, as thou me sincere in my constancie. My Sisters iealousie of me, and my Fathers distaste of thee, inuite thee to manage this fauour of mine with as much secrecie as circumspection.

BERINTHIA.

Hauiug folded vp and sealed her letter, she findes out Diego, and beckens him to follow her to the garden; where, in one of the bowers she deliuers him this letter, together with a Rose of Opales, the which in token of her loue, she coniures him with safetie and speed to deliuer his Master Don Antonio. Diego hauiug his dispatch of Berinthia, soone giues Anselma hers, promising to returne some three weekes after; at which time he praies her to expect him: when thanking

ing *Vilarezo* for his kinde entertainment, and he bidding him tell his Master he would be glad to see him in *Auero*, he leapes to horse, and so poasts away for *Lisbone*.

I cannot relate with what incredible and infinite ioy *Antonio* receiues this Letter and Ring from *Berinthia*: and to write the truth, I thinke the letter scarce contained so many sillables, as he often read it ouer and kissed it: he sees *Berinthia's* modesty resplend and shine in her affection, and her affection in her modesty towards him, wherein he glories in that, reioyceth in this, and triumphs in both: but although he be sure of her affection, yet he is not of himselfe; for he sees her letter containeth many verball complements, but all of them not one reall promise: and therefore hee cannot repute his tranquillity and felicity compleate, ere he be crowned with this happiness: besides, he feares that his absence and her Fathers presence, may in tract of time by degrees coole the seruency of *Berinthia's* affection, and yet then, he as soone checkes his owne timidity in conceauing the least suspition of her constancy: now he thinkes to acquaint his intimate friend and her deare brother *Sebastiano* with their affections, but then he condemnes that opinion, and reuokes it as erroneous and dangerous; and contrary to the rules of loue, in sayling without the compasse of *Berinthia's* aduice and commands, by the which he holds it both safety and discretion to steere his course and actions, againe, he so infinitely and earnestly longs to re-see his deare and sweet Mistresse, as he resolues to ride ouer againe to *Auero*; but the obstinacy of *Alerexo*,

and the ieaiousie of *Catalina*, make him end that iourney ere he began it. In this perplexity and contestation of reasons, he is irresolute what, or what not to do, but in fine, considering that delaies are dangerous in matters of this nature, he packs vp his baggage, and taking his farewell of *Sebastiano*, vnder pretext of his health, leaues *Lisbone* and the Duke his Lord and Master, and retires to his owne home at *Elnas* (where his father dying some three yeeres before, had left him sole heire to many rich Mannors and Possessions) purposely hereby to be neere to *Aucro*, that he might giue order for all things, and let slip no occasion in the proceffe and prosecution of his affection. The second day after his arriuall to *Elnas*, it being wel-neere a month since he sent his first, and till then his last letter to *Berinthia*, he now againe dispatcheth his Page *Diego* with his second letter to her, by whom he sends her a chaine of rich pearle, and a paire of gold bracelets richly enammeled. *Diego's* arriuall is pleasing to *Ansilua*, but extremely ioyfull to *Berinthia*: only it nipt *Catalina's* hopes, because she could not vnderstand by him any certaine resolution or assurance of his Masters comming thither. *Diego* hath no sooner saluted his *Ansilua*, but (as his more important businesse) he seekes meanes to speake with *Berinthia*, which she her selfe profforeth him: he deliuers her his Masters tokens and letter, which she verie ioyfully receiueth, and so trips away to her Chamber; where opening the scales, she therein findes these words:

IT is impossible for my pen to expresse the ioyes my heart receiued at the reading of thy letter : and as I dispraise not thy obedience to thy Father, so I infinitely both praise and prize thy affection to me : a thousand times I kissed thy lines, and as often blest the hand that wrote them, and although they haue giuen me hope for despaire; yet, not to dissemble, these hopes haue brought me doubt, and that doubt, feare; not thou louest me, for that were to disparage my iudgement, in seeking to prophane thy affectiō, but that thou wilt not please to accept of my promise, nor to returne me thine: wherein if thou weigh the seruency of my loue, I hope thou wilt not taxe the incredulitie of my feare; for till I am so happie, not onely to hope, but to assure my selfe that Berinthia will be Antonio's, as Antonio is alreadie Berinthia's, I must needs feare, and therefore cannot truely reioyce. I haue left Lisbone, to reside at Eluas; therefore faire and deare Lady, I beseech thee destinate me, dispose my seruice, and command both. I long to enioy the felicity of thy presence: for I take heauen to witnesse, thy absence is my hell upon earth.

ANTONIO.

Berinthia hauing read this letter, she approoues of Antonio's feare, and attributes it to the seruency and sincerity of his affection: she esteemes her selfe infinitely happy in her good fortune, and choyce of so braue a *Caualeer* for her seruant, whom she hopes a little time will make her husband, to which end she will no longer feed him with delaies, but now resolves, by his Page *Diego* at his returne to signifie him so much: and in a word, to send him her heart, as shee hath already receiued his. But shee

knowes not what the *Interim* of this time will bring forth.

Passé we from *Berinthia*, to her Sister *Catalina*, whose affection is likewise such to *Antonio*, as by this time she hath perswaded and induced her Father *Vilarezo* to write him a Letter in her behalfe by *Diego*, thereby to draw his resolution, whether he intend to seeke her for his wife or no; or at least to inuite him to *Aucro*. And although his affection to her Sister *Berinthia* be kept from her, yet she not only suspects, but feares it. Glad she is of the opportunity of *Diego* his being there, to conuey his Fathers Letter to his Master: and yet that ioy of hers is soone dissolued into griefe, because all this time he neuer vouchsafed to write to her: her affectiō to him flattreth her still with hope, and yet her iudgement in her selfe. still suggesteth her despaire; for she hath alwaies the image of this conceit in her imagination, that *Antonio* loues her Sister *Berinthia*, & not her selfe: her suspition makes her subtil, and so she deales with *Ansilua*, to draw the truth hereof from *Diego*, who hauing learned his lesson, acteth his part well, and I know not, whether with more fidelity or discretion flatly denies it: but loe, here betides an accident, which bewraies the whole mystery and *History* of their affections. On a Sunday morning, when *Berinthia* was descended to the garden to gather flowers, against her going to Church with her Father and Mother; her Sister *Catalina* rusheth into her Chamber, to seeke the *Historie* of *Cervantex*, which the day before shee had lent her, and not finding it either on the Table or the Window, seekes in the pocket
of

of her gowne, that she wore the day before; and there vnwittingly and vnexpectedly findes the last Letter that *Antonio* had sent her; whereby she perceiued, it was in vaine for her to hope to inioy *Antonio*, sith shee now apparantly saw that hee was her sister *Berinthia's*, and she his. *Catalina* is heereat both sorrowfull, and glad; sorrowfull, that shee should lose *Antonio*, and glad that she had found his Letter. And now to shew her affection to him, and her malice to her sister, shee will try her wits, to see whether she can frustrate *Berinthia*, and so obtaine *Antonio* for her selfe. The passions of men may easily be found out and detected, but the secrets and malice of women difficultly. To which end *Catalina* shewes this Letter to her father, who exceedingly stormes hereat, and with many checkes and frownes curbes *Berinthia* of her liberty, and resolues in his first Letter to *Antonio*, to forbid him his house, and her company, except hee will leaue *Berinthia*, and take *Catalina*: and suspecting that his Page *Diego's* courting of *Ansilua*, was but onely a policy and colour, thereby to conuey Letters betwixt his daughter *Berinthia* and his Master; hee once thought to giue him his Conge, and prohibit him his house, had not *Catalina* prayed the contrary, who would no way displease her waiting Gentlewoman *Ansilua*, because shee was to vse her aide and assistance in a matter of great importance: the vnlocking and dilating whereof is thus:

Catalina her affection to *Antonio*, and consequently her malice to her sister *Berinthia* is so violent, that as her father hath bereaued her of a great part of her liberty, so she is so bloody and cruell, as she vowes to

deprive her of her life: a hellish resolution in any woman, but a most vnnaturall and damnable attempt of one sister to another: but wanting faith, which is the foundation and bulwarke; and Religion, which is the preparatiue and *Antidote* of our soules, she runnes so wilfully hoodwink't from God to the diuell, as shee will aduance, and disdaines to retire, till her malicious and iealous thirst be quenched with her sisters blood: to which end she perswades and bribes *Ansilua* with a hundred duckets, to poyson her sister *Berinthia*, & promiseth her so much more, whē she hath effected it: wherunto this wretched & execrable yong waiting *Gentlewoman* consenteth, & in brieft, promiseth to performe it. But God hath otherwise decreed and ordained: To which end shee sends into the City for some strong poyson by an vnknowne messenger, which is instantly brought her in a small galley pot. But let vs here both admire and wonder at Gods miraculous discouery and preuention thereof: For that very night, when *Ansilua* had determinately resolved to haue poysoned the *Lady Berinthia*, *Diego* seekes out his Mistresse *Ansilua*, and findes her solitarily alone in one of the close-o'reshadowed bowers of the garden, whom he salutes and entertaines with many amorous discourfes, and more kisses; in the middest whereof his nose fell suddenly on bleeding, whereat hee admired, and shee griued; till at last hauing bloodyed all his owne handkerchiefe, *Ansilua* rusheth hastily to her pocket for hers for him, which suddenly drawing forth, her affection to *Diego* hauing made her quite forget her poyson, she with her handkerchiefe drawes out the galley pot, which falling on the floore of the
bower

bower (that was paved with square stones) it immediately burst in pieces; when *Diego's* Spaniell licking vp the poyson, instantly sweld and dyed before them. Whereat *Diego* grew amazed, but farre more *Ansilua*, who blushing with shame, and then growing pale for feare, could not inuent either what to say or doe, at the strangenesse and suddennesse of this accident. *Diego* presseth her to know for whom this poyson was provided, and of whom shee had it. Her answeres are variable, and are so farre from agreeing, as they contradict each other, which breeds in her the more feare, and in him astonishment. Hee coniures her by all the bonds of their affection, to discouer it, with many millions of protestations professeth it shall dye with him; he addes voves to his requests, oathes to his voves, and kisses to his oathes; so as maids can difficultly conceale any thing from their Lovers: but especially fearing that hee might peradventure suspect that this poyson was meant and intended him: shee at last vanquished with his importunacy and this consideration, discouereth (as wee haue formerly vnderstood) that her *Lady Catalina* had wonne her, therewith to poyson her sister *Berinthia*; because she suspected she was better beloued of his Master *Don Antonio* then her selfe. *Diego* is infinitely astonished at the strangenesse of this newes, and like a true and faithfull Page to his Master, hauing drawne this worme from *Ansilua's* nose, and this newes from her tongue; vnder colour to seeke a remedy to stop his blood, giuing her many kisses, and promising her his speedy returne, he leaues her in the garden, and so very speedily findes out *Berinthia*; to whom (with as much truth

truth as curiosity) he from poynt to poynt reueales it, praying her to be carefull not to receiue any thing, either from *Catalina*, or *Anfilua*, and withall to write, for the next morne he will hye to *Eluas*, to reueale it to his Master. *Berinthia* trembles at the report of this strange and vnexpected newes: so hauing first thanked God for the discouery of this poyson, and her sisters malice, she promifeth him a letter to his Master, and heartily thanks him for his fidelity and affection towards her, the which she voweth to requite; and for a pledge and earnest therof, drawes off a Diamond from her finger, and giues it him for this good office.

No sooner hath *Aurora* leapt from the warry bed of *Thetis*, and *Phæbus* discovered his golden beames in the azured firmament of Heauen, but *Diego* causeth his horse to be made ready, and tels *Anfilua* that his father hath sent for him to meet him at *la Secco*, and that he will not faile to be backe with her within three dayes, being ready to depart.

Hee, vnder colour of giuing order for his horse, leaues her, and steales into *Berinthia's* chamber, whom (poore Lady) feare would not permit to take any rest or sleepe that night, the which shee had partly worne out and imployed in writing her mind to her deare *Antonio*; and knowing her selfe not safe in *Auero* with her father and sister, she resolved to commit her honour and her life into his protection: yea, shee had no sooner finished and sealed her Letter to that effect, but *Diego* comes and knockes softly at her chamber doore. *Berinthia* in her night-gowne and attire is ready for him: shee admits him, commends his care, giues him her Letter to his Master, and praies him

him to vse all possible diligence in his returne: and so hauing receiued all her commands, hee secretly descends the stayres, and taking leaue of *Vilarezo*, and lastly, kissing his Mistrisse *Ansilua*, he leapes to horse, rides the first stage, there leaues his Gennet, and takes Poast.

Leaue we *Diego* poasting towards *Eluas*, and come we to *Catalina*, whose malice finding no rest, nor her reuenge remedy, she that very morne, as soone as *Ansilua* came into her chamber, demands whether she be prepared to performe her owne promise, and her hopes? She answereth her *Lady*, that lesse then three dayes shall effect it, and giue a period to all her sister *Berinthia's*. Whereat she is exceedingly glad, but is all this while ignorant what *Diego* hath scene, and *Berinthia* knowes to this effect. *Ansilua* presuming on *Diego* his fidelity, and building on his secrecie; and therefore lesse suspecting his iourney to *Eluas*, remaines still so gracelesse and impious in her bloody resolution, as she now not onely presumes, but assures her selfe that *Berinthia* is neere the ebbe of her dayes, and the setting of her life: and therefore like an execrable Agent of the diuell, she hath now made ready and prouided her selfe of a second poysoned potion, which shee no way doubts but shall send her to her last sleepe. But this female *Monster*, this bloody *shee-Empericke* may be deceiued in her art.

In the interim of which time, *Diego* arriues at *Eluas*, and findes out his Master, to whom he very hastily deliuers *Berinthia's* Letter; the which *Antonio* hauing kissed, breakes off the seales, and there, contrary to his hopes, but not to his desires, reades these lines:

MI sister Catalina's malice is so extreme to mee, sith my affection is such to thee, as she degenerates not onely from Grace, but Nature, and seekes to bereaue me of my life. This bearer, thy Page, who I pray loue for my sake, sith he, vnder God, hath now preserved me for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So, sith there is no safety for me in my fathers house, into whose armes and protection shall I throw my selfe, but onely into thine, of whose true and sincere affection I am so constant and confident, as I rest assured, thou wilt shew thy selfe thy selfe, in preserving my life with mine honour, and mine honour with my life? It is no poynt of disobedience in me to my father, but of deare respect to mine owne life, and therefore to thee, for, and by whom I live, that makes me so earnestly desire both thy assistance and sight, sith the first will leade me from despaire, the second to hope and ioy, and both to content; till when, feare and loue, with much impatience, make me thinke houres yeces, and minutes months.

BERINTHIA.

Antonio is amazed at this strange and vnexpected newes, and curiously gathers all the circumstances thereof from his Page, when loue, feare, hope, sorrow, and ioy act their seuerall parts, as well in his heart as countenance; when prizing Berinthia's life and safety a thousand times before his owne, he with great expedition dispatcheth away Diego the same night to Auero, with this ensuing Letter, which hee commands him deliuer his Mistresse Berinthia, with all possible speed and secrecie.

As

AS the Sunne, breaking forth an obscure cloud, shines the cleerer, so doth thy true affection to mee, in that damnable malice of thy sister Catalina to thy selfe for my sake, in such sort, as I know not whether I more reioyce at the one, then detest the other. Hauing therefore first thanked God for thy happy and miraculous preservation, I next commend my Page, as the second cause of the discovery thereof: and this fidelity of his shall neither be forgotten or vnrequited. I thinke how tedious time is to me, sith I blame and enuie this short Letter of mine, for taking up and vsurping any part thereof, till I enioy the honour to see thee, and the felicity to assist thee. I returne it thee Poast by Diego, who brought me thine; and my Coach-man tells mee, I shall rather fly then runne towards thee. Let the precise houre, I beseech thee, be, on Munday night at twelue of the clocke, when I will await thy selfe, and expect thy commands at the Posterne of thy fathers Arbour: where, let the light of the candle be my signet, and the report of my Pistoll shall bee thine. I am throwing away my pen, were it not to signifie thee, that my sword shall protect thy life, and mine honour preserve thine: as also that Antonio thinks himselfe the most vnforgotten man of the world, till Berinthia bee impaled in his armes, or he insloystered in hers.

ANTONIO.

Whiles Diego is poasting to Auero, Antonio his Master is preparing to follow him, taking (the next morn) his Coach with fixe horses, and three resolute Gentlemen his friends to assist him, with each his Rapier and case of Pistols. Diego first arriues at Auero, yea a day and two nights before him. Ansilua checkes him for his long stay; and Berinthia a thousand times thanks

him for his speedy returne. Hee deliuers her his Masters Letter, and prayes her to prepare her selfe against the prefixed houre. She reades her *Antonio's* Letter with much ioy and comfort, which her lookes testifie, and her heart proclaimeth to her thoughts: shee will not be slacke or backwards in a matter which so deeply imports her well-fare and content; and so with all possible secrecie packes vp the chiefest of her apparell and iewels in a small trunke, or casket, and wisheth the houre come, that shee were either in *Antonio's* armes, or he in hers: and for *Diego*, hee casteth so subtil a mist and vaile before *Ansilua's* eyes, as it is impossible either for her, or her *Lady Catalina* to perceiue any thing. But lo, a second trechery is provided, to effect that which the first could not: and indeed, which went neere to haue performed it, had not *God* miraculously and indulgently reached forth his hand to preuent it: for *Catalina* still perseuers in her inueterate and deadly malice towards her sister *Berinthia*, as if *God* had not yet taught her, or rather, that she would not learne the way from Satan; or *Grace* instructed and directed her from the impiety of so foule a sinne, as the murdering of her owne and onely sister. For the very night that *Antonio* had promised and assigned to fetch *Berinthia*, as shee had by times retired her selfe to her chamber, vnder colour to goe to bed, and ready to put on her night abilitments, in comes *Ansilua*, sent by her good and kinde (or rather wicked and cruell) sister, with a sweet Posset, (or rather a deadly poyson in her hand, in a siluer couered cup) telling her, that her *Lady* had drunke the one halfe, and sent her the other, it being (as she affirmed) very cold and refreshing for the liuer, against

against the hotnesse of the weather. But *Berinthia* being forewarned, is armed by her former danger, yet she seemes ioyfull thereof, and so accepts it, returning her sister *Catalina* thanks, saying, she will drinke it ere she goe to bed; onely she prayes *Ansilua* first to fetch her prayer booke and gloues, which in the morne shee had left in her sisters chamber. So whiles she wanted, she priuately powres it into a siluer bason in her study, and washing the cup three or foure seuerall times, she fills some Almond milke therein; and *Ansilua* being returned, takes the said cup, and prayes her to tell her sister, that she drinke it to her health, and withall, giues her the good night: and so likewise doth *Ansilua* to her. But what a good night thought shee in her heart and conscience, when she knew *Berinthia* should neuer see day more? So away shee trips to her *Lady Catalina*, who demands her if the businesse bee dispatched, and her sister gone to her rest? Who replies, she hath drunke her last, and is gone to her eternall rest. But they are both deceiued in their malicious Arithmeticke: For although *Catalina* extremely reioyce in the confident and assured death of her sister, yet God ordaineth, that their bloody hopes shall deceiue them: as marke the sequell, and you shall see how.

About an houre after *Ansilua's* departure, by *Berinthia's* order and appointment, in wonderfull secret sort in comes *Diego* to her Chamber, to await the houre of his Masters arriual, and to assist her in her escape and departure. *Berinthia* acquaints him with the potion her Sister *Catalina* had right now sent her by *Ansilua*: he is astonished at this newes, as being assured it was poyson, and humbly prayes her to make

proofe hereof on *Catalina's* Parrot, which that after-
noone she had brought with her into her Chamber:
and so by her consent *Diego* takes the Parrot, and
with a spoone forceth some downe its throat: who
poore harmlesse bird, immediatly swells and dyes
before them. They both woonder hereat, and *Berinthia*
at one instant both greeues & reioyceth, greeues
at her Sister *Catalina's* malice and cruelty, and reioy-
ceth for her happy deliuerance: first praying God
as the Author, then thanking *Diego* as the instrument
thereof: and so they throw the remainder of the poi-
son out at the window, and lay the dead Parrot on the
table. And now *Berinthia* attending and awayting the
houre of her happinesse, which is that of her *Antonio's*
arriual, and of her owne departure, with as much de-
sire as impatiency, *Diego* often looking on the houre-
glasse, and *Berinthia* a thousand times on her watch.
So at last with a longing, longing desire, the ioyfull
houre of twelue is come, wherein *Antonio* arriues: he
sees the happy light of her candle, and she heares the
sweet musique of his Pistoll, which reuiueth and ra-
uifsheth these two Louers, in the heauen of vnexpre-
sable ioy and content, when all things being hush'd
vp in silence, and euery person of the house soundly
sleeping, *Diego* softly takes vp the small trunk, and
Berinthia as secretly followes him: and so they won-
derfull priuately slip into the first Court, and from
thence to the posterne doore of the garden, where
Antonio with a thousand kisses receiues her in his
armes, hauing no other light but the lustre of her
eyes to light them: for the Moone, that Bright *Cyn-
thia*, had conspired and consented to *Berinthia's*
escape,

escape, and therefore purposely withdrawne her brightnesse by hiding, and inuelling her selfe in the darkenesse of an obscure cloud. *Antonio* locking this sweet prize, this his deare and sweet *Berinthia* in his armes, he with the three Gentlemen his friends, conduct her to the end of the street; and *Diego* followes them with the Casket, where they all priuately and silently take Coach, and hauing opened the Citie gate with a siluer key, away they speed for *Eluas* with all possible celerity; but I write with griefe, that as these affections of *Antonio* and *Berinthia* begin in ioy, so (I feare) they will end in as much sorrow and misery.

Leaue we them now in their iourney for *Eluas*: and returne we to *Auero* to bloody *Catalina*, and wretched *Ansilua*, who lying remote from *Berinthia's* Chamber, could not possibly heare so much as the least steppe of her descent and departure: although their malice were so extreme as to write the truth, they all that night could not sleepe for ioy, that *Berinthia* dispatched: so they prepare themselues against the morne, to heare some pittifull outcries in the house for *Berinthia's* death; but seeing it neere ten of the clocke, and no rumour nor stirre heard, they both (as they were accustomed) went into her Chamber, thinking to feast their eies vpon the lamentable object of this breathlesse Gentlewoman: but contrary to their bloody hopes, they finde the nest, I meane the bed, empty, and *Berinthia* not dead, but escaped and flowne away: Onely *Catalina*, in stead of her Sister, findes her owne Parrot dead on the table: they are astonished at this newes, and looke fearefully and desperately

sperately each on other. *Ansilua* for her part protests and vowes that she saw *Berinthia* drinke the poyson. But finding *Berinthia's* small trunke wanting, and hearing *Diego* gone, then *Catalina* knowes for certaine, that shee was escaped, and her poysoning plot detected and preuented. So they giue the alarum in the house, and she goes directly and acquaints her Father, Mother and Brother of her Sister *Berinthia's* flight, but speakes not a word of the poyson, or the Parrots death. *Vilarezo* grieues to see himselfe robbed of his daughter; and *Sebastiano* of his sister: but when they vnderstand that *Diego* was gone with her, then they are confidently assured, that *Antonio* hath carried her away, which is confirmed them by the Porter of the City, who told them, that 'twixt twelue and one, a Coach with a Lady and foure *Caualeers* and a Page (drawne by fixe horses) past the gate very speedily. *Vilarezo* and his sonne *Sebastiano* storme at this affront and disgrace: they consult what to doe herein: so first they resolute to send one to *Eluas*, to know yea or no, whether *Berinthia* be there with *Antonio*? The messenger sent, returnes, and assures them thereof, as also, that *Antonio* is retired from *Eluas*, to a castle of his without the walls of the Citie, where it is reported hee keepes the Lady *Berinthia* with much honour and respect. Had old *Vilarezo* had his health and strength, he would himselfe in person haue vndertaken this iourney, but being sicke of the gowt, he sends his sonne *Sebastiano* to *Eluas*, accompanied with fixe resolute Gentlemen, his neere allies and friends, to draw reason of *Antonio* for this affront and disgrace; and so either by law, force, policy, or per-

perswasion, to bring backe *Berinthia*. *Sebastiano* knowing *Berinthia* to be his Sister; and *Antonio* his former ancient and intimate friend; with a kinde of unwilling willingnesse accepts of this iourney: he comes to *Eluas*, and findes his former intelligence true; he repaires to *Antonio's* Castle, accompanied with his fixe associats. *Antonio* admits them all into the first Court, and onely two more of them into the second; where he salutes them kindly, and bids them all welcome to his Castle. *Sebastiano* layes before him the foulness of his fact, in stealing away his Sister in that clandestine and base manner, the scandall which he hath layd vpon her, and consequently on all their family and bloud, tells him that his Father and himselfe are resolved to haue her againe at what price soeuer, and therefore coniures him, by the respect of his owne honour, and by the consideration and remembrance of all their former friendship, to deliuer him his Sister *Berinthia*. *Antonio* answereth *Sebastiano*, that it was an honourable affection, and no base respect which led him to assist his Sister *Berinthia* in her flight and escape: that he neuer was nor would be a iust scandall either to her, her family, or bloud; that his malicious Sister *Catalina* was the author and cause thereof, who by her wayting *Gentlewoman Ansilua* had twice sought to poyson her: and therefore, sith hee could not deliuer her with her owne safety, and his honour and conscience, he was resolved to protect her in his Castle, against any whosoever, that should seeke either to enforce or offend her.

Sebastiano is perplexed at this strange newes, and wondereth at *Antonio's* resolution: so doe the two

Gentlemen with him: he desires *Antonio* that he may see and speake with his Sister *Berinthia*; the which he freely and honorably grants: and so taking him by the hand, they enter the Hall: where *Berinthia* hauing notice hereof (accompanied with two of *Antonio* his Sisters) as soone comes, and with a cheerefull countenance aduanceth towards her brother: he salutes her, and she first him, then the other two Gentlemen her cousins. *Sebastiano* prayes *Antonio*, that hee may conferre apart with her Sister. *Antonio* replies, that his Sister *Berinthia*'s pleasure shall euer be his. She willingly consents hereunto, when he taking her by the hand, conducts her to the farthest window, and there shewes her, her disobedience to her Father, her dishonour to her selfe, and grieue to her friends, for this her vnaduised and rash flight, and so perswades her to returne: and that if she intend to marry *Antonio*, this is not the way, but rather a course as irregular as shamefull. His Sister *Berinthia* deliuers him at full the cause of her departure; and very constantly confirms what *Antonio* had formerly told him of her Sister *Catalina*'s two seuerall attempts, to poyson her by her wayting Gentlewoman *Ansilua*, though with more ample circumstance and dilation: and to testifie the truth, *Diego* is produced, who vowes and protests the same. *Sebastiano* checks her of folly and cruelty, shewes her, that in seeking to wrong others, she only wrongs her selfe; that in inuenting and casting a feigned crime on her Sister *Catalina*, shee makes her owne conspicuous and true, that she hath no safety but in her returne: whereunto with many reasons he seekes to perswade and induce her.

His

His Sister *Berinthia* againe answereth him, that there is no safety for her in *Auero*, and that she cannot expect greater then she findes in *Eluas*: she praies him to thinke charitably and honourably of her departure: and if euer her Father will loue her, she requests him not to hate, but to loue *Antonio*, whose Castle she findes a *Sanctuary*, both for her honour and life; taking God and his Angels, her conscience and soule to witnesse, that her Sister *Catalina's* crime is true and not feigned. *Sebastiano* seeing *Antonio* resolute, and his Sister will-full and obstinate, begins to take leaue, telling her, that he will leaue her to her folly, that to her shame, and her shame to her repentance, and so concludes to goe into the City, to resolve on what hee hath to doe, for her good and his owne honour. *Antonio* prayes him to dine in his Castle with his Sister: but he refuseth it, saith he hath giuen the first breach to their friendship, and his own honour, which hee shall repent, if not repaire, and so departs. Being come into the Citie, he consults this businesse with the *Gentlemen* his associats, and both himselfe and they are of opinion to send one poast to acquaint his father herewith, and so to craue his pleasure and resolution, how hee shall beare himselfe herein. It is euer an excellent point both of wisdom and discretion, for a sonne to steere his actions by the compasse of his Fathers commands. His cousin *Villandras* vndertakes this iourney to *Auero*. Old *Villarexo* is perplexed and greeued at this report, and in stead of comfort, receiues more affliction, his care, curiositie, passion and griefe: seuerally examineth first *Catalina*, then *Ansilua*, who (like theeues in a Faire, or

murtherers in a Forest) he findes equally constant in their deniall, being so deuoid of grace, and repleat of impiety, as they confirme and maintaine their innocencies with many bitter oathes and asseuerations: so he returnes Villandras to Eluas, with this Letter to his sonne Sebastiano.

I Commend thy wisdom, as much as I dispraise Antonio's resolution, and greeue at thy Sister Berinthia's folly and disobedience: I haue carefully and curiously examined the two parties, whom I finde as innocent as constant in the true deniall of their falsely objected crimes: I haue consulted with Nature and Honour, how herein I might be directed by them, and consequently, thou by me; so they suggest me this aduice, and I aduise thee this resolution, either by the law of the kingdom, or by that of thy sword, with expedition to returne mee my Daughter thy Sister Berinthia, and let not the Oratory either of Antonio's tongue, or her teares perswade thee to the contrary: for then as she is guilty of our dishonours, so wee shall be accessary to hers: let me vnderstand the proceeding herein, and according as occasion shall present, if my sicknesse and weaknesse will not leaue me, I notwithstanding will leaue Auro, to see Eluas.

VILAREZO.

Whiles Sebastiano is consulting how to free his sister Berinthia, from the power of Antonio, speake we a little of Catalina, who (as skilfull in subtilty as malice) seeing her treachery & bloody intents reuealed, thinks it now high time to make away & poyson Ansilua; grounding her resolution on this maxime, both of policy and estate,

estate, That dead folkes doe neither harme nor tell tales. Behold heere the iustice and prouidence of God! she, who laid snares for others, must now be taken in them herselfe: a punishment which the sinne of this wretched *Gentlewoman* findes, because deserueth: there is no vice nor malice, but haue their pretexts and colours. *Catalina* findes fault with two or three red pimples that *Ansilua* hath in her face, which she will haue taken away. She sends for an Empericke, one *Pedro Sarmiata*, and proffereth him one hundred duckets to poyson her, which like a limbe of the diuell, he vndertakes; and infusing poyson in some potions, he administred it her: she the very next day dyes: a fit reward & punishment for so gracelesse and bloody a *Gentlewoman*, who (as we haue formerly scene) made no religion nor conscience, to attempt two seuerall times to poyson the faire and vertuous *Berinthia*.

Whiles this Tragedy is acting at *Auero*, *Sebastiano* begins to act another in *Eluas*, but a thousand times lesse impious, and more honourable: For hauing receiued his fathers order by *Villandras*, hee now sends him into the Castle, to take *Antonio's*, and *Berinthia's* last resolution, he is admitted to them: *Villandras* directs his speech first to *Berinthia*, then to *Antonio*, to whom hee relateth his message, and *Sebastiano's* pleasure. *Berinthia* returnes him this answer: Cousin *Villandras*, recommend me courteously to my brother *Sebastiano*, and tell him, my first answer and resolution is, and shall be my last. And (quoth *Antonio*) I pray likewise informe him from me, that *Berinthia's* will is my law, and her resolution mine, and that I will bee as carefull, as willing and ready, to lose my life in defence

and preseruacion of hers. *Villandras* returnes, and acquaints *Sebastiano* with this their last resolutions; from which, he alleagerh it is impossible for them to bee dissuaded or diuerted. *Sebastiano* is beaten with two contrary and irresolute windes, what to doe in a businesse of this nature, either to recouer his sister by law or by armes: by law, he holds it a course both cowardly and preiudiciall: by armes, he sees he must kill himselfe or his friend: to vndertake the first, would be the laughter of *Antonio*; and not to attempt the second, the shame of all *Portugall* and *Spaine*: hee therefore preferres generosity before reason, and passion aboue iudgement, and so resolues to fight with *Antonio*: to which end he makes choyce of his cousin *Villandras* for his second, and the next morne sends him to the Castle with this challenge:

I Must either returne my sister *Berinthia* to *Auero*, or lose my life here at *Eluas*; for I had rather dye, then liue to see her dishonour, sith hers is mine: neither doe I first infringe or violate the bonds of our familiarity, rather thy selfe, sith thou art both the authour and cause thereof: wherefore of two things resolue on one: Either before to morrow morning sixe of the clocke render me my sister *Berinthia*, or else at that houre meete me on foot, with thy second, in the square greene Medow vnder thine owne Castle, where the choyce of two single Rapiers shall await or attend thee. If thou art honourable, thou wilt grant my first; if generous, not deny my second request.

SEBASTIANO.

Antonio

Antonio receiues this challenge, beares it priuately from all the world, especially from his sweet *Berinthia*, who (poore Lady) little imagines or suspects, her brother and loue are rushing forth for her sake: He returns this answer by *Villandras*, that he cannot grant *Sebastiano* his first request, nor will not deny him his second. So he chuseth a cousin-germane of his, a valiant young Gentleman, tearmed *Don Balasco*, who willingly and freely ingageth himselfe in this quarrell. So hee and *Villandras* that night (with as much friendship as secrecie) meet in the City, and resolute on the Rapiers, and other ceremonies requisite in Duels. The morne appeares, when our Combatants leape from their beds to the field; where, a little before sixe (being the appointed houre) all parties appeare: the Seconds performe their office in visiting the Principals, who cast off their doublets and draw, and so trauesing their ground, they, with iudgement and generosity, fall to their businesse; at the first cloze, *Antonio* is wounded in the right arme, and *Sebastiano* in the left side, which glanced on a rib: at the second, *Sebastiano* wounds *Antonio* twixt the brest and shoulder, a little aboue his right pap; and he him cleane thorow the body, of a large & dangerous wound, whence issued forth abundance of blood: so they diuide themselves and take breath: They againe fall to it, and at this third cloze *Sebastiano* repaies *Antonio* with a mournfull and fatall interest: for he runnes him thorow the body on the left side, a little below the heart; whereof staggering, he fallies, and so *Sebastiano* dispatcheth him, and nailes him to the ground starke dead. *Villandras* congratulates with him for his victory, which *Sebastiano* with
much

much modesty, ascribes to the power and prouidence of *God*, and not to the weakenesse of his owne arme. *Ballasco* is no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his Principall, but rather like a generous Gentleman and valiant Second, resolves to sell it dearly to *Villandras*. They are not long vntheathing of their Rapiers: for as soone as *Ballasco* hath couered vp *Antonio* with his cloke, they approach at their very first meeting. *Ballasco* slightly hurts *Villandras* in the right shoulder, and *Villandras* him thorow the body and reines, with a fatall wound, wherewith his sword fell from him, and he to the ground; when fearing and presaging his death, he with a faint language begs his life of *Villandras*, who at the sight and hearing hereof, throwes away his owne Rapier, and stoopes to assist him. But in vaine; for it is not in his power to giue him his life: for by this time he is dead, and his soule departed to another world. This tragically newes is soone knowne and bruted in *Eluas*, whereof the criminall Iudges of that City remit *Sebastiano* with as much ease, as *Villandras* with difficulty (in fauour of money and friends) and obtaine their pardons. And now the newes hereof likewise flies to *Antonio's* Castle, where his dead body, and that of *Ballasco*, are speedily conueyed and brought, to the grieve and sorrow of all those of the Castle, who bitterly weepe for the disaster of their Lord and Master. But all these teares are nothing to those of *Antonio's* two sisters; nor theirs any thing, in comparison of these of our sweet *Berinthia*: who is no sooner aduertised hereof, but shee falls to the ground with sorrow, and there wrings her hands, beats her brest, and teares off her haire, in such mournfull

full and pitifull sort, that Cruelty her selfe could not refraine from teares, to see the numberlesse infinity of hers: counsell, aduice, perswasion cannot perswade her to giue a moderation to her mourning, or limits to her sorrowes: for they are so violent, as their extremity exceeds all excesse. She will see the dead body of her deare *Antonio*; all those of the Castle are not capable to diuert her eyes from this wofull and pitifull object; at the sight whereof she fallcs to the ground on her knees, and giues his breathlesse body a thousand kisses: yea she washeth his sweet cheekes with a whole deluge and inundation of her salt teares: shee cannot speake for sighing, nor vtter a word for weeping; onely wringing her hands, she at last breathed forth these mournfull and passionate speeches: O my deare *Antonio*, my sweet and deare *Antonio*, *Antonio*, would God my death had ransomed and preuented thine, O my *Antonio*, my *Antonio*.

Leaue we *Berinthia* to her passionate sorrowes, and sorrowfull passions, from which her brother *Sebastiano* will soone awake her; who by this time, as Victor and Conqueror, is come to the Castle gate and demands her, where he sees himselfe refused, & the draw-bridges and approaches drawne vp, and rampired vp with Baricadoes: he craues aide of the criminall Iudges, who send the *Prouost* with an armed company of souldiers: so they force the Castle gate with a *Petard*; where sorrowfull *Berinthia* is deliuered into the hands of her ioyfull and reioycing brother *Sebastiano*, who with sweet perswasions and aduice seekes to exhale and dry vp her teares: but her affection is so great, as shee is not capable of consolation. In a word, shee cannot

looke on her brother with the eye of affection, but of reuenge and indignation: yea, shee wisheth her selfe metamorphosed from a Virgin to a man, that shee might be reuenged of her brother for the death of her deare Louer *Antonio*. *Sebastiano* leauing the dead bodies of *Antonio* and *Balasco* to their graues, takes Coach with his incensed and sorrowfull sister *Berinthia*; and so leaues *Eluas*, and returns towards *Auero*, where his father *Vilarezo*, and his mother *Alphanta* welcome him home with praise, and their daughter *Berinthia* with checkes and frownes, who (the best she may) smothers her discontents; but yet vowes to be reuenged of her brother, for killing the life of her ioy, and the ioy of her life, *Antonio*. But all vowes of this bloody nature and quality are better broken then kept; which if *Berinthia* had had the grace to haue considered, and made good vse of: doublesse her end had proued more ioyfull, and not so fatall and miserable.

Come we now to *Catalina*, who seeing the object of her affection, *Antonio*, dead, and her sister *Berinthia* returned, who for his sake was that of her liuing malice: she secretly confesseth her fault to her sister, in seeking formerly twice to haue poysoned her by *Ansilua*, craues pardon of her, vowing henceforth to conuert her malice to affection, and so reconciles her selfe to her: whereunto her sister *Berinthia* willingly condescendeth. *Catalina* hath made her peace with her sister, but shee hath not contracted and concluded it with God for *Ansilua's* death. Earth may forget this murther, but Heauen will not: Gods iudgements are as iust as secret, and as true as wonderfull; for he hath a
thousand

thousand meanes to punish vs, when wee thinke our selues safe and furthest from punishment: which our wretched *Catalina*, and her execrable *Empericke Salmiata* shall see verified in themselves: For the smoke of this their bloody crime of murder, hath pierced the vaults and windowes of heauen, and is ascended to the nostrils of the Lord, who hath now bent his bow, and made ready his arrowes to reuenge and punish them. The manner is thus:

A Sister of *Ansilua's*, named *Isabella*, is to be married in *Anero*, who inuities the Ladies *Catalina* and *Berinthia* to her wedding. *Berinthia* is too sorrowfull to be so merrie, as desirous rather to goe to her owne graue, then to any others nuptials: so she staies at home, onely her Sister *Catalina* takes Coach, with an intent to accompany the bride-woman to Church: but see the prouidence & iustice of God, how it surprizeth & ouertakes this wretched Gentlewoman *Catalina*! for as shee was in her way, the Sunne is instantly eclipsed, and the skies ouer-cast, and so a terrible and fearefull thunder-bolt pierceth her thorow the brest, and layes her neere dead in her Coach: her Wayting-maids and Coach-man hauing no hurt, are yet amazed at this strange and dismall accident, so they thinke it fit to returne: *Catalina* is for a time speechlesse, her Parents are as it were dead with griefe and sorrow hereat, shee is committed to her bed and searched, and all her body aboue her waste is found coale-black: the best *Physicians* & *Chirurgians* are sent for: they see her death-strooken with that Plannet, and therefore adiudge their skill but vaine: her strength and senses fall from her, which *Catalina* ha-

using the happinesse to perceiue, and grace to feelee, will no longer bee seduced with the diuels temptations. The *Diuines* prepare her soule for heaven, and now she will no longer dissemble with man or God; shee will not charge her conscience with so foule a crime as murther, the which shee knowes will proue a stop to the fruition of her felicity. She confesseth, she twice procured her Wayting-Gentlewoman *Ansilua* to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*; and since that, she hath giuen *Sarmiata* one hundred Duckets to poyson the said *Ansilua*, which he performed, and whereof she humbly begs pardon of all the world, and religiously of God; whom shee beseecheth to be mercifull to her soule. And so though she liued prophanely and impiously, yet she died repentantly and religiously. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta* her old Parents greeue and storme at her death; but more extremely at the manner thereof, and especially at the confession of her bloody crimes, as well towards liuing *Berinthia*, as dead *Ansilua*; onely their daughter *Berinthia* is silent hereat: glad, that she is freed of an enemy; sorrowfull, to haue lost a Sister: they are infinitely vexed to publish their daughter *Catalina's* crimes, yet they are enforced to it, that thereby this *Sarmiata*, this Agent of Hell, may receiue condigne punishment for his bloody offence on earth. So they acquaint the criminall Iudges hereof, who decree order and power for his apprehension. *Sarmiata* is reuelling and feasting at *Isabella's* wedding: to which he is appointed and requested to furnish the sweet meats for the banquets, but hee little thinkes what sowre sawce there is prouiding for him. We are neuer neerer danger, then when

when we thinke our selues furthest from it : and although his sinnefull securitie was such, as the diuell had made him forget his murder of *Ansilua*, yet God will, and doth remember it; and lo, here comes his storme, here his apprehension, and presently his punishment. By this time the newes of *Catalina's* sudden death (but not of her secret confession) is published in *Auero*, and arrived at the Bride-house, which giues both astonishment and griefe to all the world: but especially to *Sarmiata*, whose heart and conscience now rings him many thundering peales of feare, terror and despaire: his bloody thoughts pursue him like so many bloud-hounds, and because he hath forsaken God, therefore the diuell will not forsake him; he counselleth him to flie, and to prouide for his safety: but what safety so vnsecure, dangerous, or miserable for a Christian, as to throw himselfe into the diuels protection? *Sarmiata* hereon fearing that *Catalina* had reuealed his poysoning of *Ansilua*, very secretly steales away his cloake, and so slippes downe to a Posterne doore of the little Court, hoping to escape; but hee is deceiued of his hopes, for the eie of Gods prouidence findes him out. The house is beleagred for him by the Officers, who apprehend him as he is issuing forth, and so commit him close prisoner. In the after-noon the Iudges examine him vpon the poysoning of *Ansilua*, and the receipt of one hundred Duckets to effect it, from *Catalina*: which she at her death confessed. He addes sin to sinne, and denies it with many impious oathes and fearefull imprecations: but they auaille him nothing: his Iudges censure him to the Rack, where, vpon the first

torment he confesse it, but with so gracelesse an impudencie, as he rather reioyceth then grieues hereat: where we may obserue how strongly the diuell sticks to him, and how closely he is bewitched to the diuell: so for reparation of this foule crime of his, hee is condemned to be hanged, which the next morne is performed, right against *Vilarezo* his house, at a Gallowes purposely erected; and which is worse then all the rest, as this lewd villaine *Sarmiata* liu'd prophanely, so he died as desperately, without repenting his bloody fact; or imploring pardon or mercy of God for the same. O miserable example! O fearefull end! O bloody and damnable miscreant! We haue scene the Theatre of this History; gored with great variety of blood, the mournfull and lamentable spectacle whereof, is capeable to make any *Christian* heart relent into pittie, compassion and teares: but this is not all, we shall yet see more, not that it any way increaseth our terrour, but rather our consolation, sith thereby we may obserue, that murther comes from Satan, and its punishment from God.

Catalina's confession and death, is not capeable to deface or wash away *Berinthia's* malice and reuenge to her brother *Sebastiano*, for killing of her deare and sweet Loue *Antonio*. Other Tragedies are past, but this as yet not acted, but to come: Loe now at last (though indeed too too soone) it comes on the stage: the remembrance of *Antonio* and his affection is still fresh in her youthfull thoughts and contemplations, yea his dead *Idea* is alwaies present & liuing in her heart and brest: 'tis true, *Sebastiano* is her brother: 'tis as true she saith, that if he had not kill'd *Antonio*,
Antonio

Antonio had beene her husband. Againe shee considereth, that as *Antonio's* life preserved hers from death : so her life hath beene the cause of his : and as he lost his life for her sake, why should not she likewise leaue hers for his ? or rather, why should she permit him to liue ; who hath bereaued her of him ? But her liuing affection to her dead friend is so violent, and withall so preiudicate and reuengefull ; as she neither can nor will see her Brother who kill'd him, but with malice and indignation. In stead of consulting with *Nature* and *Grace*, shee onely conuerseth with choller and passion : yea she is so miserably transported in her rage, and so outragiously wilfull in her resolution, as she shuts the doore of her heart, to the two former vertues to whom shee should open it, and openeth it to the two latter vices, 'gainst whom she should shut it. A misery equally ominous and fatall, where Reason is not the mistress of our Passions, and Religion the Queene of our Reason. She sees, this bloody attempt of hers, whereinto shee is entering, is sinnefull and impious, and yet her faith is so weak towards *God*, and the diuell so strong with her, as she is constant to aduance, and resolute not to retire therein. Oh that *Berinthia's* former Vertues should be disgraced with so foule a Vice ! And oh that a face so sweetly faire, should be accompanied and linked with a heart so cruelly barbarous, so bloudily inhumane ! for what can she hope from this attempt in killing her brother, but likewise to ruine her selfe ? Nay, had she had any sparke of wit or grace left her, shee should consider, that for this foule offence, her body shall receiue punishment in this world, and her soule, with-
out

out repentance, in that to come: but she cannot erect her eies to heauen, shee is all set on reuenge; so the diuell hath plotted the murther of her brother *Sebastiano*, and she, like a most wretched and inhumane sister, will speedily act it: The manner is thus, (the which I cannot remember without grieffe, nor pen without teares:) she prouides her selfe of a long and sharpe knife, the which, some ten daies after the death of her Sister *Catalina*, 'twixt foure and fife of the clocke in the morning, she hides in one of her sleeues; and the better to couer, and ouer-vaile her villanie, she in the same hand takes her Lute, and so enters her brothers Chamber, and findes him sleeping, being a pretty way distant from hers, and his Page *Philippo* in a lower Chamber vnder him: resolving that if she had found him waking, she would play on her Lute, and affirme, she came to giue him the good morrow. But *Sebastiano* his fortune, or rather his misfortune was such, that he was then soundly sleeping, without dreaming, or once thinking what should befall him: when his wretched and execrable Sister *Berinthia* stalkes close to him; and laying her Lute softly on the window, drawes out her diuellish knife forth her sleeue, and as a she-diuell incarnate, cuts his throat, to the end hee might neither crie nor speake; and so, though with a femall hand, yet with a masculine courage, shee (*with as much malice as haste) giues him seuen feuerall wounds thorow the body, and as neere the heart as shee could; whereof hee twice turning himselfe in his bed, neuer sprawled more: and then taking vp her Lute, and leauing him reeking in his bloud, shee after this
her

her hellish fact, hies her selfe to her Chamber.

This cruell murther is not so closely perpetrated and acted, but *Philippo Sebastiano's* Page, heares some extraordinary stirring and struggling in his Masters Chamber, and so leapes out of his bed; and taking his cloake on his shoulders, and his Rapier in his hand, he ascends the staires, where *Berinthia* hath not made so great speed; but hee sees her entring her Chamber, and throwing her doore after her. Whence running to his Masters Chamber, he findes the doore open, and his Master most cruelly murdered in his bed, of eight severall wounds; at which bloody and lamentable spectacle, he makes many bitter and pittifull out-cries: whereat all the house is in allarum, and the folkes and seruants repaire thither of all sides. By this time *Berinthia* hath shifted her out-ward taffeta gowne sprinkled all with blood, and wrapt her bloody knife close in it; and for the more secrecie throwes it into her close-stoole: and so awaits the comming vp of her Father and Mother, whom the mournfull eccho and sorrowfull newes of their son *Sebastiano's* cruell murther, had with an *Ocean* of teares wafred to his Chamber, with whom *Berinthia* likewise all blubbered with teares enters. They are all amazed at the sight of this bloody and breathlesse corps, and wringing their hands, father, mother, daughter, and seruants, looke one on another in this calamity, and at this sorrowfull disaster. They search euery Chamber, Vault and doore of the House, and find no body, nor print of drops of blood whatsoeuer: when *Philippo* the Page cries out, that hee feares, it is the Lady *Berinthia*, who hath murdered her brother

ther and his master *Sebastiano*, for that hee saw her flying to her Chamber as he ascended the staires. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta* his wife are doubly amazed at this report, but gracelesse *Berinthia* is no way daunted or astonished hereat, but affirmes, shee likewise heard some stirring in her brothers Chamber, which made her arise and come to the Staire head, where seeing *Philippo*, she being in her night attire, modesty made her retire to her Chamber. They all beleue the sugar of her words, and the circumstance of her excuse; yet they will not proclaime her innocency, till they haue searched her Chamber, and all her trunks, where they finde no knife, stiletto, dagger, or any other offensive weapon, and so her father and mother acquite her, but God will not: Notwithstanding they must aduertise the criminall Iudges of this lamentable and bloody murder of their sonne, which they do. So they arriue, visit the dead body, and cause all the house to be searched: but as soone as they heard *Philippo's* speeches and suspicion of *Berinthia*, then, considering her affection to *Antonio*, and her brother *Sebastiano's* killing of him at *Eluas*, they attribute this to be her fact, as proceeding from passionate reuenge; when the sequell and circumstances thereof being apparent in themselues, they not regarding her fathers prayers, her mothers requests, and her owne teares, seize on her, and so send and commit her close prisoner: where wretched *Gentlewoman*, shee hath a whole night left and giuen her, to see and consider the foulness of her fact, and to prepare her to her answer: which whether it will breed in her confession or deniall, obstinacy or repentance, as yet I know.

know not. So from her imprisonment, come we to her answer.

Auero rings with the newes of this foule and bloody murder; all bewaile, all lament the death of *Sebastiano*, as a Gentleman who was truly noble, truly generous: but his father *Vilarezo*, and mother *Alphanta*, seeme to drowne themselves in their teares, at these mournfull accidents, strange crosses, and vnheard of afflictions of theirs. For though they wil not beleewe, yet they deeply feare, that their daughter *Berinthia* was the murderer of her brother *Sebastiano*. And as affection seemes to diuert them from this opinion: so reason endeuoureth to perswade and confirme them in the contrary. The next morne the Iudges sit and send for *Berinthia*, who comes accompanied with her parents, and many of her kinsfolkes: they againe examine her, and confront her with *Philippo*: shee is firme in her denyall: and her Iudges finde circumstances, but no probability nor witnesse against her, sufficient to conuict her of this crime: yet directed by the finger of God, they condemne her to the Racke. One of her Iudges pitying her descent, youth and beauty, as much as he detests this murder, intreats that her chamber may be first curiously searched, ere shee exposed to the Racke. This aduice and request is heard and followed with approbation: He, and two other Officers, accompanied with some of her friends, repaire to *Vilarezo* his house, and *Berinthia* her chamber: They leaue no place, trunke, chest, nor boxe vnsearched: yea their curiosity, or to say truer, their zeale and fidelity to iustice, descends so low, as to visit her close-stoole, which for want of the key, they breake open; and be-

hold the providence and iustice of God theere they finde *Berinthia's* bloody gowne, and therein very closely wrapt vp that hellish knife, wherewith she perpetrated this inhumane murther on her onely brother. They praise and glorifie God for the discovery hereof, and so returne to their tribunall of iustice, bringing these bloody evidences with them, which *Berinthia* mought all this while haue removed, if *God*, to his glory, and her shame, had not all this time purposely blinded the eyes of her iudgement to the contrary. At the sight hereof, she, without any torment, confesseth the murther, and with many teares repents her selfe of it: adding withall, that her affection to *Antonio* led her to this reuenge on her brother; and therefore beseecheth her Iudges to haue compassion of her youth. But the foulness of her fact, in those graue and iust personages, wipe off the faireness of her request. So they consult and pronounce sentence against her, that for expiation of this her cruell murther on the person of her brother; she the next morne shall be hanged in the publike market place. So all praise *God* for the detection of this lamentable murther, and for the condemnation of this execrable murderesse: and those, who before looked on her youth and beauty with pity, now behold her foule crime with hatred and detestation: and as they applaud the sincerity of her former affection to *Antonio*: so they farre more detest and condemne this her inhumane cruelty to her owne brother *Sebastiano*. But what grieve is there comparable to that of her father and mother, whose age, content, and patience, is not onely battered, but razed downe with the severall assaults of affliction, so as they
with

with themselves buried, or that their children had been vnborne? for it is rather a torment then a griefe to them, that they whom they hoped would haue bin props and comforts to their age, should now prooue instruments and subiects to shorten their dayes, and consequently to draw their age to the miseries of an vntimely and sorrowfull graue. But although they haue tasted a world of griefe and anxiety, first for the death of their daughter *Catalina*, and then of their onely sonne *Sebastiano*: yet it piercerh them to the heart and gall, that this their last daughter and child *Berinthia*, should passe by the passage of a halter, and end her dayes vpon so ignominious and shamefull a stage as a gallowes; which would adde a blemish to the lustre of their blood and posterity, that time could neuer haue power either to wipe off, or wash away: which to preuent, *Vilartzo* and his wife *Alphanta* vse all their friends and mortal powers, towards the *Iudges*, to conuert their daughters sentence into a lesse shamefull and more honourable death. So although the gallowes bee erected, *Berinthia* prepared to dye, and a world of people; yea, in a manner, the whole people of *Auero* concurd and seated to see her now take her last farewell of the world: yet the importunacy and misery of her parents; her owne descent, youth and beauty, as also her endereed affection and seruent loue to her Louer *Antonio*, at last obtaine compassion and fauour of her *Iudges*: so they reuoke and change their former decree, and sweeten the rigour thereof with one more honourable and milde, and lesse sharpe, bitter, and shamefull, and definitiuely adiudge her to be immured vp betwixt two walls, and there, with a slender

der diet to end the remainder of her dayes. And this sentence is speedily put in execution; whereat her parents, friends and acquaintance, yea, all that knew her, very bitterly grieue and lament; and farre the more, in respect they cannot be permitted to see or visit her, or she them: onely the Physicians and Diuines haue admittance and acceſſe to her, those, to provide earthly phyſicke for her body, and these, spirituall for her soule: and in this lamentable estate she is very penitent and repentant for all her sinnes in generall, and for this her vile murther of her brother in particular: yea, a little imprisonment, or rather the Spirit of God hath opened the eyes of her faith, who now defying the diuell, which had seduced and drawne her heereunto, she makes her peace with God, and assures her selfe, that her true repētance hath made hers with him. So, vnaccustomed to be pent vp in so strait and darke a mew, the yellow Iaudize, and a burning Feauer surprize her: and so she ends her miserable dayes.

Lo, these are the bitter fruits of reuenge and murther, which the vndertakers (by the iust iudgement of God) are inforced to taste and swallow downe; when in the heate of their youth, and height of their impiety, they least dreame or thinke thereof: by the sight of which great effusion of blood, yea by all these variety of mournfull and satall accidents, if wee will diuorce our thoughts from Hell to Earth, and wed our contemplations and affections from Earth to *Heauen*, wee shall then, as true *Christians* and sonnes of the eternall God, run the race of our mortality in peace in this world, and consequently bee rewarded with a glorious Crowne of immortall felicity in that to come.

THE



THE
TRIVMPHS OF
 GODS REVENGE AGAINST
 the crying and execrable sinne
 of Murther.

History VIII.

*Belluile trecherously murdbereth Poligny in the street;
 Laurieta, Poligny's Mistresse, betrayeth Belluile to
 her chamber, and there, in reuenge, shoots him thorow
 the body with a Pistoll, when assisted by her Waiting-
 maid Lucilla, they likewise giue him many wounds with
 a Ponyard, and so murder him: Lucilla flying for this
 fact, is drowned in a Lake, and Laurieta is taken,
 hanged and burnt for the same.*

IT is an infallible *Maxime*, that if we open
 our hearts to sinne, we shut them to god-
 lineffe; for as soone as we follow Satan,
 God flies from vs, because wee first fled
 from him: but that his mercy may
 shine in our ingratitude, hee by his seruants; his holy
 Spirit, and himselfe, seekes all meanes to reclaime vs,
 as well from the vanity of our thoughts, as from the
 pro-

prophanesse and impurity of our actions: but if we become obstinate and obdurate in our transgressions, & so like Heathens, fall frō vice to vice; whereas we should as Christians, grow vp from vertue to vertue: then it is not he, but our selues that make shipwracke both of our selues and soules; of our selues in this life, of our soules in that to come; then which no misery can bee so great, none so vnfortunate and miserable. It is true, the best of Gods children are subiect to sinne; but to delight and perseuere therein, is the true way as well to hell as death: all haue not the gift of pure and chaste thoughts, neither can we so conserue or sanctifie our bodies, but that concupiscence may, and will sometimes assaile vs (or rather the diuell in it) but to pollute them with fornication, and to transforme them from the temples of the holy Ghost, to the members of a harlot: this, though corrupt *Nature* seeme to allow or tolerate; yet *Grace* doth not onely defend, but detest: but as one sinne is seldome without another, either at her heeles or elbow: so too too often it falles out, that murther accompanyeth fornication and adultery: as if one of these foule crimes were not enough to make vs miserable, but that in stead of going, wee will needs ride post to hell. A wofull president, and lamentable and mournful example, whereof I here produce to the view of the world, in three vnfortunate personages, in a lasciuious Lady, and two lewd and debosh't young *Gentlewomen*, who all very lamentably cast themselues away vpon the *Sylla* of fornication, and the *Charybdis* of murther: for they found the fruits and end of their beastly pleasures far more bitter, then their beginning was sweet: yea and because at first they

they would not looke on repentance, at last shame lookes on them, and they, when it is too late, both on a miserable shame, and a shamefull misery. May wee all reade it to Gods glory, and consequently to the reformation of our liues, and the consolation and saluation of our owne foules.

In the beautifull City of *Auignon*, (seated in the Kingdome of *France*, and in the prouince of *Prouence*) being the *Capitall* of the *Dutchy* of *Venissa*, belonging to the *Pope*, & wherein for the tearme of welneere eighty yeeres, they held their Pontificall See; there dwelt a young *Gentlewoman* of some twenty yeeres of age, tearmed *Madamoyelle Laurieta*, whose father and mother being dead, was left alone to her selfe, their onely child and heire, being richer in beauty then lands, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfectiones, which gaue grace and lustre to her beauty, as her beauty did to them: For she spake the *Latine* and *Italian* tongue perfect, was very expert and excellent in singing, dancing, musicke, painting, and the like, which made her famous in that City. But as there need, but one vice to eclipse and drowne many vertues: so this faire *Laurieta* was more beautifull then chaste, and not halfe so modest as lasciuious. It is as great a happinesse for children to inioy their parents, as a misery to want them: For *Laurieta's* father and mother had been infinitely carefull and curious to traine her vp in the schoole of *Vertue* and *Piety*, and wherein her youth had (during the tearme of their liues) made a happy entrance, and as I may say, a fortunate and glorious progression: but when *God*, the great Moderator, and soueraigne Iudge of the world,

O

had

had in his eternall Decree and sacred Prouidence taken them out of this world. Then *Laurieta* was left to the wide world, and to the vanity thereof, without guide or gouernour, exposed to the variety of the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the times, as a Ship without Pilot or Helme, subiect to the mercy of euery mercilesse winde and waue of the Sea: yea, and then it was that shee forgot her former modesty and chastity, and now began to adore the shrines of *Venus* and *Cupid*, by polluting and prostituting her body to the beastly pleasures of lust and fornication, wherein (it grieues me to relate) shee tooke a great delight and felicity. But she shall pay deare for this bitter-sweet vice of hers: yea and though it seeme to begin in content and pleasure, yet wee shall assuredly see it end in shame, repentance and misery: for this sinne of whoredome betrayes, when it seemes to delight vs, and strangleth, when it makes greatest shew to imbrace vs: so sweet and pure vertues, are modesty and chastity; so foule and fatall vices, are concupiscence and lust. But he with whom she was most familiar, and to whom she imparted the greatest part of her fauours, was to one *Monsieur de Belluile*, a proper young Gentleman, dwelling neere the City of *Arles*; by birth and extraction, noble, but otherwise more rich then wise: who comming to *Auignon*, no sooner saw *Laurieta*, but hee both gloryed in the sight of her singular, and triumphed in the contemplation of her exquisite and incomparable beauty: making that, his best content; and this, his sweetest felicity; that, his soueraigne good; and this, his heauen vpon earth: so as losing himselfe in the Labyrinth of her beauty, and as it were drowning

ning his thoughts in the sea of his concupiscence and sensuality, hee spends not onely his whole time, but a great part of his wealth, in wantonizing and entertaining her: a vicious and foule fault, not onely peculiar to *Belluile*, but incident and fatall to too many Gallants, as well of most parts of *Christendome* in generall, as of *France* in particular; it being indeed a disastrous and dangerous rocke, wheron many inconsiderate and wretched *Gentlemen* haue suffered shipwracke, not onely of their reputations, healths and estates, but many times of their liues.

In the meane time, *Laurieta* (more iealous of her fame, then carefull to preferue her chastity) is aduertized that *Belluile* is not content to cull the dainties of her beauty and youth: but he forgets himselfe and his discretion so farre, as to vaunt thereof, by letting fall some speeches, tending to the blemish and disparagement of her honour: so as vaine and lasciuious as shee is, yet the touching of this string affoords her harsh and distastfull melody: For she will seeke to couer her shame by her hypocrisie, and so resolues to make him know the foulness of his offence, in that of his baseness and ingratitude. To which end, at her first interuiew and meeting of him, shee not onely checkes him for it, but forbids and banisheth him her company: which indeed had been a iust cause and opportunity for him to haue conuerted his lust into chastity, and his folly into repentance. But hee is too dissolute and vicious, to be so happily reclaimed from *Laurieta*; and therefore he is resolued, not onely to iustifie his innocency; but thereby also to perseuere in his sinne: hee is acquainted with many *Gentlemen*, who forgetting them-

themselues, conceiue a felicity and glory, to erect the trophées of their vanities vpon the disparagement of *Ladies* honours : yea he seemes to be so farre from being guilty of this error, as hee taxeth and condemnes others, in being guilty or accessory thereunto. So, although his Mistris *Laurieta* remaine still coy, strange and haggard to him : yet he perseuereth in his affection to her, who at last iudging of his innocency, by his constancy; and of that, by his many letters and presents which he still sent her, as also obseruing that shee had no firme grounds, nor could produce any pregnant or valable witnesses of this report; she againe exchangeth her frownes into smiles, and so receiues and entertaines him into her fauour, onely with this premonition and caution, that if euer hereafter she heard of his folly or ingratitude in this kinde, she would neuer looke him in the face, except with contempt and detestation. So these their disioynted affections, as well by oathes as protestations, are againe confirmed and cimented : but such lustfull contracts, and lasciuious familiarities and sympathies, seldome or neuer make prosperous ends.

Now to giue forme and life to this *History* : Not long after, a braue young *Gentleman* of *Mompillier*, named *Monsieur de Poligny*, hauing some occasion, comes to *Auignon*, who frequenting their publike Balles or dancings, no sooner saw our faire and beautifull *Laurieta*, but he falls in loue with her, and salutes and courts her : and from thencefoorth deemes her so faire, as he vseth all meanes to become her seruant, but not in the way of honour and marriage, rather with

with a purpose to make her his *Courtisan* then his wife. But he sees himselfe deceiued in the irregular passion of his affection: for *Laurieta* is auerse, & will not be either tractable or flexible to his desires: so as his suite is vaine, and shee so deafe to his requests, as neither his prayers, sighs, letters nor presents are capeable to purchase her fauour. *Poligny* infinitely grieues hereat, which notwithstanding makes the flame of his lust rather increase then diminish: so as after much pensiuenesse, he begins to beat his wits, & to awaken his inuention, how he may crowne his desires by enioying *Laurieta*, when lo, an occasion presenteth it selfe to him vnexpected.

Madamoyselle la Palaisiere, a rich young *Gentlewoman* neere *Pont Saint Esprit*, liuing in *Auignon*, and seeing *Poligny* at the dancing, doth exceedingly fall in loue with him, yea she so admires the sweetnesse of his fauour, and the excellency of his personage, as she reioyceth in nothing so much; and to write the truth, in nothing else but in his company: so as, had not modesty with-held her, she would haue proued her owne aduocate, and haue informed him thereof her selfe. *Poligny* receiues so many secret signes and testimonies of her affection, by priuate glances and the like, as he cannot be ignorant thereof: but his loue, or rather his lust to *Laurieta*, hath so absolutely taken vp his heart and thoughts, as it hath left no place nor corner for *la Palaisiere*: so as here we may obserue and remarke a different commixture and disparity of affections. *Poligny* loues *Laurieta*, and not she him: *la Palaisiere* affects *Poligny*, & not he her: what these passions & occurrences will produce, we shall shortly see.

La Palaisiere, hauing her heart pierced thorow with the loue of *Poligny*, knowing him to be *Laurieta's* seruant, and she the Mistris of *Belluile*, either out of her affection, or ieaiousie, or both, resolues at next meeting to acquaint *Poligny* with it, thereby purposely to withdraw his affection from her to herselfe: the occasion is proffered, and oppertunity seemes to fauour and second her desires. Some three daies after, the *Iesuites* (who as the Mountebanks and Panders of Kingdomes and Estates, leaue no inuention, nor cerimony vnattempted, to seduce and betwitch the affections of the world) cause their Schollers to act a Comedy in their Colledge in this Citie, whereat all the Nobility and Gentry of the Citie and adiacent Countrie assemble and meet. Thither comes *Poligny*, hoping to see *Laurieta*, and *La Palaisiere* to see *Poligny*: but *Laurieta* that day is sicke, and *Belluile* stayes with her to comfort her. So first comes *Poligny*, and seeing hee could not see his *Laurieta*, sits downe pensiuely: then comes *La Palaisiere*, and seeing *Poligny* a farre off, prayes her brother, who conducted her, to place her neere him. *Poligny* can doe no lesse then salute her, and she triumphing in her good fortune, takes the aduantage of this occasion, and in sweet and sugered tearmes (after many pawses, sighs and blushes) giues him to vnderstand that she knew his affection to *Laurieta*, and withall, that *Belluile* and no other was her seruant and fauorite. This speech of hers strikes *Poligny* to the quick: so as thereat hee not onely bites the lippe, but hangs his head; yea, this vnexpected newes, as also *Belluile* and *Laurieta's* absence, so nettle him, and frame such a

Chymera

Chymera of extrauagant passions in his heart and thoughts, as he could not haue the patience to sit out the Comedy, but feigning himselfe sicke, departs to his Chamber: where a thousand iealousies ingendered of his affection, perplexed and torment him; when remembring *La Palaisieres* speeches, and being infinitely desirous to know the truth of *Belluile* his affection to *Laurieta*, and of hers to him, he sees no meanes nor person so fit to reueale the same, as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta's* Wayting-maid. This *Lucilla*, *Poligny* wins with gold; in consideration whereof, she reueales him all, how *Belluile* was her chiefeſt Minion and Fauourite: and yet, for some words hee the other day in ignorance or wine, let fall to the preiudice of her honour, she was like to casheere and discard him. *Lucilla* hauing thus forgotten her owne fidelity, in bewraying the dishonour of her Mistris *Poligny*, vnderstanding *Belluile* to be a coward of his hands, though not of his tongue; and in a word, not to be so compleate a gallant as he supposed him, he of a subtrill and malicious inuention resolues to worke on him; and so conceiues a plot, which we shall see presently put in execution and acted: he very politikely puts a good face on all his discontents and passions: and although *Laurieta* would not see him, yet hee fairely intrudes himselfe into *Belluile's* company, and of purpose becomes familiar with him. So they very often meet: for they fence, dance, ride, vault and hunt together: so as at last none are so great consorts & *Cammarades* as they. But *Poligny* thinking euery houre a yeere, before he had played his prize, makes a party at Tennis with *Belluile* for a collation, and beates him; and so taking

two Gentlemen, *La Fontaine*, and *Borelles* his friends with them, away they goe all foure to a *Tauerne*. *Poligny* as secret as malicious in this his plot, in the midst of their mirth speakes thus to *Belluile*, Sir, quoth he, I am sorry for your losse of this Collatiō: but if it please you to honour me with your company to morrow to *Orenge*, a City which I much desire to see, I will pay you the dinner in requitall thereof. *Belluile* very readily and willingly consents hereunto, and *La Fontaine* and *Borelles* vow they will likewise haue their share, both of the iourney & dinner. So the next morne they all take horse for *Orenge*, but first *Belluile* giues his Mistris *Laurieta* the good morow, and acquaints her with his iourney: they view this old City, the ancient patrimony and principality of the *Illustrious Princes of Orenge*, from whence they deriue their name: where *Poligny* hauing giuen order for the dinner, away they goe, visite the Castle, and salute the deputed *Gouernour* thereof *Monsieur Vosberghe*: they see the part of the *Amphis theatre* yet standing, the *Cathedrall Church*, the double wall of the Citie, and the old *Roman Arch* not farre off, with all other remarkable obiects and monuments; and by this time the Cooke and their stomacks taxe them of their long stay. So they returne to their Inne, fall to their Viands, and like frolicke *Gentlemen*, wash them downe with store of *Claret*: and now *Poligny*, as malicious in heart, as pleasant in countenance and conuersation, here, casts foorth his lure and snare to surprize and intangle *Belluile*. O quoth he, how happy the *Gentlemen of Italy* are to vs of *France*, sith after dinner euery one goes freely to his *Courtisan* without con-
troulment!

troulement. I know not, quoth *la Fontaine*, what *Orenge* is, but I thinke *Auignon* is not destitute of good fellow wenches, who make *Venus* their Queene, and *Cupid* their god. Surely no, replies *Belluile*, for I am confident that for *iewes* and *Curtisans*, for the greatnesse of it, it may compare with the best Citie of *Italy*: for from the Lady to the Kitchin-maid I dare say they'le all proue tractable. Nay, quoth *Borelles*, except still our holy Sisters the *Nunnes*. Not I saith, quoth he, nor my Mistris neither. Indeed, replies *Polligny*, if I knew you had a Mistris of that complexion, I would aduenture a glasse of Claret to her health. When *Belluile* (out of a phantastick French humour) affirmed he had a Mistris, whose beauty was so excellent, as hee knew he could not receiue shame to name her, and if you please to honour her selfe and me with her health, I proclaime that *Madamoysselle Laurieta* is my *Mistris*, and my selfe her seruant.

Of wise and Christian *Gentlemen*, what prophane speeches and deboshed table-talk are these they vse here, as if their glory consisted in their shame, or their best Vertues were to be discouered in the worst of Vices? for howsoeuer the Viands they did eat, may preferue the health of their bodies, yet this dissolute communication of theirs must needs poyson and destroy that of their soules: for as they should praise *God* in the receipt of the one: so contrariwise they incense and displease his sacred *Maiesty* in giuing him the other: yea, this is so farre from Christianity and heauen, as it is the high and true way to Athiesme and hell: for whores and healths, in stead of prayer and thanksgiuing, are the prodigious and certaine fore-

runners of a feared conscience, and the dangerous and execrable symptomes of a leprous soule.

Birds are taken by their feet, and men by their tongues: *Belluile* hauing so basely and sottishly abused himselfe in the disparaging of his Mistris *Laurieta*, *Poligny* hath his errand, for which he purposely came to *Oreng*. So dinner ended, they very pleasantly returne for *Auignon*: that night *Poligny* cannot sleepe for ioy, or rather for reuenge. For now hee presumes to know how to worke himselfe into *Laurieta's* fauour by vnhorsing *Belluile*: it is a dishonest and a base part to betray our friend, and vnder the cloake of friendship and familiarity, to harbour and retaine malice against them: but this irregular and violent passion of loue in young and vnstayed iudgements, many times beares downe all other respects and considerations. For if Religion and conscience be contemned, what hope is there that either honesty be regarded, or friendship obserued, sith it is the onely ciment and sinewes thereof? But *Poligny* is as resolute as malicious in his purpose; and therefore the next morne by his Lackey, sends the Lady *Laurieta* this Letter:

IT is out of sincere affection to thee, and not out of premeditated malice to *Belluile*, that I presume to signifie thee, how lately in my presence at *Oreng* his tongue let fall some words that tended to the preiudice and disparagement of thine honour: whereof I know it is not onely the part, but the dutie of a true Gentleman, to be rather curious in preserving, then any way ingratefull in reuealing thereof. Neither doe I attempt to send thee this newes, therby

to insinuate, or drawe thee to affect me the more, or him the lesse: onely sith it is contrary to my complection and nature, to permit any Lady to be wronged in my presence; how much lesse thy selfe, to whom I not onely owe my seruice, but my life. If thou wilt not approue my zeale, yet thou hast all the reason of the world to pardon my presumption: and to make my Letter reall, what my pen affirmes to Laurieta, my sword is ready to confirme to Belluile.

POLIGNY.

In the extremity and excesse of those three different passions; griefe, choller and astonishment, *Laurieta* receiues and reads this Letter, and like a dissolute *Gentlewoman*, being more carefull of her reputation to the world, then of her soule towards God, she knowes not whether she haue more cause and reason either to approue *Poligny's* affection, or to condemne *Belluiles* folly: it greeueth her to the heart to haue bestowed her fauours on so base and ingratefull a *Gentleman* as *Belluile*; vowes she will make him repent it, and is resolute that this vanity and folly of his shall cost him deare: yea, she is so impatient in these her fumes of griefe and reuenge, that shee thought once with all expedition to haue sent for *Belluile*, to make him as well see the fruits of his owne ingratitude, as to taste the effects of her reuenge and indignation, but she holds it requisite and fit, and her selfe in a manner bound first to thinke *Poligny* for his courtesie, by returning him a Letter in answer of his, which she speedily dispatcheth him by his owne Lackey to this effect:

I know not whether thou hast shewed me a truer testimony of thy discretion and affection, then Belluile of his enuie and folly. But as I rest infinitely obliged to thee for thy care of my reputation; so I resoluē shortly to make him know what he deserves in attempting to eclipse and disparage it. Now as I griue not, so I must confesse I cannot re-fraine from sorrowing at this his undeserued slander: for as mine innocency defends me from the first, so my sexe cannot exempt me from the second: and looke what disparity there is betwixt thy generosity, and his basenesse; so much there is betwixt the whitenesse of my chastity, and the foulness of his aspersiō. I rest so confident of the truth of thy pen, as I desire no confirmation of thy sword; and I flatter not, rather assure my selfe, that sith Belluile was so indiscreet to wrong me, he will neither haue the wit or courage to right himselfe. I returne thee many hearty thanks for this kind office and courtesie of thine: the which though I cannot requite, yet I will not onely indeuour, but strīue to deserue.

LAVRIETA.

Whiles Poligny receiues Laurieta's Letter with much content, and many kisses, as triumphing to see how he hath baffled Belluile by working him out, and consequently himselfe into her fauour: wee will for a while leaue him, to consider whether the end of his trechery to Belluile will proue as fortunate and pleasing to him, as the beginning promiseth. And in the meane time we will a little speake of Laurieta, to see what course and resolution shee meanes to hold and obserue with Belluile. It is not enough that shee hath written Poligny a letter, but her enuy and contempt towards.

towards *Belluile* is so implacable, as she with much haste and secrecie sends for him: her requests to him are commands; yea, he needs no other spurres but those of his lust, and of her beauty, to make him rather fly, then poast to her presence, when not so much as once dreaming of his former foolish speeches deliuered against his Mistresse *Laurieta*, much lesse of *Poligny's* treason conspired and acted against him, hee thinkes to kisse her, whom so often hee hath formerly kissed: but his hopes, and her disdain deeeiue him: for shee peremptorily slights him; when hauing fire in her lookes, and thunder in her speeches, she chargeth him with this scandall deliuered by him at *Orange*, in presence of *Poligny*, against her honour and chastity. And is this (quoth she) the reward a *Lady* shall deserue and receiue, by imparting her fauours to a *Gentleman*? and is this the part of a *Gentleman*, to erect the trophees of his glory vpon his Mistresse disgrace? or are these the fruits of thy sighs and teares, or the effects of thy requests, oathes and letters? Yea, such was then her furious rage, and diuellish reuenge, as shee was prouided of a *Stillette*, to haue there stab'd him to the hart, in her chamber, had not her Waiting-maid *Lucilla*, with her best oratory and perswasion powerfully diuerted her to the contrary, by alleaging her the imminency of the danger, which the foulness and hainousness of that fact brought her into. *Belluile* is amazed at this newes, when now prouing as prophane to *God*, as before he was base and ingratefull to *Laurieta*, he, with many oathes and imprecations denies these speeches, and this slander; and with much passion protesteth of his innocency. But this will not satisfie *Lau-*

rieta: for to make his shame the more notorious in his guiltinesse, shee produceth him *Poligny's* Letter; whereat *Belluile* hangs his head, and seemes to let fall the plumes, not onely of his pride, but of his courage and iustification; yet he bitterly and vehemently perseuereth in his deniall: but all this is not capable to appease or content *Laurieta*; and which is worst of all, nothing can possibly doe it, except hee make good her honour, and his owne innocency, by a combate or *Duell*, against *Poligny*. So *Belluile* sees himselfe driuen to a narrow and a shrewd push: He hath wronged *Laurieta*, and knowes not how to right her: *Poligny* hath wronged him, and there is no way left for him to right himselfe, but by challenging and fighting with *Poligny*. But he loues *Laurieta* dearly, and therefore must resolute to fight, or lose her: as for his owne part, to giue him his true character and description, hee is rather a City swaggerer, then a field souldier, loues rather to haue a faire sword, then a good one, and to weare it onely for shew, not for vse: he is ambitious of nothing more, then to be reputed, rather then found valiant. In a word, for a *Tauerne* quarrell, or a *Stewes* brawle he is excellent; but to meet his enemy in the field with a naked sword, that doth not onely daunt but terrifie him. The greatest comfort and consolation he findes in this his perplexity, is, that hee knowes hee hath many fellows and companions, who are as white-liuer'd, and as very cowards as himselfe: of which numbers hee flattereth himselfe with this poore base hope, that it is not impossible for *Poligny* to be one. But what is this to giue satisfaction to *Laurieta*, except it may shew himselfe to be *Belluile*, but not a Gentleman?

leman? But all these considerations notwithstanding, he loues *Laurieta* so tenderly and dearly, as not daring see her till he had met *Poligny*; he pluckes vp his spirits, and infusing more metall and courage into his resolutions then accustomed, resolues to fight with him: to which end, hauing at length fitted himselfe of an excellent Rapier, whose temper (with as much truth as laughter) I confesse, was farre better then that of his heart: he, by his Lackey some three dayes after, sends *Poligny* this challenge:

THy malice and trechery to me, is as odious as remarkable: for whiles I sought to cherish thy friendship, it hath purposely been thy delight and ambition to betray mine, in throwing the apple of discord betwixt the Lady thou wotest of, and my selfe, upon the poynt of her honour; for whose defence and preservation, I owe not onely my seruice, but my life: which error, or rather crime of thine, though thy affection to her may seeme to allow, yet my reputation to the world cannot, and my Rapier will not; therefore sith I haue been the vnderferued object of thy malice, finde it not strange that I iustly repute and hold thee the cause of my enuie; which can receiue no other satisfaction or reconciliation, but that to morrow at siue in the morne, thou meet me without Seconds, on the bridge by the iron stumpe, (the limits' twixt the King and the Pope) with thy single Rapier, where I will attend thee with another; of which two take thou the choyce, and giue me the refusall. Sleepe not too much this night, for in the morne I doubt not but to send thee to thine eternall rest.

BELLUILE.

Poligny

Poligny receiues this challenge, and admires to see *Belluile*s resolution, from which all former reports could neuer draw assurance; it is not feare that casts his head into these doubts, or these doubts into his head; for he is too generous to be a dastard, and too *Eagle-bred* to turne craven: for reioycing in hauing made *Belluile* swallow a Gudgin, and triumphing in presuming himselfe seated in the throne of *Laurieta*'s fauor, makes him as resolute to receiue this challenge, as willing and ready to performe it; onely the remembrance that *Belluile* sent it him by a Lackey, and not by a Gentleman, throwes him into as much disdain as choller; but he resembling himselfe, passeth ouer this respect without respect, and so bids the Lackey tell his Master, that he will not faile to meet him, at the place and houre appoynted.

The night doth, or should bring counsell: *Belluile* wisheth his challenge vsent; but it being out of his hands, it is out of his power to reuoke or recall it. *Poligny* is of a contrary temper, and glad in his acceptance thereof, desires that his sword were in action, as well as his courage in contemplation. So out-passing the night, which *Belluile* passeth ouer with as much feare, as *Poligny* with generosity, the Courtaines of the night being withdrawne, and the day appearing, ere siue haue stricken, *Belluile* notwithstanding is first on the bridge, and *Poligny* immediately after him: they are without Seconds, and therefore they briefly vnbrace, but not vncafe their doublets. *Belluile* will bee valorous in words; and so according to his challenge, and the right of *Duels*, offereth *Poligny* the sight and choyce of his Rapier. *Poligny* is too braue to dye in
his

his debt, vpon the poynt of honour and magnanimity, and therefore giues him his, as contented with the refusall: so (courtesie for a while contending with valour) they both assume and accept of their owne Rapiers, when diuiding themselues, they ioyne with resolution and fury. At first comming vp, *Poligny* giues *Belluile* the first wound in his right shoulder, without receiuing any, whereat hee is more affrighted then *Poligny* reioyced; at the second, hee receiues another wound in the left side, but is not yet so happy to see or assure himselfe, that his Rapier hath once touched *Poligny's* body, or which is lesse, his clothes: wherevpon considering *Poligny's* generosity, and comparing the bad grounds of his quarrell, with the faintnesse and basenesse of his courage, he throwes off his sword, prayes *Poligny* to desist, for he holds himselfe satisfied: when *Poligny* disdainig to taint his honour with the least shadow of dishonour, in receiuing *Belluile's* shame, giues him the happinesse and fruition of his life, and so they part. Lo here the first fruits of their foolish and lasciuious affections to *Laurieta*: but I feare, the second will proue more bitter and bloody. *Belluile* going home with his shame and repentance, and *Poligny* with his honour and glory, they hush themselues vp in silence, *Poligny* at his chamber, and *Belluile* at his *Chirurgions* house to dresse his wounds, hoping that as they in their sight saw no body, so, that none had seene them. But they are deceiued; for two souldiers from the Castle walls not onely espy them fighting, but know them. So they divulge it in the City, whereof *Laurieta* being aduertised, shee sends a confident Gentleman, a Cousin germane of hers, to finde out *Belluile*,

nile, and to know the truth and issue of his combate : but indeed his cowardize hath purchased him so much shame, as he will not be seene, much lesse spoken withall, which *Laurieta* vnderstanding, begins conceiue that the two souldiers report was true, and that vndoubtedly he and *Poligny* had met and fought in her behalfe : whereupon ghesing at the truth, that *Poligny* had giuen *Belluile* the soyle; she was once of opinion to haue written *Poligny* to be informed of the particulars and successe of their combate, which so much imported as well her honour as her content. But *Poligny's* affection preuents her curiosity : for as shee was calling for pen and paper, hee in person ascends the staires to her chamber, where, after a complementall and courteous salute, he informes her (as we haue formerly vnderstood) that hee hath giuen *Belluile* two wounds for her sake, and now his life for his own. She demands if he himselfe were not hurt ? He answeres, No. At both which good newes shee infinitely reioyceth, and in token of her thankfulnessse, permits him to gather many kisses, as well from the roses of her cheekes, as the cherries of her lips: and so from thenceforth he vowes to be her professed seruant, and shee promiset him to be, though not his Mistrisse, yet at least his friend. And here they vnite and combine their affections: but that contract, and this familiarity, written onely in vice, and sealed in lust, we shall shortly see cancelled and annihilated, with as much pittie, as infamy and misery, as the sequell of this History will shew and demonstrate.

Whiles thus *Laurieta* and *Poligny* are triumphing in *Belluiles* soyle, and their own familiarity and affection, how

how is it possible but he must infinitely grieve for his losse of *Laurieta*, and la *Palaisiere* as much sorrow to see her selfe deprived and out of hope of her *Poligny*? But they brooke their afflictions and passions with variable resolutions: for whiles la *Palaisiere* is imbatheing her selfe in her teares and discontents, *Belluile* is resolute to quench his reuenge in *Poligny's* blood. For forgetting as well his God, as his soule, his honour as himselfe, he intends to doe it by the bye, and not by the maine; by execrable trechery, not by magnanimous generosity: yea the diuell is so strong with his faith, because that is so weake with his Sauour and Redeemer; as shutting the doores of his humanity and charity, he opens them to choller, reuenge, and murther: yea and henceforth he is so enraged, and his lookes are so ghastly and distracted, as if his thoughts were conducting and encouraging his hands to perpetrate some bloody stratageme and designe; which is obserued and doubted by his chiefeest familiars and intimate friends, as also by la *Palaisiere*, whose company he sometimes frequents, not so much out of affection to her, as for consolation from her to himselfe; sith we are subiect both to hope and beleue, that our afflictions are partly eased and diminished by the sight and relation of that of others, as sympathizing and participating with them, first, in their flames of loue; then, of griefe and sorrow, in being disdained of those we loue. Neither could *Belluile* so cunningly, or closely rake vp the fiery sparkes of his malice and reuenge, vnder the embers of secrecie and silence: but her affection to *Poligny*, and iealousie of his good, made her so tender-eard, and sharpe-sighted, as she ouerheard

some words that either in leſt or earneſt fell from *Belluile's* tongue, whereby it was apparent to her, that he intended no good, but portended a ſecret fatall malice to him, which a little time might too too ſoone and vneſpectedly diſcouer: whereupon her loue to *Poligny* was ſo deare and honourable, although hee were ſo firmly intangled in the beauty of *Laurieta*, as hee would not vouchſafe, rather diſdained to loue her ſelfe: that ſhe thought the diſcouery of *Belluile's* malice to *Poligny*, ſo much imported *Poligny's* good, as ſhe held her ſelfe bound as well in duty as affection, to reueale and relate it him; which ſhe doth in this Letter:

TO teſtifie thee now the conſtancy of my affection with ynke; as I haue formerly done the ſeruency thereof with teares, know, thou haſt ſome cauſe to feare, and I to doubt, that *Belluile* hath ſome dangerous proiect, or bloudy deſigne to put in execution, againſt his honour and thy life: & as I reueale it thee out of my care, ſo looke thou preuent it out of thine owne diſcretion: leſt he bereaue thee of thy life, as thou haſt done him of his *Laurieta*, if thou ſlight this my aduice, as thou haſt already my affection: yet as I remaine witneſſe of the purity of the laſt, ſo will theſe lines beare teſtimony to the world, of the candeur and ſincerity of the firſt: Neither doe I preſume to ſend thee out of any irregular ambition, to purchaſe the honour of thy fauour, but onely to let thee know, that my affection is both powerfull and capeable to ſhine thorow the clowds of thy diſdaine, and that the obſcurity of that neither hath defaced the luſtre, nor can eclipse the reſplendency of this: Regard therefore thine owne ſafety, albeit thou wilt not reſpect

respect my content, and although thou please not, giue me the honour to be thy Mistris, yet I will take the ambition and resolution, to lue and dye thine hand-maid.

LA PALAISIERE.

Poligny breaking vp the scales of this letter, laughs to see *la Palaisiere's* affection, and to vnderstand *Belluile's* malice: and being besotted with *Laurieta*, he lost both his wit and iudgement in the sight and contemplation of her beauty: yea, he is growne so fond in his affection, and respect towards her, as he is arriued to the meridian of this simplicity, to deeme it a kinde of treason, to conceale any secret from her: to which end hee shewes her *la Palaisiere's* Letter, which hee makes his pastime, and she her May-game: yea, so vaine is her folly, and so foolish her vanitie, to see the passages and euents of these their passions, as she not only exceeds the *Decorum* of discretiō, but of modesty in her laughter: and which is more, when she againe considereth how *Belluile* loues her selfe, and not she him, *la Palaisiere Poligny*, and not he her, it makes her redouble her mirth and exhilaration in such sort, as she seemes to burst with the violence and excesse thereof: but this mirth of hers shall be shortly wayted and attended on with misery and mourning. But *Poligny* notwithstanding, sees himselfe doubly obliged to *la Palaisiere*, as well for her affection to him, as her care of him: and so holds himselfe obliged in either of these respects and considerations, to requite her with a Letter: the which now vnknowne to *Laurieta*, he writes, and sends her to this effect:

IT is not the least of my ioyes, that Belluile cannot beare me so much malice as thou doest affection. 'Tis true, I haue not deserued thy loue: 'tis more true, I haue not merited his hatred: for that proceeds from heauen, as a diuine influence, this from hell, as an infernall frenzie. I will not feed thee with hope, neither can he giue me despaire: for (not to dissemble) it is as likely I may loue thee, as impossible I shall feare him: he may haue the will to doe me hurt, I wish it were in my power to doe thee good; neither can he be more malicious to performe mee that, then I will be ambitious to confirme thee this: his malice I entertaine with much contempt, thy kinde aduice and sincere affection with infinite thanks: for when I consider thy Letter, I cannot rightly expresse or define, whether he beginne to hate mee, or I to loue thee more: I doubt not but to make his deeds prone words to mee, and I beseech thee feare not, but my words shall prone deeds to thee: for I am as confident shortly to salute faire la Palaisiere, as carelesse when I meet foolish Belluile.

POLYGNY.

Having thus dispeeded her his Letter, the vanity of his thoughts, and the beastlinesse of his concupiscence, and sensuality, not onely surprizeth his reason, but captiuates his iudgement; so as *Laurietta's* sight defacing *Belluile's* memory, he thinks so much on her affection, as he respects not her malice: but this Vice and that errour shall cost him deare; for whiles he is feasting his eyes on the dainties and rarities of *Laurietta's* beauty, *Belluile's* heart hath agreed with the deuill to prepare him a bloody banquet: Grace cannot containe him within her limits; therefore impiety dallies

dallies so long with him, and he with impiety, that at last this bloody sentence is past in the court of his hellish resolutions, that *Poligny* must die. The devils assistance is neuer wanting in such infernall stratagems: for this is an infallible maxime, as remarkable as ruinous, that hee alwaies makes vs fertill, not barren to doe euill, neuer to doe good. At first *Belluile* thinks on Poyson or Pistoll to dispatch *Poligny*: but he findes the first too difficult to attempt; the second, too publique to performe. Some-times he is of opinion to ascend his Chamber, and murder him in his bed, then to shoot him out at window as he passeth the streete: but to conclude, vnderstanding that he often comes very late in the night from *Laurieta*, he thinks it best to run him thorow with his Rapier, as hee issueth foorth her house: and to make short, hereon hee resolves.

Now to put the better colour on his villany, hee retires himselfe from *Auignon*, and liues priuately some sixe daies in *Orenge*: giuing it out, that he was gone to the City of *Aix* in *Prouence*, where, at that famous Court of *Parliamēt* he had a Proceffe for a title of Land, shortly to be adiudged; & so in a darkenight, taking none but his Lackey with him, he being disguised, in fauour of money passeth the gate of *Auignon*, and giuing his horse to his Lackey, being secretly informed that *Poligny* was with *Laurieta*, he goes directly to her doore; and there at the corner of a little street stands with his Rapier drawne vnder his cloake, with a reuenging and greedy desire of blood to await *Poligny's* comming foorth. The clock striking one, the doore is opened, and *Poligny* secretly issueth
foorth

foorth without candle, hauing purposely sent away his Lackey, who had then vnwittingly carried away his Masters Rapier with him. He is no sooner in the street, but *Belluile* as a murtherous villaine rustheth foorth, and so like a limbe of the deuill, sheathes his Rapier in his brest, when *Poligny* more hurted then amazed, and wanting his sword, but not courage, endeouureth by struggling to cloze with his assassinate, and so cries out for assistance: but the dead of the night fauoureth his butcherly attempt, when withdrawing his sword, he redoubleth his cruelty, and so againe runnes him in at the small of the belly thorow the reines, whereat he presently falls downe dead to his feet, hauing the power to groane and cry, but not to vtter a word: which *Belluile* espying, and knowing him dispatcht, runs to his horse, which his Lackey held ready at the corner of the next street, and so rides to the same gate hee entered, which was kept ready for him, which passing, he with all expedition driues away for *Orenge*: from whence, the next morne before day, hee takes poast for *Aix*, the better to conceale and o're-vaile this damnable murther of his. But this policy of his shall deceiue his hopes, and returne him a fatall reward and interest. For although he can bleare the eyes of men; yet he neither can nor shall those of God: who in his due time will out of his sacred iustice repay and punish him with confusion.

By this time the street and neighbours haue taken the *Allarum* of this Tragicall accident: so candles and torches come from euery where; onely *Laurieta* hauing played the whore before, will seeme now
(though

(though falsely) to play the honest ; woman for she, to couer her shame, will not discouer that her selfe or any of her house are stirring : and so although she vnderstood this newes, and priuately and bitterly wept thereat ; yet, she keepes fast her doores , and like an ingratefull strumpet, will permit none of her seruants for a long time to descend. The Criminal *Iudge & President* of the City, is aduertised of this murther. The dead *Gentleman* is knowne to be *Monsieur Poligny*, and being beloued, he is exceedingly bewailed of all who knew him, and enquiry and search is made of all sides, & the *Lieutenant Criminall* shewes himself wise, because honest and curious, because wise in the perquisition of this bloody murther : but as yet time will not, or rather God, who is the Creator and giuer of time, is not as yet pleased to bring it to light ; onely *Laurieta* knew, and *la Palaisiere* suspected, and all those who were of the counsell of the one, or the acquaintance of the other, doe likewise both feare and suspect, that onely *Belluile* was the bloody and execrable Author thereof ; but to report or divulge so much, although they dare, they will not.

As for *la Palaisiere*, her thoughts are taken vp, and preoccupied with two seuerall passions : for as she grieues at *Poligny's* death, so she reioyceth that she hath no hand, nor was any way accessary to his murther ; rather, that if he had sayled by the compasse of her aduice, hee had vndoubtedly auoided the shipwrack of his life, and preuented the misfortune of his death ; what to thinke of *Belluile*, she knowes not, but if he were her friend before, he hath now made & proclaimed himselfe her enemy, by killing her deare

and onely friend *Poligny*, and therefore is resolved that as shee could neuer perfectly brooke his company, so now this his bloody fact shall make her detest both it and him. But let vs a little leaue her, and descend to speake of *Laurieta*, to see how she brookes the murther of her intimate friend *Poligny*: for sith she assuredly knowes and beleeueth, that this cruell murther was performed by no other, but by her professed enemy *Bellmille*, or by some of his bloody agents; loue and reuenge conspire to act two different *Scenes* vpon the Theatre of her heart: for in memory and deepe affection to her *Poligny*, her pearled teares, and mournfull sighes infinitely deplore and bewaile his disastrous end, so as sorrow withering the roses of her cheekes, and grieve making her cast off her glittering, to take on mournfull attire, she could not refrain from giuing all *Auignion* notice how pleasing *Poligny's* life was to her, by the excesse of her lamentations and afflictions demonstrated for his death; or if her sighes found any consolation, or her teares recessed for truce, it was administred her by her reuenge, which she conceiued and intended towards *Bellmille* for this his bloody fact. So as consulting with Choller, not with Reason; with Nature, not with Grace, with Satan, not with God; she vowes to be sharply reuenged of him, and to make him pay deare for this his base and treacherous murther: yea, the fumes and fury of her reuenge are so implacable, and transport her resolutions to so bloody an impetuosity, that resembling her sex and selfe, or not her selfe, but rather a monster of her sex, she inhumanely and sacrilegioufly darts soorth an oath, which her heart sends to her soule,

soule, and her soule from earth to hell, that if the meanes finde not her, she will infallibly finde out the meanes to quench and dry vp her teares for *Poligny's* death, in the blood of *Belluile*: which sith shee is so deuoyd of Reason, Religion and Grace, I feare, wee shall shortly see her attempt and performe. But leauing her in *Auignon*, let vs finde out *Belluile* in *Aix*: who is a *Gentleman* so prophane in his life, and deboshed in his actions and conuersations, as in stead of repenting, he triumphs at this his murder; yea, he is become so impious and impudent, as he grieues not thereat, but onely that hee had not sooner dispatched his Riual *Poligny*: but the better to delude the world, that neither his hand, or sword were guilty in sending *Poligny* from this world in a bloody winding sheet; his thoughts like so many hounds pursuing his conscience, and his conscience his soule; he thinks himselfe not safe in *Aix*, where the sharpest *Presidents*, and *Councillors* of that *Illustrious Senat of Parliament* might at last accuse and finde him out for the Authour of this bloody murder; and therefore leaues both it and *Prouence*, and so rides to the City of *Lyons*, accompanied with none but his two Lackeyes: who, to write the truth, acted no part in *Poligny's* mournfull Tragedy, neither doth he yet thinke himselfe safe there; but within a moneth after the murder, thinking directly and securely to flie from the eyes and hands of iustice, thereby to auoyde the storme of his punishment; he againe takes horse for that great City & Forest *Paris*, where hee hoped the infinit number of People, Streets, Coaches, and Horses would not onely secure his feare, but preuent

his danger, and that here, as in a secure *Sanctuary* and safe harbour, hee might quietly ride at anchor in all peace and tranquillity: but (as before) the time is not yet come of his punishment, for it may be, *God*, out of his inscrutable will and diuine prouidence, will, when he best pleaseth, returne him from whence he came, & by some extraordinary accident, make him there feeble the foulness of his fact, in the sharpenesse and suddenesse of his punishment: which as a fierce gust and bitter storm, shall then surprize him, when he least suspects or dreames thereof: but in this *Interim* of his residence, he forgets his new fact of murder, to remember his old sins of concupiscence & whoredom, and so rather like a lasciuious Courtier, then a ciuill morall *Christian*, he cannot see the Church for the stewes, nor the Preachers, or Priests, for panders & strumpets. But this vanity of his shall cost him deare, and he shalbe so miserable to feeble the punishment, sith he will not be so happy to seeke the meanes to auoyde it. For now fixe months hauing exhausted and dissipated the greatest part of his gold, and his credit comming short of his hopes, it seemes, the aire of *Paris* is displeasing to him, sith he cannot be agreeable to it; & therefore (necessity giuing a law to the vanity of his desires) he begins to loath the *Ile* of *France*, to loue the Prouince of *Prouence*, & to loue *Paris*, to see *Auignon*. And now it is that the deuill, that subtile and fatall seducer, steps in, and at one time, bewitching both his reason and iudgement, presents him afresh with the freshnes & delicacy of *Laurietta's* beauty, which so inkindleth & reuiues the sparks of his affectiō, that lay raked vp in the ashes of silence, as he vowes there is no beauty to hers; & if he chance espy

espy any faire Ladies, either at Court, or in the City, he presently affirmeth, and infinitely protesteth, they come farre short of his *Laurieta's* delicacy, perfection, and grace; so as his purse tyrannizing o're his ambition, and his concupiscence o're his iudgement, he not so much as once dreaming of the implacable hatred thee formerly bore him, and thinking it impossible for her to conceiue, much lesse to know that hee murdered *Poligny*; he is constant and resolute to reseeke the felicity to liue in her fauour and affection, or to dye in the pursuite thereof; but that will proue as impossible, as this apparant and seafable. So as absence adding fire to his lust, and excellency to her beauty, he is resolute to send one of his Lackies to *Anignon*: partly to returne with money, and so to meet him at *Lyons*, *Moulins* or *Nenvers*: but more especially, in great secrecie to deliuer a Letter to his faire and sweet *Laurieta*, and to bring him backe her answer; as if hee were still at *Paris*, and not in his iourney downewards: when meaning as yet to conceale his murder of *Poligny*, he calling for pen and paper, traceth her thereon these lines:

IF *Poligny* had but the thousand part as truly respected me, as I dearely loued thee, thou hadst not so soone cast me out of thy fauor, nor God so suddenly him out of this world: but I know not whether more to bewaile my vnfortunacy occasioned by thy cruelty, or his misery ingendred through his owne trechery. And indeed as I grieue at that, so I sorrow at this: for although hee dyed mine enemy, yet in despite of his malice and death, I will liue his friend: and if thou louedst him as I thinke thou didst, I wish I might fight

with his murtherer for his owne sake, and kill him for thine. I may say, thy affection and beauty deserued his better, though dare not affirme, I am reserued to bee made happy in inioying of either, much lesse of both, and least of all, of thy selfe; and yet I must confesse, that if our birthes and qualities were knowne, I should goe as neere to be thy equall, as he infinitely came short of being mine. What or what I haue performed for thy sake, is best knowne to my selfe, sith thou disdainest to know it: but if thou wilt please to abandon thy disdain, then my affection and the truth will informe thee, that I haue euer constantly resolu'd to dye thy seruant, though thou haue sworne neuer to line my Mistrisse; so that could I but as happily regaine thy affection and fauour, as I haue vniustly and unfortunately lost it, Belluile would quickly forsake Paris, to see Auignion, and abandon all the beauties of the world, to continue his homage and seruice to that of his onely faire and sweet Laurieta.

BELLVILE.

With this his Letter he sends a *Diamond* Ring from his finger, and so dispatcheth his Lackey, who is not long before he arriue at *Auignion*, where very secretly he deliuers *Laurieta* his Masters token and Letter, and, trecherous fury as shee is, shee kisseth both, and breaking off the scales, reades the contents, whereat she infinitely seemes to reioyce, and so questioneth with the Lackey about his Masters returne: who being taught his lesson, told her, that that depended of her pleasure, sith hers was his; and withall prayes her for an answer, for that two dayes hence he was againe to returne to his Master for *Paris*: the which shee promisseth. The Lackey gone, shee cannot refraine from laughing;

laughing; yea, she leapes for ioy, to see how *Belluile* is againe so besotted, to throw himselfe into her saour and mercy, and to obserue how willing and forward he was to run hoodwink't to his vntimely death and destruction: for the diuell hath fortified her in her former bloody resolution; so that hap what will, shee vowes she will not faile to kill *Belluile*, because he had slaine her *Poligny*; and already she wisheth him in *Auignon*, that she might see an end to this her wished and desired Tragedy. In the meane time shee prepares her hypocriticall and trecherous Letter, and a rich watchet Scarfe imbroydered with flames of siluer. So his Lackey repaireth to her, to whom shee deliuereth both; with remembrance of her best loue to his Master, and that she hoped shortly to see him in *Auignon*. The Lackey being prouided of his Masters gold, and this Scarfe and Letter, trips away speedily for *Lions*, where he findes his Master priuately hush't vp in a friends house, expecting his returne; he is glad of his owne gold, but more of *Laurieta's* Letter, when thinking euery minute a yeere before hee had read it, hee hastily breaking off the scales, findes these lines therein contained:

AS I acknowledge I loved *Poligny*, so I confesse I neuer hated thee: and if his trecherous insinuation were so preualent with my credulity, I beseech thee attribute it to my indiscretion, as being a woman, and not to my inconstancy, as being thy friend: for if he dyed thy enemy, let it suffice, that I live thine handmaid, and, that as he was not reserved for me, so I hope I am wholly for thy selfe. How farre he was my inferiour, I will not enquire; onely it is both my

consent

content and honour, that thou please vouchsafe to repute me thy equall: I am so farre from disdainning, as I infinitely desire to know what thou hast done for my sake, that I may requite thy loue with kisse, and make my thanks wipe off the conceit of my ingratitude. As for my affection, it was neuer lost to thee; nor shall euer be found but of thee. To conclude, I wish that our little Auignion were the great Paris, and if thy loue be as vnfained as mine is firme, let my Belluile make haste to see his Laurieta, who hath vowed to reioyce a thousand times more at his returne, then euer shee grieved at Poligny's death.

LAVRIETA.

At the reading of this her Letter, he is beyond himselfe, yea beyond the Moone for ioy; so as hee wisheth nothing so much, as himselfe in her armes, or shee in his. So he fits himselfe with a couple of good horses, puts his Lackeyes into new sutes, and knowing that time and his absence had washed away the remembrance of *Poligny's* murther, he speeds away for *Auignion*; where the very first night of his arriuall, hee priuately visiteth *Laurieta*, twixt whom there is nothing but kisses and imbracings; yea she so trecherously and sweetly lullles him asleepe with the *Syren* melody of her deceitfull speeches, as she prayes him to visit her often, and that a little time shall crowne him with the fruits of his desire. So for that night they part: the next day he repaires to her againe, when amidst the confluence of many millions of kisses, shee prayes and coniures him to discouer her what hee hath done for her sake: when he tying her by oath, to secrecie, and shee swearing it, he relates her, that it was himselfe, that in affection

fection to her, had slaine *Poligny*, as he issued forth her lodging: when hauing wrested and extorted this mystery from him, it confirms her malice, and hasteneth on her resolution of his death, which his lasciuious thoughts haue neither the grace to foresee, nor the reason to preuent: she espies he hath still a Pistoll with him, and desires to know why he beares it; Who answereth her, it is to defend himselfe from his enemies, and that he will neuer go without it. So againe they fall to their kisses, and he to his requests of a further and sweeter fauour of her; which she for that time againe denies him; adding withall, that if he will come to her after dinner to morrow, she will so dispose of matters, as his pleasure shall be hers, and shee will not bee her owne, but his. So being surprized and rauished with the extasie of a thousand sweet approching pleasures, he returnes to his chamber, and shee to her malice: where whiles he gluts himselfe with his hope of delight; she doth no lesse with her desire of reuenge. And now ruminating on the manner of his death, she thinkes nothing so fit or easie to dispatch him, as his owne Pistoll: and so thinking she should need her waiting-maid *Lucillas* assistance, (of whom this our History hath formerly made mention) she acquaints her with her purpose, y next day to murder *Belluile* in her chamber. And so with the lure of gold and many faire promises, drawes her to consent heereunto, and inioynes her to be provided of a good Ponyard vnder her gowne for the same purpose, if need should require; which *Lucilla* promiseteth. Now this night, as *Belluile* could not sleepe for ioy, so could not *Laurieta* for reuenge, who is so weighed downe to malice and

S

murther,

murther, as she wisheth the houre come for her to reduce her diuellish contemplation into bloody action. But this houre shall come too soone for them both: for as Louers are impatient of delayes, so *Belluile* hath no sooner dined, but taking his horse and two Lackeyes, he sayes hee will take the ayre of the fields, that afternoone, but will first call in and see his *Mistrisse, Laurieta*. So he alights at her doore, and without the least feare of danger or apprehension of death, very ioyfully ascends *Laurieta's* chamber: who dissembling wretch as she is, very kindly meets and receiues him. And the better to smother and dissemble her murderous intent, is not onely prodigall in taking, but in giuing him kisses. *Belluile*, like a dissolute and lasciuious Gentleman, whispers *Laurieta* in her eare, that he is come to receiue the fruits of his hopes, and of her promise and courtesie: when considering that his horse and two Lackeyes were at doore, shee returnes him this in his eare, that shee is wholly his, and that it is out of her power to deny or refuse him any thing; onely she prayes him to send away his Lackeyes, because their familiarity needed no witnesses. Thus whiles he calls them vp, to bid them carry away his horse to the gate that leades to *Marseilles*, and there to await his comming; *Laurieta* steps to her Waiting-maid *Lucilla*, and bids her make ready her Ponyard, and stand close to her; for now (quoth shee) the houre is come that I will be reuenged of *Belluile*, for my *Poligny's* death: the which shee had no sooner spoken, but *Belluile* returnes to her; whē redoubling his kisses, he little, or rather not at all fearing hee was so neere death, or death him, being ready to retire himselfe

selfe to a withdrawing chamber, which *Laurieta* treacherously informed him she had purposely provided for him; he takes his Pistoll, and layes it on the table of the outer chamber wherein they then were: which she espying, as the instrument she infinitely desired to finger, takes it in her hand, & praies him to shew her how to shoot it off. So taking it from her, he told her, if she pleased, he would discharge it before her, for her sake. Why (quoth she) is it charg'd? Yea, replies *Belluile*, with a single bullet. Nay then (quoth *Laurieta*) put in one bullet more; and if you can espy any Crow out of window, either on the house or Church top, if it please you, I will play the man, and shoot at it for your sake: When, poore *Belluile*, desirous to please her in any thing, lookes out the window, and espies two Crowes on the crosse of the *Augustine Friers Church*, which he very ioyfully relates *Laurieta*; and so at her request claps in a second bullet more; for (quoth shee) if I strike not both, I will be sure to pay one; and so prays him to leane out at window, to see how neere shee could feather them: which (miserable Gentleman) he performing, the Pistoll being bent, shee behind him dischargeth it directly in his owne reines. Whereat he amazedly staggering, *Lucilla* seconding her bloody *Mistrisse*, steps to him, and with her Ponyard giues him five or sixe wounds thorow the body; so as without speaking or groning, hee falls dead at their feet. Whereat *Laurieta* triumphing and leaping for ioy, vttereth these bloody and prophane speeches: O *Poligny*, whiles thou art in heauen, thus haue I done in earth for thy sake, and in reuenge of thy cruell death! Which hauing performed, they more cruell then cru-

elty her selfe, drag his breathlesse carkasse reeking in his blood, downe the staires, into a low obscure Celler, where making a shallow graue, they there bury him in his clothes, and so pile vp a great quantity of Billets on him; as if that wooden monument had power to conceale their murther, and his body from the eyes and suspicion of all the world. Good God! what diuels incarnate, and infernall furies are these, thus to imbrue their hands in the blood of this Gentleman? But as close as they act and contriue this their bloody and inhumane murther on earth; yet heauen will both dete& and reuenge it: for when they least dreame thereof, Gods wrath and vengeance will surprize them to their vtter confusion and destruction; and it may be sooner then they are aware of.

For the two Lackeyes hauing stayed at the City gate with their Masters horse till night, they returne and seeke him at *Laurieta's* house where they left him. *Laurieta* informes them hee stayed not an houre after them, and since, she saw him not: which newes doth infinitely afflict and vex them. But they returne to his lodging, and like dutifull and faithfull seruants, betwixt hope and feare, await his returne that night, and all the next day; but in vaine. And now they begin to be amazed at his long and vnaccustomed absence, and so consult this important busines to some *Gentlemen*, their Masters confident & intimate friends: who together with them, repaire to *Laurieta's* house, and againe and again demand her for *Monsieur de Belluile*: but they find her constant in her first answer, and yet guided by the finger & prouidence of God, they bewray a kind of perturbation in her looks, & discouer some distraction
and

and extravagancy in her speeches: wherupon calling to their minds her former discourtisie to him for *Poligny's* sake, & his fighting with him on the bridge for hers, as also this sudden & violent suspected murder of him; they suspect and feare, there is more in the winde then as yet they know: and so acquaint the *Criminall Iudges* herewith, who as wise *Senators*, hauing seuerally examined both her and her maide *Lucilla*, and *Poligny's* Lackies, they conclude to imprison *Lurieta*; which is instantly performed: whereat she is extremely amazed and terrified: but howsoeuer, she is resolute to deny all, and constant to stand vpon her iustification and innocency. So her Iudges adiudge her to the torments of the Rack, which (with a masculine, yea with a hellish fortitude) she endureth, without reuealing the least shaddow, either of feare, or guiltinesse: but they detain her still prisoner, and hope that *God* will make time discover the murder of *Belluile*: for eight daies being now past, they are become confident that he is not in this world, but in another. In the meane time, her bloody Wayting-maid *Lucilla* hath continuall recourse to her Lady *Laurieta* in prison, where, like impious & prophane wretches, they interchangeably sweare secrecie ech to other, sith on eithers discouery, depends no lesse then both their deaths.

Whiles this newes is generally divulged in *Auignon*, *Prouence*, *Daulphine* and *Languedock*, and no newes at all to be had or gathered of *Belluile*; *La Palaisiere*, who shined with as many Vertues, as *Laurieta* was obscured with Vices; out of compassion and Christian charity, some three weekes after visiteth *Laurieta* in prison, although shee partly beleued and knew,

that shee neuer affected or loued her; when ayming to adde consolation to her afflictions, as *God* would haue it, *Laurieta*, out of her ignorance or folly, returns *la Palaisiere* this vnlooked for answer: That her selfe was as innocent of *Belluile's* death, as she was of *Poligny's*. Which words being ouer-heard by some curious head of the company, were instantly carried and reported to the *Criminall Iudges*, who instantly cause *la Palaisiere* to be apprehended and brought before them, whom they examine vpon *Poligny's* death; which doth no way affright or afflict her, because her conscience was vntainted, and her selfe as innocent as innocency her selfe thereof. They deale further with her, to vnderstand the passages of former businesse betwixt her selfe, *Poligny*, and *Belluile*. She giues them a true and faithfull account thereof, yea, and relates them as much and no more, then this *History* hath formerly related vs: and to verifie and confirme her speeches, like a discreet young *Gentlewoman*, she giues them the keyes of a trunke of hers, wherein she sayeth is her copy of a Letter she wrote to *Poligny*, and his answer againe to her; which shee prayes them to send for, for her better cleering and discharge. The *Iudges* send speedily away for these Letters; which are found, produced and read, directly concurring with the true circumstance of her former deposition: whereupon with much applause and commendation, they acquit and discharge her. But if *la Palaisiere's* Vertues haue cleered her, *Laurieta's* Vices (which the *Iudges* beginne to smell out by *Poligny's* letter) doe the more narrowly and streightly imprison her; and yet knowing that *la Palaisiere* nei-
ther

ther had, no: could any way accuse her, for either of these two murthers; she sets a good face on her bad heart, and so very brauely frollicks it in prison; and to speake truth, with far more ioy, & lesse feare then heretofore: but to check and ouer-throw these vaine triumphs of hers in their birth, and to nip them in their buds, newes is now brought her, that her Wayting-maid *Lucilla* is secretly fled: which her Iudges vnderstanding, they now more vehemently then euer heretofore suspect, that (without doubt) *Laurieta* was the author, and her maide *Lucilla* the accessary of *Belluile's* murther: and so they set all the City and Countrey for her apprehension: and this newes indeed makes *Laurieta* feare that she will infallibly be taken, which doth afflict and amaze her, and indeed hereat she cannot refraine from biting her lippe, and hanging downe her head. But see the miraculous and iust iudgement of the Lord, vpon this wretched and bloudie *Lucilla*! for shee, for feare flying, as it is supposed, that night from *Auignon* to *Orenge*, to her Parents, was there drowned, and the next morne found and taken vp dead in one of the Fenny Lakes betwixt the two Cities. Which newes being reported to *Laurieta*, she againe conuerts her feare into hope, and sorrowes into ioyes, as knowing well, that dead bodies can tell no tales. But the wisdom and integrity of the Iudges, by the apparancy of *Laurieta's* crime, in that of her Wayting-maids flight, againe command her to be racked: but the deuill is yet so strong with her, and she with the deuill, that she againe endures the cruelty of these torments with a wonderfull patience, with an admirable constancy and resolution; and so courageously

ragiously, and stoutly denying her crime, and peremptorily maintaining her innocency and iustification, her Iudges, led by the consideration of the sharpenesse and bitterneffe of her torments, as also that they could finde no direct prooffe, or substantiall euidence against her, begin to conceiue and imagine, that it might be the Wayting-maide, and not the Mistris, that had sent *Belluile* into another world; and so resolve the weeke following, if they heard nothing in the meane time, to accuse *Laurieta*, to release and acquite her; which *Laurieta* vnderstanding, the torments which her limbs & body feelee, are nothing in respect of those contentments and ioyes her hart & thoughts conceiue: and already building Castles and triumphs in her heart and contemplations, for the hope and ioy of her speedy enlargement, shee, in her apparell and behauiour, flants it out farre brauer then before. But she hath not yet made her peace with her Iudges, neither haue they pronounced her *Qujeta est*. And alas, how foolishly and ignorantly doe the vanity of her hopes deceiue and betray her, when as the fouleneffe of her soule, and contamination of her conscience, eue-ry houre and minute prompt her, that *God*, the Iudge of Iudges, who hath seene, will in his good time and pleasure both dete& and punish as well her whoredome as her murther, in her death! And lo, here comes both the cause, and the manner thereof, wherein *Gods* prouidence and iustice doe miraculously resplend and shine.

For *Laurieta* being indebted to her Land-lord *Monsieur de Richcourt*, as well for a whole yeeres rent, as for three hundred Livres in money, which hee had lent her,

her being impatient of her delaies, but more of her disgrace, lets out that part of his house which she held of him, to the *Deane of Carpentras*, who for his healths sake came to sojourn that Winter in *Auignon*: and despayring of her enlargement, and to satisfie himselfe, begins to sell away her household-stuffe, yea, to the very billets which she had in her Celler: which hee retaines for himselfe, whereof when his seruants came to cleere the Celler, they remouing the last billets, finde the earth newly remoued and opened, in the length and proportion of a graue, wherof wondering, they presently informe their Master; who viewing the same, as God would haue it, he instantly apprehended and beleueed, that *Laurieta* had vndoubtedly killed *Belluile*, and there buried him: when not permitting his seruants to remoue the least iot of earth, he as a discreet and honest Citizen, with all possible celerity trips away to the Criminall Iudges, and acquaints them herewith: who concurring with *Richcourt* in his opinion and beliefe, they dispeed themselues to his house and Celler, where causing the new opened earth to be remoued, behold, they finde the miserable dead body of *Belluile* there inhumanely throwne in and buried in his cloathes; which causing to be taken off, thereby to search his body, they finde him shot into the reines with two Pistoll bullets, and his body stabbed and pierced with fixe seuerall wounds of a Rapier or Ponyard: they are amazed at this pittifull and lamentable spectacle; and so resting confident it could be no other but *Laurieta* and her maide *Lucilla*, that had committed this cruell murther, they very priuately and secretly cause *Belluile's* dead body to bee

conueyed to the prison, and there when *Laurieta* least dreamt thereof, expose it to her sight, and in rough tearmes charge and crie out vpon her for this murther; but this monster of Nature, and shee-deuill of her sexe, hath yet her heart so obdurate with reuenge, and her soule so o're-clouded and benumm'd with impiety, as she is nothing daunted, or terrified with the sight hereof; but with many fearefull imprecations and asseuerations stands peremptorily in her innocency, and out of the heate of her malice and choller, rearmes them deuils or witches that are her accusers: but her *Iudges*, who can no longer be deluded with her vowes, nor will no more giue eare to her perfidious oaths, command to haue her Paps seared off with hot burning Pincers, thereby to vindicate the truth of her cruell murther, from the falshood of her impious, and impudent deniall thereof: whereat amazed and astonished, and seeing this cruell torment ready to be inflicted and presented her, *God* was so indulgent to her sinnes, and so mercifull to her soule; as the deuill flying from her, and she from his temptations, she rayning downe many riuolets and showres of teares from her eyes, and euaporating many volleyes of sighes from her heart, throwing her selfe downe on her knees to the earth, and lifting vp her eyes and hands vnto *Heauen*, with much bewayling and bitternesse, she at last confesseth to her *Iudges*, that she and her Wayting-maide *Lucilla* were the murtherers of *Belluile*, and for the which shee sayd, that through her humble contrition and hearty repentance, shee hoped that *God* would pardon her soule in the life to come; though shee knew they would

would not her body in this. Whereupon the *Judges*, in horreur and execration of her inhumane and bloody crime, pronounce sentence of death vpon her, and condemne her the next day after dinner, first to be hanged, then burnt in the same street, right against her lodging, *Monsieur de Richcourts* house: and likewise, sith *Lucilla* was both an accessary, and actor in this bloody Tragedy, that her body should be taken vp out of her graue, & likewise burnt with hers in the same fire: which accordingly was executed in the presence of an infinite number of people both of the Citizens, and adiaacent neighbours of *Auignon*, *Laurieta* vttering on the ladder a short, but a most Christian and penitent speech to the people, tending first to dissuade them all by her example, from those soule & crying sinnes of whoredome, reuenge and murther, and then to request and perswade them, that they would assist her with their religious and deuout prayers, in her soules passage and flight towards heauen: yet adding withall, that as her crime, so her grieue was redoubled, because as she had killed *Belluile* for *Poligny's* sake, so she was sure that *Belluile* had killed *Poligny* for hers.

And thus, Christian Reader, were the dissolute liues and mournfull deaths of these two vnfortunate Gentlemen, *Poligny* and *Belluile*, and of this lasciuious and bloody Courtisan *Laurieta*, and her Wayting-maide *Lucilla*. A *Tragicall History*, worthy both of our obseruation and detestation; and indeed these are the bitter fruits of Lust, Whoredome and Reuenge, and the inseparable companions, which infallibly awayte and attend them, the very sight and consideration where-

of, are capeable, not onely to administer consolation
to the righteous, but to strike terrour to the vngodly.

O therefore, that we may all beware by these
their fatall and dangerous sinnes: for this is
the onely perfect and true way to
preuent and auoyde their
punishments.

THE



THE
TRIVMPHS OF
 GODS REVENGE AGAINST
 the crying and execrable sinne
 of Murther.

History IX.

Iacome de Castelnouo lustfully fallcs in loue with his daughter in law Perina, his owne sonne Francisco de Castelnouo's wife; whom to inioy, he causeth Ierantha first to poyson his owne Lady Fidelia, and then his said sonne Francisco de Castelnouo: in reuenge whereof, Perina trecherously murdhereth him in his bed: Ierantha ready to dye in travell of child, confesseth her two murthers; for the which she is hanged and burnt. Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall imprisonment, where she sorrowfully languisheth, and dyes.

WE need not send our curiosity (or our curiosity vs) to seeke *Tigers* and monsters in *Africa*: for *Europe* hath but too many, who are so cruell and inhumane, not onely to imbrue, but to im-

bathe themselves in the innocent blood of their Christian brethren. And as Religion prohibits vs to kill, and commands vs to loue our enemies: with what audacious and prophane impiety dare wee then murther our friends, nay those of our owne blood, and who are the greatest part of our selues? And although *Italy* haue lately afforded many tragicall presidents, and fearefull examples of this nature, (whereof I haue giuen some to my former, and reserued others to my future bookes) yet in my conceit it hath produced none more bloody and inhumane then this, whether wee respect the murthers, or the persons. For here we shall see a wretched and execrable old man so besotted in lust, and flaming in malice and reuenge, as being both a husband and a father, he by a hellish young *Gentlewoman* (his strumpet) poysoneth both his owne wife, and his owne sonne: it was his vanity which first enkindled the fire of his lust: it is then his impiety which giues way for the diuell to blow the coales thereto, and so to conuert it into murther. O that sinne should so miserably triumph o're grace, and not grace o're sinne! O that age and nature should not teach vs to bee lesse bloody, and more compassionate, and charitable! And Alas, alas, by poyson, that drug of the diuell, who first brought the damnable inuention thereof from hell, to be practised heere on earth onely by his agents and members! We shall likewise see him killed by his daughter in law, for formerly poysoning her husband: lust seduced him to perpetrate those; affection, or rather bloody reuenge, drew her on to performe this, and consequently to her punishment due for the same. Had they had more *Grace*, and *Religion*, they would not haue

haue been so inhumane : but falling from that, no maruell if they fell to be so wretched and miserable : for if we dye well, we seldome liue ill ; if liue ill, wee vsually neuer dye well : for it is the end that crownes the beginning, not the beginning the end : therefore if wee will be happy in our liues, and blessed in our deaths, we must follow vertue, and flie from vice: loue *chastity* and *charity*, and hate lust and enuie; preferre *Heauen* aboue *Earth*; our soules before our bodies; and desie Satan, with a holy resolution both to feare and loue God.

Sauoy is the Countrey, and *Nice* the City, (seated vp. on the *Mediterraneum* sea, being the strongest Bulwarke against *France*, and the best fortresse and key of *Italy*) where the *Scene* of this insuing tragicall *History* is laid : the which to refetch from the head-spring and fountaine of its *Originall*, it must carry our curiosity and vnderstanding ouer (those famous Mountaines) the *Alpes*, and from thence to the *City* of *Saint Iohn de Mauriena*, where of late and fresh memory dwelt an aged *Gentleman*, of rich reuenues and great wealth, named *Seignior Antonio de Arconetto*, who had newly by his deceased wife, the *Lady Eleanora de Bibanti*, two children, to wit, a sonne, and a daughter; that, named *Seignior Alexandro*, and this, the *Lady Perina*, a little different in yeeres, for he was eightene, and shee but fiteene; but more in qualities and conditions : for hee was by *Nature* peruerse and cholericke, but she, milde, courteous and gracious. Againe, they differed much in the lineaments and proportion of their bodies : for *Alexandro*, like his father, was short, crook-backt, and hard-fauoured; and *Perina* resembling her mother, tall, straight-wasted, and faire: so as it being a principle and

and *Maxime* in *Nature*, that parents (for the most part) loue those children best, who best resemble them; as the mother *Eleanora* preferd *Perina* in her affection, before *Alexandro*: so contrariwise their father *Arconeto* did *Alexandro*, before *Perina*. But as God had called *Eleanora* out of this life, and left her husband to suruiue her: so *Alexandro's* ioy prou'd his sister *Perina's* misery & affliction: for he was so happy to see himselfe tenderly cherished & affected, & she so vnfortunate to perceiue her selfe slighted & disrespected of her father: wherein as I praise *Arconeto's* intimate loue to his son, so I cannot but discommend, and withal pity his immerited and vnaturall neglect to his daughter: wherein as *Alexandro* triumphed in the one; iudge, iudicious Reader, if *Perina* had not cause enough to grieve and lament at the other. But as the drift and scope of this History lookes another way; so for my part, who haue vndertaken to pen it, it is the least of my intent or purpose to giue instructions and directions, how parents should beare themselves in their affections towards their children: onely because I may not here too palpably bewray mine ignorance in my silence, I hope, nay, I am confident, that with as much truth as safety I may conclude, it is a happinesse both for parents and children, where parents beare their affections equally to their children: for louing one, and hating another, the ioy of the one, proues oftentimes the others sorrow; and in giuing that too much hope, we many times administer this too much cause of despaire: or if the inclinations and affections of parents bee more narrowly tyed, and strictly linked to preferre and loue one child aboue the other: yet sith they are the equall

equall issue of our loynes, and we the onely parents of their youth, we should be as well cautious in the distribution of our fauours, as in the demonstration of our dis-respects towards them. But enough of this digression: and now againe to our History.

As *Alexandro* grows vp in yeres, so he doth in ambitio & ostentation: for if he play the *Brauesho* abroad among Gentlemē & Ladies, so authorized by his fathers hatred of his sister, he at home becomes a petty tyrant to her: yea, his carriage is so sterne and impious towards her, as if she were rather his slaue then his sister; or his laundres & hand-maid, then any part of himself: which notwithstanding it was both a daily griefto her hart, and a continual torment to her thoughts; yet *Perina's* sweet perfections, & gracious vertues & behauior, make her digest and brooke all with a wonderfull constancy, and an admirable patience: for well she knowes, that if she should complaine to her father of her brothers vnkindnesse towards her, (shee should thereby reape no other remedy or redresse but this, that the one would laugh, and the other triumph thereat; and that the issue thereof would prooue her complaints to bee the May-game of the one, and mocking-stocke of the other. But God hath ordained briefly to ease her of a great part of her vnderferued discontents and afflictions: For lo, her brother *Alexandro*, debauching and surfetting at a banquet at *Susa*, returnes home, surprized of a hot pestilent Feuer, which notwithstanding the care of his father, or the art of his expertest Physicians, he in three dayes is taken out of this life.

And now guided by the light of *Nature*, and the instinct of common sence and reason, who would not

surmise or thinke, but that: *Arreton* having buried
 his sonne *Alexandro*, should now loue his onely daugh-
 ter, and child *Perina*, farre dearer and tenderer then
 before. But alas, nothing lesse: for he is not so kinde,
 and therefore he cannot bee so happy: yea which is
 worse, although his words be her commands, and his
 pleasure her law, yet he contemnes both her and her
 obedience, and neuer lookes on her with loue and af-
 fection, but still with disdain and enuie. Yea, in a
 word, his distaste is so extreme & bitter against her, as
 he is neuer best pleased, then when she is furthest from
 him; so as her absence may delight and content him,
 but her presence cannot. Which vnatural disrespe-
 ct, and vniust cruelty of her father towards her, doth so
 nip the ioyes of her youth, and the blossomes of her
 health and beauty, as poore young Gentlewoman, she
 becomes infinite melancholy, and extreme weake and
 sickly: which being obserued and pityed of all her
 kinsfolkes and friends, as being her fathers onely child
 and heire to all his lands and riches, an Aunt of hers,
 being her mothers sister, and likewise her God-
 mother, rearmed the *Lady Dominica*, a widow woman of
 the same City, workes so with her brother in law *Ar-
 coneto*, that he is content to permit his daughter *Peri-
 na* to reside and dwell with her: Whereas the Aunt
 is not a little glad, so the Niece beyond measure infi-
 nitely reioycest, and triumphes thereat; both hoping
 that her absence may, and will procure her fathers af-
 fection, which her presence could not; and that ha-
 uing more liberty and lesse bondage, she might again
 in a short time recouer her former health and content;
 or else that God, out of his diuine prouidence, and
 pleasure

pleasure in heaven, might call and allot her out some gallant husband here on earth, with whom, in the contents and pleasures of marriage, she might end her future dayes in as much tranquillity and felicity, as she had formerly lived in discontent and affliction: and indeed the event, though not in the first, yet in the two last poynts, answereth their expectations.

The Lady *Dominica* hath formerly contracted a daughter of hers, named *Dona Bertha*, to a Cavallier of the City of *Nice*, named *Seignior Bartolomeo Spelassi*, by descent noble, and of good reuenues and wealth. And now the appoynted time is come for their marriage: to which end, vp comes *Spelassi* from *Nice* to *Saint Iohn de Maurient*, assisted and followed by many gallant young Gentlemen of his kinsfolkes and friends: and in a word, with a traine well befitting his rank and quality, where these nuptials are solemnized with great variety of pompe and pleasure; as feasting, dancing, Maskes, running at the Ring, and the like: for in these amorous and Courtlike Reuels, the *Sauoyards* (as participating both of the *French* and *Italian* humours) take a singular delight and felicity. But as many times one wedding occasioneth and produceth another, so Fortune, or to speake more properly and truly, God ordained, that the Lady *Dominica* appoynted her Niece *Perina*, to conduct the Bridegroom her sonne in law *Spelassi*, to the Church; and he had allotted one of the noblest and eminent Cavalliers that came with him, named *Seignior Francisco de Castellano*, to performe the same ceremony to his Bride the *Dona Bertha*, being a Knight of *Malta*, native of the City of *Nice*, and sonne and heire to *Seig-*

Seignior Iacomo de Castelhono; a very ancient and rich Baron of *Sauoy*. Now as *Perina* was a most beautifull and faire young Lady, so was our young *Castelhono* a very proper and gallant *Cauallier*; and fith the occasion of this marriage, and the fortunacy and opportunity of their vnitd office, by a kinde of destinated & happy priuiledge, authorized each to be familiar in the others company and presence: so as Louers begin to court first in iest, then in earnest: the hearts and breasts of this sweet young couple, are in the end equally surprized with the flame of affection: yea, his personage and dancing, and her beauty and singing, mutually inkindle this fire of loue in their thoughts and contemplations, which either imagineth, and both perceiue and vnderstand, by the dumbe Oratory and silent Rhetoricke of their eyes: which *Castelhono* knowing her descent and quality answerable to his, hee intends to seeke her in marriage: when not any longer to surpresse or conceale their affections, they after dinner dancing in company of diuers others in the garden, he singleth the Lady *Perina* his new Mistris apart in a Bower closely ouer-vaild with *Vines*, *Cycanours*, & *Cypres* trees, and there 'twixt sighes and words, reueales her his deepe and seruent affection to her. But to auoid the proluxious relation of this their garden enteruiew and conference: although at first, *Perina's* modesty (the sweetest ornament and vertue of a Lady) was such, as she not onely kept her selfe, but likewise her affections to her selfe: yet her courteous and thankfull answeres, waited and seconded by many delicious blushes, and amorous sighes, although not publikely, yet priuately inform'd her Louer *Castelhono*; that shee likewise

likewise loued him: so as during the tearme of fifteene daies which *Spelassi* and he remained in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, he neuer left courting her, till he had obtained her affection, and consent to be his wife: drawne thereunto by these two attractive and seducing reasons: first, that *Castelnouo* was a gallant and proper *Cauallier*, as also her equall in descent and meanes, and then that she should liue in *Nice* with a husband that dearely loued her, and no longer in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with a father, who extremely hated her; neither can these our young louers beare their affections so secret, but the whole company, especially the Lady *Dominica* her Aunt perceiues it, and deeming it an equall and fit match for her Neece, reioyceth thereat. *Castelnouo* secretly acquaints her therewith, and intreates her best assistance therein towards her brother *Arconeto*: which she promiseth, & forthwith attempteth, when *Castelnouo* taking time at aduantage, seconds her in his suite for the daughter, to her old father.

Now her father *Arconeto* (degenerating from the naturall affection of a father towards his daughter) is so willing to depart with her to any husband, that he may no more see her, nor be troubled with her presence, as thinking a farre worse match good enough, he thinks this infinitely too good for her, and so at the least shaddow of the very first motion, consents thereunto, which not onely banisheth *Perina's* old griefe, but confirmeth *Castelnouo's* new ioyes: yea, they, like two sweet and vertuous Louers, so extremely reioyce and triumph thereat, as he riding home poast to *Nice*, to acquaint his owne father *Seignior*

Iacomo de Castelnou therewith, and swiftly returning againe to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with his consent and approbation, this marriage of *Castelnou* and *Perina*, is there almost as soone solemnized, as that of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, though indeed more obscure, and with farre lesse pompe and brauery, in respect of the peruerfnesse and distaste of her froward old father *Arconeto*. So fiftene dayes being expired since *Spelassi* and *Castelnou* their first departure from *Nice*, they leaue *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, to returne and conduct their brides home to *Nice*, robbing that, to enrich this City, with two such beautifull and gallant Ladies, as were *Bertha* and *Perina*.

Now the better to adde life and forme to this History; or rather to approach the more materiall and essentiall parts thereof: we must here leaue to speake of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, and wholly tie our thoughts and curiositie to *Castelnou* and *Perina*, two principall and vnfortunate Personators, who both haue mournesfull parts to act vpon the stage and Theatre of *Nice*: for this marriage of theirs is not begun with the tenth part of so many ioyes, as we shall shortly see it wayted and attended on, yea dissolued and finished both with teares and bloud.

Castelnou, hauing brought home his faire and deare *Perina* to *Nice*, she is very honourably welcomed, and courteously receiued and entertained of his old father *Seignior Iacomo de Castelnou*, and of the Lady *Fidelia* his mother, and so are all her kinsfolkes and friends, who accompany her: yea, there wants no feasting nor reuelling in *Nice*, to testifie how much they congratulate and reioyce at this their
sons

son's good fortune & happines. And for *Castelnuovo* and *Perina* themselves, why they are so ravished in the contents, and drowned in the ioyes and delights of marriage, as though they haue two bodies, yet they haue but one heart, desire and affection: yea, they are so extremely in loue each with other, as they beleue there is no *Heauen* vpon *Earth*, to that of each others presence: but they shall be deceived herein: for there are Tragicall stormes arising, to trouble the serenity of this marriage, and the felicity and tranquillity of these affections.

For it is both with grieffe and shame, that I must be so immodest; and therefore vnfortunate to relate, that the old *Baron Iacomo de Castelnuovo*, aged of some three-score and eight yeres, bath so farre forgotten his God and himselfe, his conscience and his soule, grace and nature, religion and humanity, as gazing on the fresh and delicious beauty of our sweet Lady *Perina*, his owne sonnes wife, he giues the reines, both of his obscene desires, and inordinate affections to lust after her. O how my heart trembles to thinke, how he that is white with the snow of a venerable age, should now lasciuiously idolatrize to beauty! how he that hath (as it were) one foote in his graue, should lustfully desire to haue the other in his sonnes bed! how he that hath his veines dried vp and withered, and nothing liuing in him but desire, should yet, of all the beauties of the world, desire onely to enioy that of his sonnes wife! how he that hath scarce any time left him to be repentant and sorrowfull for his old sinnes, will now anew make himselfe guilty of these foule sins of adultery, and I may in a maner say, of

of Incest ! how he that hath not giuen the flower of his youth, will yet, still lasciuiously and wilfully refuse to bestow the branne of his age on his God ! Alas miserable *Castelnouo*, wretched old man, or rather lubritious and beastly Leacher, thus to drowne thy thoughts in the hell of concupiscence and adultery ; when it were far fitter thou shouldest lift them vp to heauen, in the sacrifice of prayer, & other pious and religious contemplations ! But all this will not preuaile to stop the current of his voluptuousnesse, and the progression of his sensuality : for without respect of his God, or regard of his soule, he is resolute in his desires to make a strumpet of his daughter in law, and to make his sonnes wife his whore : but God will deceiue his hopes and preuent his villany.

Now the better, and sooner to draw her to his lasciuious desires, he is wonderfull courteous and affable to her, still walking and talking with her, yea, and many times kissing her, whereof both her husband and selfe are infinitely ioyfull, but especially *Perina*, because she findes a great alteration in her fortune, in that her father in law *Castelnouo* proues as courteous to her, as her owne father *Arconeto* is cruell. But, poore innocent soule, and sweet and chaste Lady, little doest thou either dreame, or thinke on his lasciuious intent against thine honour and chastity. Old *Castelnouo* wallowing in the filthinesse, and burning in the fire of his new lust, and losing himselfe and his thoughts in the *Labyrinth* of his daughter in law *Perina's* beauty, he thinkes on nothing so much, nay, on nothing else, but how to obtaine her to his lasciuious will: but not daring, or rather fearing to acquaint

quaint her with his inordinate and beastly purpose, whiles his sonne her husband is at home present with her: Hee forgeth and frames a plot, both vnnaturall and treacherous, to make him embrace and follow the warres, in wayting on the Duke Charles Emanuel, or the Prince Amadee Victor his sonne and heire, who with their warlike troopes, were resolute to expell the Duke of Feria, Viceroy of Millan, with his Spanish regiments out of Verceille Cassall, and the other townes of Piedmont, to which end his lustfull affection to Perina made him eloquent in perswading, and powerfull in drawing her husband to this Martiall action, so full of honour and glory, adding that his honour, and the seruice of his Prince and Country, called him to the field, and that hee should not wholly drowne himselfe in the beauty of his young wife, and the pleasures of marriage. His sonne Castelnuovo not at all suspecting, or dreaming what a dangerous Snake lay lurking vnder the greene leaues of his fathers sugered speeches and perswasions, like a noble and generous Knight as he was, needs no other aduocate but his owne honour & Martiall disposition to imbarke him in these wars: and although the beaultie, requests, and teares of his young Lady were vehement sollicitors to deliuer him, yet he is resolute to leaue her for three or foure moneths: and so making ready his armes, traine, horses and preparatiues, he giuing her many kisses, and thus returning him a world of sighes and teares, leaues her, and so findes out the Duke and his Army in Piedmont, where for a little time we will leaue him: and in question very disputable, and which my

weake capacity and iudgement cannot decide, whether this departure of young *Cassius* to the warres, made his father more glad, or his wife sorrowfull: for as she was all in teares, so was he in mirth and iollity, being so vaine in his lust, and so lustfull in his vanity, as he trimmes vp his beard, and goes neater, and wisheth more youthfull in his apparell then accustomed, yea his lust had so metamorphosed him, as if it had a prophane influence, and secret power to renew old age in him. But alas, alas, what perfection of chastity can wee expect or hope for in youth, when we see no better signes and fruits in one of threescore and eight yeeres? But I will follow the streame of our History, though indeed the relation of this old lasciuious Lecher, Lust and Vanity to his daughter in law *Perina*, equally afflict me with griefe and pittie to publish it.

I am then constrained to write and auerre, that although meere shame and vnnaturalness doe as yet withhold this wretched fathers tongue, from vomiting forth his adulterated lust to his faire and chaste daughter in law *Perina*; yet his lust is so immodestly lasciuious, as he cannot keepe himselfe out of her company, nor being in it, refraine from kissing her: but to see the innocency, and observe the purity of her thoughts, the neuertheless not so much as any way suspects or dreames of his lasciuious intent, although indeed, she thinks this nouerise of his some what exceed the priuiledge of a father, and the dutie of a daughter: but measuring this by the cruelty of her owne father, she, poore silly soule, thinkes her selfe in this respect now as happy, as heretofore she

was

was miserable. Onely the absence of her deare husband *Castellano* doth both torture and torment her, and the more, for that he is in the field at warres, when *God* knoweth she desireth and wisheth he should bee at home with her in peace.

But whiles *Perina* looks from *Sauoy* to *Piedmont*; from *Nice*, to *Vercelli*; and from her selfe to her lord and husband, her other selfe: we must not forget, because our History will remember her mother in law *Fidelia*, which now wee must admit and re-conduct to act her part vpon the Theatre hereof, who obseruing her husbands immodest and vnwise familiarity demonstrated to the young Lady *Perina* her sonnes wife, as also his alteration in humours and apparell; but chiefly his vnaccustomed distraction and sighes in his rest and repose. Shee, more out of vertuous wisdom, then foolish iealousie, aimes at his vaine lust towards this young Lady her daughter in law, whereat she both admires with griefe, and wonders with the anxiety of affliction and sorrow, to see her old husband in the winter of his age, so sottish and beastly to lust after his owne sonnes young wife, to see that no respect of *Heauen*, no regard of conscience, nor apprehension of damnation and hell, had the grace or power either to kill these lasciuious thoughts in their cōception, or to strangle them in their birth, to see that hee who was ready to goe to his bed of death, should now (like the *Salamander* in the fire) bee burning with desire, to goe to that of Lust and Adultery, and to see him so deuoyde of pittie, as hee must needs ioyne Incest with Adultery, as if one of these beastly sinnes alone were not enough enormous

and prodigious to make his life miserable, and his death wretched; and although shee haue cause enough of sorrow in her selfe, yet, when she thinkes of her husbands age, and daughters youth; of his lust, and her chastity; and which is more, of the most degenerate and vnnaturall part of a father, to seek to pollute and defile his owne sonnes bed, and consequently his honour; this indeed goes neere her, and this and onely this makes her looke on him, both with enuie and pittie: but her age hauing taught her to loue discretion, and to hate and disdainie iealously, she beares this as patiently as she may: till at last seeking and finding out a fit opportunity, she both with teares in her eyes, and griefe in her speeches, very secretly checks him for these his inordinate and lasciuious desires towards the young *Lady Perina* their daughter in law.

But as it is the nature of sinne so to betray and inueigle our iudgements, that we flatter our selues with a false conceit none can perceiue it in vs: so this old *Lecher* her husband, thinking that he had danced in a net, from the iealousie and suspicion of all the world, in thus affecting his sonnes wife, hee like a dawd and wretched old varlet, is so farre from relishing these his old wifes speeches and exhortations, or from being reclaimed therby, as he disdaineth both them and her, and from henceforth is so imperious, and withall bitter to her, as he neuer looks on her with affection, but enuie: which neuerthelesse she (as a modest wife, and graue matrone) holds it a part not onely of her loue, but of her duty, by sweet speeches, and soft means of perswasion, to diuert him from this fond and lasciuious

uous humour of his. But observe the vanity of his lasciuiousnesse, and the impiety of his thoughts and resolutions: for all her prayers and perswasions serue onely rather to set, then rebate the edge of his lust, and rather bring oyle to increase, then water to quench the flame of his immodest and irregular affection; so as seeing that shee stood in the way of obtaining his beastly pleasures; he, like a prophane and barbarous husband, rearmes her no more his wife, but his *Medea*; and which is worse, hee out of the heat both of his lust and choller, vowes he will soone remoue her from this world to another.

And here the diuell, ambitious and desirous of nothing so much, as to fill vp the empty roomes of his vast and infernall kingdome, by miserable and execrable degrees, takes possession first of his thoughts, then of his heart, and lastly of his soule: so as being constant in his indignation and choller, and resolute in this his impious and bloody reuenge, hee meanes to dispatch and murder her, who for the tearme of forty two yeeres, had been his most louing wife, and faithfull bed-fellow: but withall he will act it so priuately, as not hauing as yet discovered his affection to his daughter *Perina*, hee will therefore conceale both from her and all the world, the murder of this his wife *Fidelia*, except onely to those gracelesse and execrable *Agents* he meant imploy in this mournfull and bloody businesse.

To which end (with a hellish ratiocination) ruminating and reuoluing on the manner thereof, hee hauing run over the circumstances of many violent and tragical deaths, at last resolues to poyson her, and

deemes none so fit to vndertake it, as her owne way-
ting *Gentlewoman Ierantha*: the which authorized by
his former lasciuious dalliance with her, as also in fa-
uour of five hundred Ducats, that hee will giue her,
he is confident she will vndertake and finish: neither
doth he faile in his bloody hopes. For what with the
honey of his flattering speeches, and the sugar of his
gold, shee, like an infernall fury, and a very monster
of her sexe, most ingratefully and inhumanely con-
sents therunto: so as putting payson into white broth,
which some mornings shee was accustomed to make
and giue her *Lady*, it spreading into her veines, and
exhaling the radicall humour of her life and strength,
within eight dayes carries this aged and vertuous Ma-
tron to her grave, and her soule to heauen. But her
murderers shall pay deare for this her vntimely end.

The *Lady Perina*, and all the *Lady Fidelia's* kinsfolks
and friends infinitely lament and bewaile her death:
and indeed so doth the whole *City of Nice*, where for
her descent and vertues shee is infinitely beloued and
affected: but all these teares of theirs are nothing in
comparison of those of her wicked and execrable hus-
band *Casselmone*: who, although he inwardly reioyce,
yet he outwardly seemes to bee exceedingly afflicted
and dejected. But as he hath heretofore acted the part
of a murtherer, and now of an hypocrite, yet haue we
but a little patience, and we shall see that detected, this
vnmasked, and both punished.

Whiles this mournfull *Tragedy* is acted in *Nice*,
the mediation of the *French King* and *Pope* reconcile
the differences, giue end to the warres, and conclude
peate betwixt *Spain* and *Sauoy*. So home returns the

Duke

Duke of Ferra, to Atillan; the noble Duke of Savoy, and the generous Prince his sonnes, to Twrin; the Marshall de Desdiquieres, and the Baron of Termes into France; and consequently home comes our Knight Castelneau to Nice; where thinking to reioyce with his young wife, he is so vnfortunate, to mourne for the death of his old mother: but God knowes, that neither of them know the least sparke or shadow of her cruell and vntimely murder, and lesse, the cause thereof. Now for his lasciuious and bloody father: albeit, to cast a vaile before his thoughts, and his insents and actions, he publicly mournes for his wifes death, and reioyceth for his sonnes returne; yet contrariwise hee privately mournes for this, and reioyceth for that. But to leaue the remembrance of *Fidels*, to assume that of our *Perina*, I know not whether shee grieved more at her husbands absence, or reioyce at his presence, sith her affection to him was so tender and seruent, as in her heart and soule, she esteemed that as much her hell, as this her *Heauen* vpon Earth: but these ioyes of hers are but fires of straw, or flattering Sun-shines, which are suddenly either washed away with a shower, or eclipsed and banished by a tempest: for whiles her hopes flatter her beliefe of her husbands continuall stay and residence with her, her father in lawes lust to her, fore-seeing and considering, that it was impossible to thinke to obtaine her at home, e're her husband his sonne were againe employed and sent abroad, makes all his thoughts aime, and care and industry tend that way, as if time had no power to make him repent the former murder of his wife, or *Grave* influence to renounce the future defiling

defiling and dishonouring of his daughter in law.

But he is as constant in his lust to her, as resolute in his dispatching and sending away of him; onely hee must finde out some pregnant, vertuous and honourable pretext and colour, for the effecting of his designe and resolution: because he well knowes, his son *Castelnono* is as wise and generous in himselfe, as amorous of his beautifull young *Lady Perina*: but his lusty which is the cause of his resolution, or rather his vanity, which is the authour of his lust, at one time suggests him these two severall imployments for his sonne; either to send him into *France* with the *Prince Maior*, who was lately contracted, and shortly to espouse *Madame Christiene* the *Kings* second sister, or else vnder the insinuation of some great pensions and offices that were shortly to be disposed of in *Malta*, againe to send him backe thither: and his harping on these two strings, was the onely musicke and melody which he now gaue his sonne; who after he had a moneth or two at most, recreated himselfe in the sweet company of his deare and sweet wife *Perina*, hee least of all aiming whereat his father aimed, by his absence againe giues way, and consents to his desires of his departure: onely the choyce of these two different imployments is yet questionable & vnresolved of: twixt the father and the sonne. For as the sonnes curiosity desired to see the *Court of France*, which as yet hee hath not seen: so his fathers lost and malice is to haue him returne honourably to *Malta*; from whence hee hath formerly receiued his honour of Knighthood, and there to obtaine a Pension during the terme of his life. The sonne imbraceth the pleasures of the iour-

ney of *France*, before the profit and honour of the voyage of *Malta*. But the father aiming at other ends, preferres this of *Malta*, before that of *France*; so as time working an impression in his thoughts, and his fathers desire a kind of naturall command in his will, and of filiall obedience in his resolution, hee at last resolves on *Malta*. But as neither of these two enterprizes of young *Castelnovo* is pleasing, but distastfull to his young and faire Lady *Perina*: So if her affliction and misery be such, as of the two her husband must needs attempt and prosecute one: then sith hee may goe into *France* by land, and cannot to *Malta*, but by sea: she at last, with an inforced willingnesse (sympathizing with his first inclination) likewise desireth that the object of his journey, and the period of his voyage be *France*, and not *Malta*; as relying rather in hearing from him to stand at the speed and fidelity of a Poast, then at the inconstancy of the winds, and the mercy of the seas. So all things prepared and ready for his voyage, *Perina* importunately begging, and her husband *Castelnovo* confidently promising his speedy returne; she conducting him over the Hill to *Villafranca* in her Coach, they there, with many reciprocall kisses, sighes and teares, take leave each of other; hee imbarcking himselfe vpon a *French* Galley, bound from *Marseilles* to *Malta*, (which stopt there accidentally:) and she committing him to the auspicious fauour of the winde and sea, very sorrowfully returnes for *Nice*.

Thus leauing the sonne floting and waisting on the seas, let vs againe returne to his vnnaturall and beastly father, who seeing his wife gone to *Heauen*, and his sonne to *Malta*, and all things hitherto to succeed

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according

according to his lasciuious desires, doth now assure himselfe, that either by faire or soule meanes hee will reape his pleasure of his beautifull daughter in law *Perina*. To which end hee giues her the sole gouernment and superintendance of his house, with intent and hope the sooner to gouerne, and surer to command her: and so forgetting modesty, and his lust giuing a law to his conscience; fiftene dayes are scarce past, till finding her alone in her chamber playing on her Lute, he, after some pauses, coughes, and kisses, bewrayes and vomiteth her soorth his feruent affection and desire.

But for mine owne part, I highly disdaine to pollute and vilifie this *History*, with the obscene and lasciuious speeches, wherewith this old *Lecher Castelnouo* courts this young Lady *Perina* his daughter in law, as holding them as vnworthy of my relation, as of my Readers knowledge; of my modest pen, as of their chaste eares, onely iudging of their nature and quality, by their effects. The beastlinesse and vnexpectednesse thereof, first made *Perina* extremely blush for shame and choller, and then immediately againe looke pale with griefe and disdaine; when not able to brooke, or hearken to his lewd speeches, much lesse his hatefull presence; she, in the defence and preferuation of her chastity, which shee preferred before her life, giuing him a sharpe answer, and a bitter denial, and grieving to see a father so gracelesse and impious, to seeke to defile his owne sonnes bed in her dishonour, she throwes away her Lute; and so very hastily and chollerickly abandoneth his presence, and her owne chamber. At which he bites his lip for rage, and hangs downe his head.

head for indignation. But at last, sinne and the diuell raigning in him, makes that he will not take this her first repulse for his last answere and deniall: but resolute to perseuere in his lubricity, hee in euery walke, garden and roome, frequents and haunts her as her ghost, as thinking to obtaine that from her through his importunity, which hee could not by his perswasion: but this his impudency shall not preuaile.

Now as his sinfull motion infinitely grieued her, so his perseuerance and importunacy therein doth doubly afflict and torment her: how to appease this storme, to quench the fire of his lust, and deface the remembrance and feeling of her griefe, she knowes not. For alas, alas, she is so vnhappy, as her owne father *Arconeto*, and her Aunt *Dominica* are at *S. Iohn de Mauriene*, her sweet and deare husband in *Malta*, and her mother in law, the *Lady Fidelia* in heauen; so as shee hath no intimate nor secret familiars, nor any bosome friend to reueale these her sorrowes and afflictions. Once she thought to steale away from *Nice*, so to passe the Mountaines, and to flie backe to *S. Iohn de Mauriene*: but againe considering the dishonour, and withall, the danger to vndertake this iourney, as also the cold reception and entertainment shee should there finde of her owne hard-hearted father, who would rather deride then pittie her afflictions: she altereth this her resolution, and so resolues a little longer to stay in *Nice*, hoping & praying, that *God* would rectifie her father in law *Castelnovo's* iudgement, and reforme the errours of his lasciuious thoughts and desires. And so for her part, hating the father as much as she loued the sonne her husband, hee could not bee

more prodigall of his lewd speeches and tentations to her, then shee was of her sighes & teares to vnderstand and repell them. A thousand times shee wisheth her selfe in *Malta*, with the Knight her husband, or hee in *Nice* with her: and could her body so soone haue flown or sailed thither as her thoughts, he had long since inioyed the happinesse of her presence, and she the felicity of his fathers absence. But sith shee is too miserable to be so fortunate, she hath yet this consolation left her to sweeten the bitternesse of her afflictions, and this hope to reuiue and comfort her against her despaire, that her Letter may procure his speedy returne from *Malta* to *Nice*. Whereon resoluing, although the occasion and grounds thereof were as strange as shamefull, shee secretly steales to her chamber, and locking her doore to her, takes her pen and paper, and rather with teares then Ink, writes him these few lines:

Although mine eyes and heart can better weepe and sigh forth mine afflictions, then my pen depaints them, yet I should infinitely wrong thee in my selfe, and my selfe in thee, if I informe thee not by this my Letter (the secret Ambassadour of my heart) that my affection deserues, and mine honour requires thy speedy returne to me, I would unlocke thee this mystery, and make it more obuius and apparant to the eye of thine vnderstanding, but that mine owne modesty, and anothers shame commands my pen to silence herein. And againe, my teares so confusedly & mournfully interrupt my sighes, they my teares, & both my pen, as although I haue the will, yet I want the power to enlarge thee. Only my deare Castelnouo, if euer thy Perina were dear to thee, make her happy with thy sight, who deems her selfe not only miserable, but accursed in thy absence. For till *Nice* be thy *Malta*, Heauē may, Earth cannot reioyce me.

PERINA.

Having written this her letter, she findes a confident and intimate friend of her husbands a *Gentleman*, named *Seignior Benedetto Sabia*, who vndertakes the safe conueyance, and secret deliuey thereof in *Malta* to *Castelnouo*: so giuing it him with store of gold, to defray the charge of his iourney, as also a paire of gold bracelets for a token to her Knight and husband, he imbarques for *Genoua*, so to *Naples*, & from thence in a *Neopolitan* Galley, arriues in short time, to the renowned and famous Ile of *Malta*, the inexpugnable Bulwarke of *Christendome*, and the curbe and bridle of audacious insulting *Turky*, where finding out the Knight, *Seignior Francisco de Castelnouo*, he effectually and fairely deliuers him his Ladies letter, bracelets and message, who withdrawing himselfe to a window, hath no sooner broken vp the seales, and read the letter, but he is at first much perplexed at the vnexpected newes thereof: he reads it o're againe and againe, and findes it so obscure, as hee cannot gather or conceiue her meaning therein: but at last construing it onely to be a wile and fetch of her affection, to re-fetch and call him home to *Nice* to her: he loth as yet to lose and abandon his hopes of preferment in that *Iland*, which now the *Great Master* hath promised him, dispatcheth *Sabia* backe for *Nice*, and plucking off a rich *Emerauld* from his finger, deliuers it him for his Lady *Perina*, as a token of his deare and seruent affection, and with it a Letter in answere of hers.

In the *Interim* of *Sabia* his absence to *Malta*, our old lasciuious Baron *Castelnouo* is not idle in *Nice*, in still seeking to draw our Lady *Perina* to his adul-

terous desire, and will, yea, he is become so obscene in his requests and speeches, as they not onely exceed chastity, but ciuility: so as she (poore Lady) can finde no truce, nor obtaine any intermission from these his beastly sollicitations, but resoluing still to preserue her honour with her life; her pure chastity shines cleerer in the midst of these his impure temptations, then the Sunne doth, being enuironed and incompassed with many obscure clouds: but shee thinkes euery houre, *yeere*, before shee see her Knight *Castelnou* safely returned from *Malta*, when lo, *Sabia* arriuing at *Villafranca*, trips ouer to *Nice*, and vnderstanding *Perina* priuately bolted vp in her Chamber, he repaires to her, and there deliuers her, her Knight *Castelnou's* Ring and Letter, although not himselfe; when tearing off the Seales, she therein findes these words:

M*Y faire and deare Perina, the knowledge of thy sighes and teares the more afflict and grieue me, in respect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occasioneth them: 'tis true, thy affection deserues my returne, and the preseruatiō of thine honour, not onely to request, but to require and command it: but I am so assured of that, and so confident of this, as I know thou wilt carry the first to thy graue, and the second to heauen: So, if any one since my departure haue falne in loue with thy beauty, thou must not finde it strange, much lesse grieue thereat, sith the excellency thereof hath power, not onely to captiuate one, but many: yea, the consideration thereof should rather reioyce, then afflict thee, sith whatsoeuer hee be, the shame in the end will remaine his, and the glory thine. But Deare and*
Sweet

Sweet Lady, *I thinke thine honour is onely the pretext, and thy affection the cause, so earnestly to desire my returne: whereunto I would willingly consent, but that the daily expectation of my preferment, must a little longer detain mee heere: onely this is my resolution, and I pray let it be thy assurance, I will dispatch my affaires here with all possible expedition, and shall neuer thinke my selfe happy, till I imbarke from Malta, and land at Nice.*

CASTELNUOVO.

Hauing o're-read her Letter, she, the better to dissemble her secret passions and griefes, very courteously conferres with *Sabia*: of whom hauing for that time thankfully taken her leave, she for meere sorrow and affliction, throwes her selfe on her bed, from thence on the floore, to see her hopes deceiued of her husbands returne; and now she knowes neither what to say or doe in this her misery and perplexity: for she sees that her father in lawes obstinacy, and consequently her sorrowes, grow from bad to worse, that he is so farre from reclaimeing, as he is resolute in his lasciuious and beastly sollicitations: So that seeing his faire speeches and entreaties cannot preuaile with her, hee exchangeth his resolution and former language, and so addes threats to his requests, and frownes to his smiles, as if force should extort and obtaine that, which faire meanes could not, yea, and sometimes hee entermingleth and administred her such heart-killing menaces, as she hath now reason, not onely to doubt of his lust, but also to feare his reuenge: which considering, she, as well to preserue her honour, as to prouide for the safety of her life, will
once

once againe proue the kindnesse of her owne vnkinde father *Arconeto*, and so determineth to leaue *Nice*, and to flie vnto *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* : now to aslist and accompany her in this her secret escape, shee thinkes none so fit as *Sabia*, who for her husbands affection, and her owne vertues, willingly consenteth to her: so she preparing her apparell, and he her traine, they in a darke night (when pale-faced *Cynthia* inuoloped herselfe in a multitude of blacke and obscure clouds, purposely to assist and fauour her in this her laudable and honourable flight) take horse, and so with great expedition passe the mountaines, and recouer *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, where though she be not truely welcome to her owne father *Arconeto* : yet her honour and her life are truly secured from the lust and reuenge of her lasciuious father in law *Castelnouo* : neuerthelesse the cause and manner of her escape, but chiefly the consideration of her husbands absence in the passage of this businesse, doth still so bitterly afflict her, as she is become pale and sickly : whereupon she is resolute, once againe to send backe *Sabia* to *Malta* to her Knight and husband, with a second Letter, in hope it may effect and procure his returne, which her first could not : and so calling for pen and paper, she traceth thereon these few lines :

Sith thou wilt not leaue *Malta*, to see *Nice* for my sake,
 I haue left *Nice*, to liue, or rather to die in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* for thine : 'tis true, my affection hath desired thy returne, which thou hast not graunted me : 'tis as true, that one, to whom Nature hath giuen a prime and singular interest in thee, and thee in him, hath sought the desolation

tion of mine honour, which my heart and duie haue denied him: thou art confident of my affection to thee: if thine had beene so faithfull and seruient to my selfe, neither sea nor land had had power to separate vs: if any preferment be dearer to thee then my life, stay in Malta: or if my life be dearer then it, then returne to Saint Iohn de Mauriene, where thou mayest finde me, for in Nice I will not be found of thee: hadst thou not purposely mistaken the cause for the pretext in my importunity of thy returne, I would haue digested it with farre more content, and lesse affliction: but sith neither my affection, or honour hath power to effect it, at least let the regard of my life, sith that will not accompany me, if thou any longer absent thy selfe from mee: make therefore haste to see thy Perina, if euer thou thinke to see her againe, and let her beare this one content to her graue, that shee may disclose thee a secret, which, but to thy selfe, shee will conceale from all the world.

PERINA.

Whiles *Sabia* is againe speeding toward *Malta*, with *Perina's* second Letter to her husband *Castelnouo*, we will a little speake of old *Castelnouo* the father, who seeing his daughter in law *Perina* fled, and consequently his hopes with her, he is extremely perplexed and afflicted hereat: All the house and City is sought for her, and hee himselfe breakes off the locks of her Chamber-doore, where he findes the nest, but the bird flowne away, her bed, but not her selfe: so as his thoughts doubly torment & astonish him, first to be frustrated of his hopes & desires to enioy her, then, because shee will bewray his lasciuious suite and af-

fection to her husband his sonne, which of all sides will procure him not onely shame, but infamy: yea, now it is, although before he would not, that he sees his error, and vanity, in attempting to make shipwreck of her honour and chastity, which is the *Glory*, and should be the *Palladium* of Ladies: but it is too late to recover her againe: and therefore although he know how to repent, yet, he is ignorant how to remedy or redeeme it, with his attempt and enterprize was not onely odious to *God*, but infamous to men; opposite to *Grace*, and repugnant and contradictory to *Nature*: besides, this his lustfull folly proceeding from himselfe, lookes two waies, and hath a double reflection, first, on *Perina* the wife, then on *Castelnou* her husband and his owne sonne, who, he is assured will be all fire hereat; yea, this crime of his is of so high and so beastly a nature, as he knowes not what to say to him, or how to looke him in the face when he shall arriue from *Malta*, which his guilty conscience tels him will be shortly, neither doth the Calculation or Arithmetike of his feare deceiue him: for by this time is *Sabia* againe arriued at *Malta*, where he deliuers *Castelnou* his wifes second letter: the which doth so nettle and sting his heart to the quick, at the bitter and vnexpected newes it relates, as he esteemes himselfe no longer himselfe, because he is not with his deare wife, who is the one halfe, yea, the greatest part of himselfe: wherefore, admiring who in *Nice*, yea, in his fathers house should bee so impudently lasciuious, to seeke to blemish his honour, in that of his Ladies, he, making her sighes and teares his, with all expedition and haste, prouides for his departure from

from *Malta*, and yet his loue, his feare, or both con-
 ducting and concurring in one, makes him instantly
 resolute to dispatch and returne *Sabia*, as the harbinger
 to proclaime his comming: the which he doth, and
 chargeth him with this letter to his faire wife, and
 deare Lady *Perina*.

THy sudden departure from *Nice*, to *Saint Iohn de*
Mauriene, doth equally afflict and amaze me: I burne
 with desire, to know as well the Author, as the cause there-
 of, that I may likewise know how to right thee in reuenging
 my selfe of him. I haue thought it fit to returne Signior
Sabia againe to thee, as soone as he arriued to me, being
 ready within two daies to imbarke as timely as himselfe:
 so that if winde and sea hate me not too much, in more lo-
 uing and fauouring him, I am confident to bring and de-
 liuer thee my selfe, as soone as he shall thee, this my Letter:
 and iudge whether I speake it from my heart and soule, sith
 the estimation of thy loue, and the preservation of thine
 honour make me already deeme minutes, moneths, and
 houres, yeeres; till my presence be made happy with thine.
 I come, faire *Perina*, sweet wife and deare Lady, I come:
 and if Heaven proue propitious to my most religious pray-
 ers, and desires here on earth, our meeting shall be shortly as
 sweet and happy, as our parting was bitter and sorrowfull.

CASTELNUOVO,

So according to this his Letter, as first *Sabia* im-
 barks from *Malta* to *Nice*, before him, so he likewise
 arriues at *Genoua*, the day after hee did at *Nice*, from
 whence poasting o're the mountaines, hee arriues at
Saint Iohn de Mauriene, where, at his father in law *Ar-*

aconeto's house, he findes his deare & sweet Lady *Perina*, who euery minute of time, with much impatient longing & desire, expected his arriuall (as hauing the night before receiued his second and last letter by *Sabia* which aduertised her thereof) so like true and faithfull Turtle doues, esteeming each others presence their most soueraigne felicity, they fall to their billing and kisses, to informe themselues, how sweet this their happy meeting was each to other. And here our Knight *Castelnouo* cannot be so curious or hastie to enquire, as his Lady *Perina* was to relate the cause of her sudden departure from *Nice* to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, occasioned by the vnnaturall lust & lasciuiousnesse of his father (as we haue formerly vnderstood) the which with many sighs and teares, she depaints forth to him in all its circumstances and colours. He is amazed at this strange and vnexpected newes, and farre the more to thinke, that his own father should (in the winter of his age) attempt or seeke to defile his honor & bed, in the person of this his faire and chaste Lady *Perina*: he wondereth to see so little *Grace* in so many yeeres, & that if Nature had not, yet Religion should haue had power to banish these lasciuious thoughts from his heart and memory: so with out-spread arms, he tenderly embraceth & kisseth her, highly extolling her chastity, & applauding the discreet carriage of her escape: being himselfe resolute to stay in *S^t. Iohn de Mauriene*, with her father *Aconeto*, & not to returne to *Nice*, to his owne father *Castelnouo*: but he shall as soone infringe, as make this his resolution: for by this time, his father vnderstanding of his sons returne from *Malta*, to *S^t. Iohn de Mauriene*, and knowing that his Lady *Perina* had not fail'd to be-
wray

wray him his lasciuious suit & desire attēpted against her honour, as also grieuing at the remembrance of his former folly and future shame, in knowing what a foule scandall both it and his sonnes absence would procure and ingender him, he resolues to confesse his crime, and so by the mediation of a perswasive and satisfying Letter, to indeuour to reclaime them againe from S^t. Iohn de Mauriene to Nice, when calling for pen and paper, he writes these few insuing lines, and sends them his sonne by a Gentleman of his:

I Am as glad of thy arriual from Malta, as sorrowfull for thy absence from Nice: and sith to deny, is to redouble our errors and imperfections, I will not go further then my selfe to find the cause thereof, sith I know, that my lasciuious and gracelesse attempt against the honour of thy chaste Lady, hath drawne thee to this resolution: but now I write it to my future comfort, as much as I conceiued it to my former shame; that Grace hath vanquished Nature; and Religion, lust in me: so as I am at present not only sorrowfull, but repentant for that crime of mine, which I will no more remember but with horroure, nor thinke of, but with detestation. My soule hath made my peace with God, and my heart desires to recontract it both with thy selfe and her: and as I hope he will forget it, so I beseech you both to forgieue it me, being ready to confirme this my reconciliation, as well with my tongue, as pen. Wherfore sith thou art the sole prop of my age, and comfort of my life; make me not so vnfortunate or miserable, to be tax't with the scandall of my shame, and thy absence; but bring backe thy Lady with thee: For heere I professe before heauen and earth, that I will henceforth as much honor her for her chastity, as heretofore I lasciuiously sought to betray and violate it.

CASTELNOVO.

This vertuous and religious Letter of the father preuailes with the sonne, and his faire and chaste *Lady*; so as their secrecies and discretion hush vp this busines in silence, and within eight dayes they both returne from *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, to *Nice*: where they are courteously welcomed, and respectiueley receiued and entertained of their father, whose contrition for his former folly is outwardly so great, as he hath teares in his eyes at the remembrance thereof: so as making good the promise of his Letter, he very penitently and sorrowfully implores their pardon and remission, which they instantly grant him, with as much willingness as alacrity. So the report and thought hereof is obscured, and vanished, as if it had neuer been; and all things and parties so reconciled, as to common sense nothing in the world is capable to trouble the tranquillity of this reconciliation and atonement. But alas, alas, we shall very briefly see the contrary: For old *Castlono* y father, notwithstanding all these religious promises, and sincere shewes of repentance and teares, is so farre from being the man he seemes to bee, as although he haue made his peace with his sonne and daughter, yet ay me, I write it with grieve, he hath not with his conscience, nor his conscience with *God*: for although he haue a chaste and religious tongue, yet he still retaineth a lasciuious and adulterate heart: yea, he is so farre from conuersion and reformation, as the new sight and reuiue of the *Lady Perina's* fresh and delicate beaurty doth reuiue those sparkes, and refresh those flames of his lust, which seemed to bee raked vp in the embers of her absence. And what is this, but to be a *Christian* in shew, and a miscreant in effect? to hide a soule

a soule soule vnder a faire face? and to make *Religion* and hypocrisie, a satall and miserable cloke for his villany? But though he dissemble with *God*, yet wee shall see, and hee finde, that *God* will not dissemble with him; and in thinking to betray *God*, Satan in the end will betray him. The manner is thus:

As he resumes his old suit, and newly burnes in loue and lustful desire, to erect the trophées of his lasciuious & incestuous pleasures, vpon the ruines of his daughter in lawes chastity and honour; so hee likewise sees it impossible, to thinke to performe, or hope to accomplish it, as long as his sonne her husband liues; and therefore losing his iudgement either in the *Labyrinth* of her beauty, or in the turbulent *Ocean* of his owne concupiscence and lust; hee, contrary to the rules of *Grace*, and the lawes and principles of *Nature*, swappes a bargain with the diuell to poyson him. To which end, to shew himselfe the monster of men, and the bloodyest president of a most degenerate father, which this, or many precedent ages euer produced or afforded; he hath againe recourse to his hellish *Agent Ierantha*, in fauour of fīue hundred Ducats, to send the sonne into *Heauen* after the mother, and to make him equall with her, as in nature, so in (the dissolution thereof) death: a bloody designe, and mournfull proiect, which we shall presently be inforced to see acted vpon the Theater of this *History*. But *Ierantha* is at first so repentant for the death of the mother, as she will not consent to that of the sonne. And had she continued in this religious resolution, she had liued more fortunately, and not dyed so miserably and shamefully, as we shall briefly see. For our old *Lecher Castelnouo*, her Master,

Master, seeing his gold could not this second time preuaile with *Ierantha*, being equally inflamed as well with lust to *Perina*, as with malice and reuenge to his sonne *Castelnou* her husband: hee is so implacable therein, as hee promiseth to marry her, if shee will attempt and performe it. So although his first battery failed, yet his second doth not. For the diuell had made her so ambitious of Greatnesse and honour, that of a simple waiting *Gentlewoman*, to become a great *Lady*, shee consents heereunto: and which is a thousand pities to report, within lesse then six dayes performes it; when (*God* knowes) the innocency of of this harmelesse young *Gentleman* his sonne neuer dreamt or suspected it.

At the sight of this his sudden death, his Lady *Perina* is ready to dye for griefe; yea to drowne her selfe in the *Ocean* and deluge of her teares; tearing her haire, and striving to deface the excellency of her beauty, with a kind of carelesse neglect, as if she were resolute not to suruiue him. And if the Lady *Perina* bewrayed many deplorable demonstrations of sorrow for the death of her husband, no lesse doth his father *Castelnou* for that of his sonne; only their griefes (conformable to their passions) are diametrically different and opposite: for hers were seruent and true, as proceeding from the sincerity of her affection; and his hypocritical and faigned, as deriued from the profundity of his malice and reuenge towards him. And not to transgresse from the *Decorum* and truth of our *History*, old *Castelnou* could not so artificially beare and ouer-vaille his sorrowes for his sonnes death, but (the premises considered) our young afflicted widow and
Lady

Lady vehemently suspecteth hee hath a hand therein; and likewise partly beleeueth that *Ierantha* is likewise accessary and ingaged therein, in respect shee lookes more aloft, and is growne more familiar with her Lord and Master then before. And indeed as her sorrowes increase her ielousie, so her ielousie throwes her into a passionate and violent resolution of reuenge, both against him and her, if shee can bee surely assured that they had murdered and poysoned the Knight her husband.

Now to be assured hereof, she thus reasoneth with her selfe, that if her father-in-law were the murderer of his sonne her husband, his malice and hatred to him proceeded from his beastly lust to her selfe; and that he now dispatched, hee would againe shortly reuiue and renew his old lasciuious suit to her: which if he did, shee vowes to take a sharpe and cruell reuenge of him, which shee will limit with no lesse then his death. And indeed wee shall not goe farre to see the euent and truth answer her suspicion. For within a moneth or two after her husband was laid in his vntimely graue, his old lustfull and lasciuious father doth againe burst and vomit forth his beastly solicitations against her chastity and honour: which obseruing, shee somewhat disdainfully and coyly puts him off, but yet not so passionately nor chollerickly as before, only of purpose to make him the more eager in his pursuit, thereby the better to draw him to her lure, that shee might perpetrate her malice, and act her reuenge on him, and so make his death the obiect of her rage and indignation, as his lust and malice were the cause of the sorrowes of her life. But vnfortunate and miserable

Lady, what a bloody and hellish enterprize dost thou engage thy selfe in, and why hath thy affection so blinded thy conscience and soule, to make thy selfe the author and actor of so mournfull and bloody a Tragedy? For *alas, alas, sweet Perina*, I know not whether more to commend thy affection to thy husband, or condemn thy cruell malice intended to his father. For O griefe, O pity! where are thy vertues, where is thy Religion, where thy conscience, thy soule, thy God, thus to giue thy selfe ouer to the hellish tentations of Satan? Thou which heretofore fledst from adultery, wilt thou now follow murder? or because thy heart would not bee accessary to that, shall thy soule be now so irreligious and impious, to bee guilty of this? But as her father in law is resolute in his lust towards her, so is she likewise in her reuenge towards him, and farre the more, in that she perceiues *Ieraniha's* great belly sufficiently proclaimes, that she hath plaid the strumpet; and which is worse, she seates, with her execrable and wretched father in law: so as now no longer able to stop the furious and impetuous current of her reuenge, she is so gracelesse and bloody, as she vows, first, to dispatch the *Lord* and Master, then, the waiting *Gentlewoman*: as her thoughts and soule suggest her they had done first the mother, then, the sonne: so impious are her thoughts, so inhumane, and bloody her resolutions.

Now in the *Interim* of this time, the old Lecher her father is again become impudent and importunate in his suite. So our wretched *Lady Perina* degenerating frō her former vertues, & indeed frō her selfe, she, after many requests and sollicitations, very fainedly seems

to yeeld and strike saile to his desire, but indeed with a bloody intent to dispatch him out of this world. So hauing concluded this sinfull fatall match, there wants nothing but the finishing and accomplishing thereof; onely they differ in the manner and circumstances: the father is desirous to goe to the daughter in lawes bed, the daughter to the father in lawes; but both conclude that the night, and not the day, shall giue end to this lasciuious and beastly businesse: his reason is, to auoyd the ielousie and rage of *Ierantha*, whom now, although she be neere her time of deliuerance, hee refuseth to marry her; but the Lady *Perina's* is, that shee may pollute and staine his owne bed with his blood, and not hers: but especially because shee may haue the fitter meanes to stabbe and murther him; and heereon they conclude. To which end, not onely the night, but the houre is appoynted betwixt them: which being come, and *Castellano* in bed, burning with desire and impatiency for her arriual, he thinking on nothing but his beastly pleasures; nor shee, but on her cruell malice and reuenge: she softly enters his chamber, but not in her night, but her day attire, hauing a *Pisa* Ponyard close in her sleue; when, hauing bolted his chamber dore, because none should prevent or diuert her from this her bloody designe; shee approching his bed, and he lifting himselfe vp purposely to welcome and kisse her; she seeing his brest open and naked, like an incensed fury, drawes out her Ponyard, and vttering these words: *Thou wretched whoremaster and murtherer, this life of thine I sacrifice to mine owne honour, and the death of my deare Knight and husband, thy sonne.* And so stabbing him at the heart with many blowes, she kills him

starke dead, and leaues him reeking in his hot blood, without giuing him time to speake a word; onely hee fetch't a screeke and groane or two, as his soule tooke her diuorce and last farewell of his body. Which being ouer heard of the seruants of the house, they ascend his chamber, and finde our inhumane Lady *Perrina* issuing forth, all gored with the effusion of his blood, hauing the bloody Ponyard, which was the fatal instrument of this cruell murder, in her hand. They are amazed at this bloody and mournfull spectacle: so they seize on her: and the report heereof flying thorow the City, the criminall *Judges* that night cause her to be imprisoned for the fact: which she is resolu'd no way to deny, but to acknowledge, as rather glorying then grieving thereat.

Ierantha at the very first vnderstanding hereof, vehemently suspects that her two poysoning murders will now come to light: and so as great as her belly is, she, to prouide for her safety, very secretly steales away to a deare friends house of hers in the City, which now from all parts rattleth and resoundeth of this cruell and vnaturall murder: yea it likewise passeth the *Alpes*, and is speedily bruted and knowne in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, where although her father *Arconeto* would neuer heretofore affect her, yet hee now exceedingly grieues at this her bloody attempt and imminent danger; but her irregular affection, and inhumane reuenge, will not as yet permit her conscience to informe and shew her the hainousnesse of her cruell and bloody fact. But *God* will be more mercifull to her and her soule.

Some two dayes after, she is arraign'd for the same, where

where she freely confesseth it, having nothing to allege for her excuse, but that shee perfectly knew, that her father in law *Castelnuovo* and his strumpet *Ierantha*, had at least poysoned the Knight her husband, if not likewise the Lady *Fidelia* his mother: the which although they had some reason and ground to suspect, because of *Ierantha's* sudden flight, yet sith this could no way diminish, or extenuate her murther of her father in law, they condemne our vnfortunate Lady *Perina* to be hanged, and so re-send her to prison, to prepare her selfe to dye. But the aduice of some, and the friendship and compassion of others, as pittying her youth and beauty, and commending her chastity and affection to her Knight and husband, counsell and perswade her to appeale from this sentence of the Court of *Nice*, to the Senate of *Chambery* (which is the soueraigne and capitall of *Sauoy*) whither wee shall shortly see her conducted and brought.

In which meane time, let vs obserue the wonderfull iustice and prouidence of *God*, shewed likewise vpon this execrable wayting Gentlewoman *Ierantha*, for so cruelly poysoning the Lady *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Castelnuovo* her sonne, who, although search were every where made for her, yet she hauing hush'd her selfe vp priuately, albeit her bloody thoughts and guilty conscience for the same, continually torture and torment her: yet shee is so impious and gracelesse, as she no way feares the danger of the law, and much lesse the severe tempest of *Gods* indignation and reuenge: which now notwithstanding in the midst of her security, will according to her bloody deserts

and crimes) suddenly surprize and overtake her: for now this accident of her Lord *Castelmou's* murder, and of the Lady *Perina's* imprisonment, or to speake more properly and truly, of *Gods* sacred decree and diuine Iudgement, throwes her into the sharpe and bitter paines of trauell for childe: with whose heart-killing gripes, and conuulsions, she is so miserably tortured and tormented, as she her selfe, her Mid-wife and all the women neere her, iudge and thinke it impossible for her to escape death: when seeing no hope of life, and that already her pangs and torments had made her, but as it were the very image and anatomy of death, she begins to looke from sinne to repentance, from *Earth* to *Heauen*, and from *Satan* to *God*: and so taking on, and assuming a Christian resolution, she will not charge her soule with the concealing of this single adultery, much lesse of her double murders; but very penitently confesseth all, as well it, as them; and so commits her selfe to the vnparalleled, and mercilesse mercies of her paines and torments: hoping they will speedily send her from this world, to a better. But her adultery and murders are such odious and execrable crimes in *Gods* sight, as he will free her from these dangers of child-birth, and because worthy, will reserue her for a shamefull and infamous death. So she is safely deliuered of a young son (who is more faire then happy) as being the off-spring of lasciuious parents, and the issue of a most adulterous bed, and by *Gods* prouidence, and her owne confession, she, for these her beastly and bloody crimes, is the second day committed to prison, and the third hang'd and burnt in *Nice*, and her ashes throwne into the


theyre A iust reward and punishment; for schellish and inhumane a *Gentleman*: who, though otherwaies shee shewed many testimonies and signes of repentance at her end, yet her crimes were so foule and odious to the world, as at her death shee was so miserable, as shee found not one spectator, either to weepe for her, or to lament, or condole with her.

And now to shut vp this History, let vs carry our curiosities and expectations from *Nice*, to *Chambery*, and from dead *Ierantha*, to our liuing *Perina*: where that graue and illustrious *Senate*, in consideration of her famous chastity, and singular affection to the Knight her husband, as also her Noble parentage and tender yeeres; they moderate the sentence of *Nice*, for murdering her father in law *Castelnovo*, and so in stead of hanging, adiudge her there to haue her right hand cut off, and her selfe to perpetuall imprisonment in *Nice*: where *Gods* sacred iustice for this her bloody murder, and the remembrance of her dead husband, and liuing sorrowes, so sharply torment and afflict her, as she liued not long in prison, but exceedingly pined away of a languishing consumption; and so very sorrowfully and repentantly ended her daies; being exceedingly lamented of her kins-folkes, and pittied of all her acquaintance: and, had not her affection beene blinded, and her rage and reuenge too much triumphed o're her thoughts and resolutions, she had liued as happy, as she died miserable; and haue serued for as great a *Grace* and ornament to her countrey, as *Ierantha* and old *Castelnovo* her father in law were a scandall and shame.

Thus

Thus wee see, how Gods reuenging Iustice still
meetes with murther. O that we may read this Hi-
story with feare, and profit thereby in reformation,
that dying to sinne, and liuing to righteousness,
we may peaceably dye in this world, and
gloriously liue and raigne in
that to come.

THE



THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST the crying and execrable sinne of Murther.

History X.

Bertolini seeks Paulina in marriage, but she loves Sturio and not himself: he prays her brother Brellati his deare friend to sollicit her for him, which he doth, but cannot preuaile; whereupon Bertolini lets fall some disgracefull speeches, both against her honour, and his reputation, for which Brellati challengeth the field of him: where Bertolini kills him, and he flies for the same. Sturio seeks to marry her, but his father will not consent thereto, and so conueyes him away secretly, for which two disasters Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio findes out Bertolini, and sends him a challenge, and hauing him at his mercie, giues him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kills Sturio, with a Petronell in the streete from a window: He is taken for this second murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.



Albeit, that Valour be requisite in a Gentleman, (and one of his most essentiall Vertues and proper ornaments) yet sith Charity is the true marke and character of a Christian, we should not rashly resolue to hazard the

losse of our liues for the preseruatiō of the meere title, and vaine point of our honour: but rather religiously endeūour to saue our soules in that of our owne liues, as also of those of our *Christian* brethren: for in *Duells* and single Combats, (which though the heat of youth and reuenge seeme to allow, yet, reason will not, and *Religion* cannot) did we only hazzard our bodies, and not our soules, then our warrant to fight, were in earth as iust, as now the hazzarding of our soules and bodies is odious and distastefull to *Heauen*, sith in seeking to deface man the creature, we assuredly attempt to strike, and stabbe at the *Maiesie of God the Creator*: but if there be any colour or shadow of honour to kill our aduersary, for the preseruatiō of the vaine point of our honour: what an ignoble ingratitude, and damnable impiety is it, for a *Gentleman* likewise treacherously to kill another, of whom hee hath formerly receiued his life? yea, as *Grace* fights against this former sort of fighting, so both *Grace* and *Nature* impugne and detest this second sort of murther: A wofull and mournfull president whereof, I here represent in the person of a base and wretched Gentleman, whose irregular affection to a Lady, first slue her brother in the field; and execrable reuenge to her loue, next drew him treacherously to murther him in the street; and consequently, to his owne condigne punishment, and shamefull death for the same. May all such bloody murderers still meet with such ends: and may his miserable and infamous death premonish all other Gentlemen, to liue and become more charitable, and lesse bloody by his example.

The

The friendship and familiarity betwixt *Seignior John Battista Bertolini*, and *Seignior Leonardo Brellati*, two Noble young *Gentlemen*, native and resident of the City of *Rome*, was (without intermission) so intire and intimate, for the space of sixe whole yeeres, which led them from their yeeres of foureteene to twenty, as it seemed they had but one heart in two bodies, and that it was impossible for either of them to be truly merry, if the other were absent: and surely, many were the reasons which layd the foundation of this friendship; for as they were equall in yeeres, so their statures and complexions resembled, and their humors and inclinations sympathized: likewise they were ancient schoole-fellowes, and neere neighbours: for their parents both dwelt betwixt the *Palaces* of the two *Cardinals*, *Farnesi* and *Caponius*: or if there were any disparity in their dignities and worths, it consisted onely in this, *Bertolini's* parents were richer then *Brellati's*, but *Brellati* was more Nobly discended then *Bertolini*: which notwithstanding could no way impeach or hinder the progresse of their friendship, but rather it flourished with the time: so as they increasing in yeeres, they likewise did in affection, as if they were ambitious of nothing so much in this world, as not onely to imitate, but to surpasse the friendship of *Orestes* and *Pillades*, and of *Damon* and *Pithias*: whereof, all who knew them and their parents, yea, all that part and diuision of *Rome*, tooke deepe and singular notice: but to shew that they were men, and not Angels, and consequently subiect to frailty not inherent to perfection, that earth was not *Heauen*, nor *Rome* the shaddow thereof; haue we but a little patience,

we shall shortly see, the thred of this friendship cut off, the props and fortifications thereof razed, battered, and layd leuell with the ground, yea, we shall see time, change with time, friendship turned into enmitie, fellowes to foes, loue to loathing, courtesie to crueltye, and in a word, life to death: as obserue the sequell of this History, and it will briefly informe yee how.

Bertolini sees that *Brellati* hath a faire and delicate sister, named *Dona Paulina*; somewhat younger then himselfe, and yet not so young, but that the clock of her age hath stricken eighteene, and therefore proclaimed her at least capeable, if not desirous of marriage, and although hee be a nouice in the *Art* of loue, yet *Nature* hath made him so good a scholler in the principles and rudiments thereof, as hee sees her faire, and therefore must loue her; rich in the excellency and delicacy of beautie, and therefore is resolute to loue her, and onely her: for gazing on the influence and splendor of her piercing eyes, hee cannot behold them without wonder, and then prying and contemplating on the roseat and lilly tincture of her cheekes, he cannot see these without admiration, nor refraine from admiring them without affection: but againe, remarking the slenderesse of her bodie, and the sweetnesse of her Vertues, and seeing her as gracious as faire, and that her inward perfections added as much lustre to her exteriour beautie, as this reflected ornament and decoration to these; he, as young as he was, vowes himselfe her seruant, and withall swore, that either she, or his graue, must be his wife and Mistris.

Bertolini

Bertolini thus surprized and nettled with the beauty of his dearely sweet, and sweetly faire, *Paulina*; hee is inforced to neglect a great part of his accompanying the brother, thereby to court the sister: so hee many times purposely forsakes *Brellati*, to follow *Paulina*, and delights in nothing so much as in her presence: and (in that regard) in his absence, not that it was possible, in his conceit and imagination, for him any way to hate him, in louing her; rather, that in generall termes hee must loue *Brellati* for *Paulina's* sake; and in particular, onely affect her for his owne. And as his wealth and ambition made him confident he should obtaine her for his wife: so he in faire, amorous, and honourable tearmes, as well by his owne sollicitations, Letters, promises and presents, as by those of his parents, seeks her in marriage: yea and when these would not suffice, he, to shew himselfe as true as seruient a Louer, addes sighes, teares, prayers, and oathes. But all these sollicitors serue onely to betray and deceiue his hopes: for if *Bertolini* were extremely desirous to marry *Paulina*, she is as resolute not to match him: which discords in affection, seldome or neuer make any true harmony in mindes.

His wealth deceiuing him, hee hath recourse to her onely brother, and his best and dearest friend *Brellati*, to whom he relates the profundity and seruency of his affection to his sister *Paulina*, acquaints him with his suite, and her deniall; his attempt, and her repulse therein; and by the power and bonds of all their former friendship and familiarity, intreats and coniures him to become his oratour and aduocate towards her, in his behalfe; whose smiles, he alleageth, are his life,

and frownes, his death. *Brellati* hauing his generosity and iudgement blinded with the respect of *Bertolini* his wealth, as also of the affection he bore him; all other considerations laid apart, like a better friend to him, then a brother to his sister *Paulina*, promiset him his best furtherance and assistance in the processe of this his affection: and so, with his truest Oratory, best Eloquence, and sweetest Perswasion, begins to deale effectually with her herein. But as our hopes are subiect & incident to deceiue vs, so *Bertolini* and *Brellati* come farre too short of theirs: for *Paulina* in absolute and downe-right tearmes prayes her brother to informe and resolue *Bertolini*, that she hath otherwayes settled and ingaged her affection: and therefore prayes him to seeke another *Mistress*, sith she hath found another Louer and Seruant, with whom shee meanes to liue and dye. Her brother (for his friends sake) is extremely sorrowfull hereat, and prayes his sister to name him her seruant: she bindes him by oath to secrecie. So he swearing, she informes him it is *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, a very ancient Noble man of the City. He tels her, he is a Gentleman more noble then rich: and she replies, that *Bertolini* is more rich then noble; and therefore she will refuse him, and marry *Sturio*. He is as obstinate in his requests, as shee resolute in her denyall. So hauing performed the part of a friend for his friend, and commending the nobility and vertues of *Sturio*, as much as he pittied the weaknessse of his estate and wealth, hee leaues his sister to her affection and designs: and so with an vnwilling willingness (without any extenuation) deliuiers his friend *Bartolini* her definitiue answer; yet performes his

his promise to his sister, in concealing *Sturio* his name.

Bertolini is all in fire and choller at this newes, and begins no longer to look on his friend *Brellati* with the eyes of affection, but of contempt and indignation: and so consulting with his passion, not with his iudgement; with rage, and not with reason: as immoderate anger seldome lookes right, commonly squint-eyed; he in the heat of his wrath, and height of his reuenge, very much neglects and slights him, yea and most vnciuilly and abruptly departs from him, as if he were no longer worthy of the bare complement offarewell. Which *Brellati* wel obserues, and in obseruing, remembers, and in remembring, grieues at, sith *Bertolini* was his most intimate and dearest friend; and in whose behalfe, did occasion present, he was ready, not onely to sacrifice his best seruice, but his best life. Lo here the first breach and violation which *Bertolini* gives to their friendship: but the second is not farre behind: For in the next company hee meets, which was some two dayes after, walking in *Cardinall Earneſi* his Galleries, in presence of some foure or fiue other *Gentlemen*, both of his, and of *Brellati's* acquaintance, he forgot himselfe so much, as some demanding for his comfort *Brellati*, he chollerickly replied, that he was a base and beggerly *Gentleman*; and therefore henceforth disdained his company, and that his sister *Paulina* was a lasciuious and dissembling strumpet. But although the fire of his choller had foolishly banded forth these speeches in the ayre, yet they fell not to the ground; but some of the company then present, that very night report them to *Brellati*. It is impossible for my pen to relate

relate how passionately and tenderly hee takes it: yea his affliction and griefe heerein is farre the more redoubled, in that (contrary to his desires and wishes) hee is assured his sister *Paulina* is likewise acquainted with the vanity and iniustice of these speeches: the conceit and remembrance whereof, make her intraged and sorrowfull eyes powre forth many riuolets and riuers of teares, vpon the Roses and Lillies of her beauty. But as she is too impatient to rellish this scandalous affront and disparagement: so her brother *Brellati* is too generous and noble to digest it: whereof burning to know the truth; and resolving, if he found it true, sharply to reuenge it on *Bertolini*, hee passeth away the night in restless and distracted slumbers: And so the very next morne taking his sword and Lackey with him, he goes to *Bertolini* his fathers house, and meeting first with him, demands of him for his sonne *Seignior Iohn Battista Bertolini*. His father informes him he is in the Garden very solitarily walking, and prayes *Brellati* to goe to him; who needing not many requests, entreth, and with his hat in his hand approacheth him. *Bertolini* doth the like, and meets him halfe way: when he being pale for anger, and *Bertolini* blushing for shame, hee prayes him to exempt the Garden of his seruants, because he hath some thing to reueale and impart him in secret, which needeth no witness: when *Bertolini* commanding his seruants to depart, *Brellati* chargeth him with these disgracefull speeches, vomited forth two dayes since, against his honour; as also that of his onely deare sister *Paulina*, in *Cardinall Farnesi* his Palace, in presence of *Seignior Alessandro Fontani*, *Seignior Rhanusio Plurvinio*, and
Seignior

Seignior Antonio Voltomari (which words wee haue formerly vnderstood.)

Bertolini is no way dismayed or daunted hereat, either in courage or complection: and so losing his honour in his indiscretion, or rather burying his discretion in his dishonour; he with fire in his lookes, and thunder in his speeches, tells *Brellati* that he confesseth these speeches his; adding withal, that what his tongue hath affirmed, his sword shall be ready to make good and iustifie, whereon they couer: When *Brellati* demanding him if this were his last resolution, hee told him yea. Then (quoth he) I pray' expect mine shortly: and so without giuing each other the good morrow, they part; *Brellati* still leauing *Bertolini* in his fathers Garden. His sister *Paulina* hauing notice of her brothers speaking with *Bertolini*, very curiously and carefully awaits his returne; when rushing into his chamber, she, with teares, and sighes, demands him of the issue of his conference with *Bertolini*, and whether hee were so impudent to deliuer these dishonourable and base speeches both of her selfe and him. But her brother, like a true noble *Romane*, is too generous and braue to acquaint her with his designe and resolution: and so in generall tearmes prayes her, not to afflict her selfe at these speeches; and that this difference will be very shortly decided and ended, to her honour, and his owne content. Brother (quoth shee) if you will not right mine honour, and vindicate the vnspotted purity of my reputation, I am sure that my true Louer *Seignior Paulus Sturio* will, though with the hazard and losse of his owne life, had he but the least notice thereof. He shall not need, sister (quoth he:) for a day or two

C c

will

will reconcile and finish this businesse: and so for that time he leaues his sister *Paulina*, and shuts himselfe vp in his chamber; where, not long able to containe himselfe against the insolency and basenesse of *Bertolini*, he calls for pen and paper, and more respecting his honour then his life, writes him this challenge; the which immediately after dinner he sends him, by *Seignior Valerio*, a confident Gentleman his follower.

THy scandalous reports, like thy selfe, are so base, and I and my sister so honourably descended and bred, as I doubt not, but the disgrace and disparagement which thou hast vniustly offered vs, will as iustly retort and fall on thy selfe. And to the end thou maist finde, that my Sword is purposely reserued to correct and chastise thy tongue; as thou art a Romane, and a Gentleman, meet me single to morrow at five in the morne, without Port Popoli, in the next field behind Cardinal Borromeo's Palace; and there I will giue thee the choyce of two good Rapiers and Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refusall, to draw reason of thee for those wrongs wherewith thou hast iniuriously and maliciously traduced vs: and to write thee the truth, as I desire, so I can receiue no other satisfaction but this, whereunto thy malice inuites, and my honour obligeth me.

BRELLATI.

Valerio performes his part well, and fairely working and skrewing himselfe into *Bertolini's* presence, very secretly deliuers him his Masters challenge. *Bertolini* not ignorant, but coniecturing what it meanes, breaks off the scales: and at the perusall thereof, though his
cause.

cause be vniust and dishonourable, yet in his countenance and speeches, he shewes much constancy, fortitude and resolution; when considering they were to fight single, and that therefore *Valerio* could bee no second, he deeming his Master had concealed this secret businesse from him, contents himselfe to giue him onely this answer: Tell your Master *Seignior Brellati* from me, that I will not faile to meet him, according to his desire and appoyntment. And so *Valerio* takes his leaue, and departs: when finding out his Master, he reports him *Bertolini's* answer: whereat hee is so farre from being any way appald or daunted, as hee infinitely reioyceth thereat. In the meane time, he is curious in preparing two singular good Rapiers and Ponyards of equall length, hilts, and temper. And thus with much impatient patience (as reuenge is an enemy to sleepe) they not out-sleepe, but out-watch the night. So the morne and day stealing and breaking into their windowes, they are no sooner out of their beds, but into the field; their *Chirurgians* awaiting their arriuals by the *Pyramides*, in the place of *Port Popoli*, by which of necessity they were to passe: when, tying vp their horses to the hedges, like resolute *Gentlemen*, they throw off their doublets, commanding their *Chirurgians* not to stir from their stations, when, disdaining words, they both draw, and fall to deedes thus:

Brellati presenteth the first thrust, and *Bertolini* giues him the first wound in his left shoulder; whereat he is inflamed; and so returnes *Bertolini* the interest of a more dangerous one, on his right side; but it touch't neither his bowels nor quayse. They try againe: so

Brellati againe wounds *Bertolini* in his left hand, when his Rapier running thorow his sinewes and Arteries, he is no longer able to hold his Ponyard; but despight his resolution and courage, it falles out of his hand: which vnlook't for disaster doth much perplexe and afflict him. But *Brellati* is too generous and noble, to blemish or taint his honour, by taking any aduantage of this his aduersaries misfortune: and so, to cleere his doubts and scruples, very valiantly and brauely throws away his owne Ponyard to the hedge, that they might be as equall in weapons, as courage. But *Bertolini* will basely requite this courtesie: they retire and take breath; and so trauerfing their grounds, thereby to take the benefit of the Sunne, they againe ioyne: at the first cloze of this second meeting, *Brellati* runnes *Bertolini* into the right flanke, when withdrawing his Rapier, and leaping backe to put himselfe vpon his defensive guard and posture, his foot slipping, hee could not preuent falling to the ground: when *Bertolini* following him close, and beeing eager in his pursuit, and blood-thirsty in his reuenge, he forgetting *Brellati* his former courtesie, and working vpon the fortune of his misfortune, right then and there nailed him to the ground, & so redoubling his thrust, acted a perpetuall diuorce betwixt his body & soule: when *Brellati*'s Chirurgian shedding teares on his dead Master, and beginning to take order for his decent conueyance into the City, *Bertolini* takes vp his Chirurgian behinde him, and so with all possible speed and celerity (the better to auoyd the danger of the law) poasts o're y fields, and comes into *Mōunt Canallo* gate, & so husherh himself vp priuatly in a friēds house of his, neer his fathers.

All

All *Rome* beginnes to eccho forth and resound this murther; and farre the more, because *Bertolini* and *Brellati* were so deare and intimate friends: but as good newes comes alwaies lame, and bad rides poast: so within one houre of *Brellati* his murther, the newes thereof is brought first to his father, then to his Sister *Paulina*: whereat hee grieues, and shee stormes; hee sorroweth, and shee weepes and laments; and in a word, the father would, but cannot, and the daughter can, but will not be comforted, at this sad and mournfull tragedy. Neither must we forget, but remember *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, who louing *Paulina* a thousand times dearer then his owne life, is no sooner acquainted, but afflicted with this newes of *Brellati* his death, as being his deare friend, and which is more, the onely brother of his dearest and onely Mistris, *Paulina*: so, as Louers and friends being best knowne and discerned in calamities and afflictions, hee repaires to her, condoles with her, and vseth his chiefest Art and zeale, not onely to participate, but wholly to depriue her of her sorrowes: yea, to proue himselfe a constant friend, and a faithfull Louer to her, he proffereth her, not onely his seruice, but his life, as well to right her honour, as to reuenge her brothers death on *Bertolini*: but this affection and perswasion of *Sturio*, is not capeable to wipe off, or exhale his Lady *Paulina's* teares.

But againe to *Bertolini*, who is so farre from contrition and repentance of this his bloudy fact, as like a prophane miscreant, and debaush'd and dissolute Gentleman, he triumphs and glories therein: yea, his impudency is become so ignorant, and his ignorance

so fortifish, as he beganne to enter into a resolution againe to court and seeke *Paulina* for his wife, without respecting or regarding either the publique danger of the law, or that of *Paulina's* priuate reuenge: for sure, her Brothers death had throwne her into such violent passions of griefe, and extremities of sorrow, as if his folly had made her so happy: doubtlesse his reuenge would haue made him more miserable, but God had taught her rage more reason, and her malice and cruelty not so much impiety: yea, it pleased his Diuine Maiesty, not so soone to call him to an accompt, and punish him for this his bloudy fact; but reseruing him for a future shame and punishment, being affrighted with a tumultuous rumor and allarum of a generall search to be made that night for his apprehension, he very subtilly, in a *Capuchins* habit, passeth *Saint Iohn de Latterans* gate; and there hauing poast-horses layd for him, hee as swift as the winde gallops away for *Naples*, and imbarking himselfe for *Cicily*, passeth the *Pharre* of *Messina*, lands at that Citie, and so rides vp for *Palermo*, where he thinks himselfe safe. But hauing not made his peace with God, where euer he flie, God will in due time finde him out, when he least dreames thereof: but although the power and influence of time be so predominate to deface the actions and accidents of time; yet *Paulina* can giue no truce to her teares, nor will she administer any consolation to her sorrowes for her brothers death: And if euer, now it is that *Sturio* resembling himselfe, beginnes to make her sorrowes his: for hauing deeply rooted and settled his affection on *Paulina*, and naturally ingrauen her beauty and picture in

in the very centre of his heart and thoughts, he begins to make his priuate affection to her publique, and so hauing already wonne her heart from her selfe, he now endeuoureth to winne her from her friends, and then to marry her. But old *Seignior Sturio* his father, is no sooner aduertised of *Brellati* his death, of *Bertolini's* flight, and of his sonnes affection and intent to take *Paulina* to wife, but disdayning he should match so low, and withall so poore, as also fearing that this might likewise ingage his sonne in some quarrell betwixt him and *Bertolini*, he resolues priuately to conuey him away out of *Rome*, in some retired or obscure place, from whence he should not returne, till his absence had cooled and extenuated the heat of his affection to *Paulina*, and of his malice and reuenge to *Bertolini*: to which end, three weekes are scarce past, but taking his sonne with him in his Coach, vnder colour to take the ayre in the fields of *Rome*, beyond *Saint Pauls Church*, he hauing giuen the Coach-man his lesson, commands him to driue away, & hauing two *Branes* or *Russians* with him, they dispose, or rather inforce the humour of his sonne *Sturio* to patience, as despight himselfe, they carry him to *Naples*, where a *Brigantine* being purposely prepared, he shippeth ouer his sonne for the *Iland* of *Capri*, or *Caprea* (where long since, *Seianus* his ambition caused *Tiberius* to sojourne, whiles hee played the pettie King, and domineered as Emperour at *Rome* in his absence) and giues him to the keeping and guard of *Seignior Alphonsus Drissa*, Captaine of that *Iland*; with request & charge not to permit him to returne, for the maine, for the tearme of one whole yeere,

yeere, without his expresse order to the contrary.

It is for none but for Louers to iudge, how tenderly *Sturio* and his sweet Lady *Paulina* grieue at the newes of this their sudden & vnexpected separation: yea, their sighes and teares are so infinit for this their disaster, as all the words of the world are not capeable to expresse them. As for *Paulina*, she had so long and so bitterly wept for her bothers death, as it was a meere cruelty of sorrow, to inforce her to play any farther part in sorrow, for the departure and captivity of her Louer *Sturio*: but her afflictions falling in, each on the necke of other (in imitation of the waues of the sea, occasioned by the breath and blast of *Boreas*) threaten her not onely with present sicknesse, but with approaching death. Againe she vnderstands of *Bertolini's* safety, and prosperity in *Cicilia*, where he triumphs in his victory, for killing her brother *Brellati*; and like a base Gentleman, continually erects his trophees of detraction vpon the ruines and tombe of her honour: and these considerations (like reserued afflictions) againe newly afflict and torment her: so as hauing lost her Iewell and her ioy, her brother and her Louer, *Brellati* and *Sturio*, she beginnes to be extreme sicke, weake, and faint: yea, the Roses of her cheekes are transformed to Lillies; the relucient lustre of her eyes, to dimnesse and obscurity: and to vse but a word, not onely her heart, but her tongue begins to faile, and to strike faile to immoderate sorrow and disconsolation. Her parents and friends grieue hereat, and farre the more, in respect they know not how to remedy it; and for her selfe, if she enioy any comfort in this life, it is onely in hope that she shall shortly

shortly leaue it, to enioy that of a better. Thus whiles sorrow, vexation and sicknesse make haste to spin out the thred and webbe of her life, if her griefes are extreme and insupportable in *Rome*, no lesse are those of her Louer *Sturio* in *Caprea*: for it frets him to the heart and gall, to see how his father hath bereaued and betraied him of his Mistris *Paulina's* presence, the onely content; and felicity, which this life and earth could affoord him a thousand times he wisheth himselfe with her, and as often kisseth her remembrance and *Idea*: and then as their affections, so their malice concurring and sympathizing, hee againe wisheth that he may bee so happy, to fight with *Bertolini* for his disgrace of his Lady *Paulina*, and she for the death of her brother *Brellati*, and in that affection and this reuenge, hee with much affliction and no comfort, passeth away many bitter daies and torments, in the misery of this his inforced exile and banishment: and although his curiosity, affection, or subtilty could neuer crowne him with the happinesse or felicity, to free himselfe of his gardes and captiuitie, and so to steale away from that *Iland* in some Foist, or Galley for the maine: yet, vnderstanding that two daies after, there was bound for the *Port of Ciuita Vetscha*, he, to testifie his affection, constancy, and torments to his deare and faire *Paulina*, takes occasion to write her a Letter to *Rome*; the which, that it might come the safer to her owne hands, hee incloseth in another, to an intimate deare friend of his. The tenor of his Letter was thus:

Dd

I know

I Know not whether I more grieue at my absence from thee, then at the manner thereof: yet sure I am, that both conioyn'd, make me in this Iland of Caprea feeble the torments, not of a feigned Purgatory, but of a true Hell: it was my purpose to condole with thee, for the vntimely death of thy brother: it is now not onely my resolution, but my practice, to mourne with my selfe for thy banishment, or rather with thee for mine, and when my sorrowes haue most need of consolation, then againe that consolation findes most cause of sorrow: for thinking of Bertolini, me thinkes I see thy false disparagement on his malicious tongue, and thy brother Brellati his true death, on his bloody sword: and yet haue neither the honour or happinesse to reuenge either, and which is worse, not be permitted to know where he is, that I may reuenge them: but I wish I were onely incident and oblig'd to support this affliction, conditionally thou wert exempt thereof, or that I might know the limits and period of our absence, thereby to hope for an end and remedy thereof, which now I can finde no motives to know, nor cause to hope. O that I haue often enuied Leanders happinesse! And if loue could make impossibilities possible, the Mediterranean sea should long since haue bene my Hellespont, my body, my barke, and my armes, my oares, to haue waisted mee from my Abidos, to thy Sestos, from my Caprea, to thy Rome, to thee, sweet Paulina, my onely faire and deare Hero: and although the constancy and feruency of my loue to thee, suggest me many inuentions to escape the misery of my exile: yet, the Argus eyes of my fathers malice, in that of my Gardians iealousie, cannot be enchanted or lulled asleepe with the melody of so vnfortunate a Mercury as my selfe: but time shall shortly act and finish that which impatience cannot, till when, Deate
and

and Sweet Paulina, *retaine me in thy thoughts, as I doe thee in my heart and memory: and doubt not but a few weekes will make vs as happy, as we are now miserable.*

STURIO.

Paulina, in the middest of her sorrowes and sicknesse, receiues this Letter from her best and dearest friend *Sturio*, and although she reioyce to heare of his health and wel-fare in *Caprea*, yet she is more glad, that the extremity of her sicknesse and weakenesse informe her, she shall shortly dye in *Rome*: for vanquished with afflictions, and ouer-come with variety of griefe and discontents, she in conceit hath already left this world, and is by this time, halfe way in her progresse and pilgrimage towards *Heauen*, yet in loue to her deare *Sturio*, who wrote her this kinde Letter, she will not be so vnkinde, but will kisse it for his sake that sent it her: and peraduenture, if she had beene so happy, that hee might haue beene the bearer and deliuerer thereof himselfe; or that he had borne and deliuered himselfe to her in stead of his Letter, hee might then haue giuen some comfort to her sorrowes, and some consolation to her discontents and afflictions, whereas now seeing him exiled, and mewed vp in *Caprea*, without any apparance of returne; she sees she hath more reason to flie to her old despaire, then to any new hope, and so wisheth the desired houre were at last come, wherein she might giue her last farewell to this world: but againe perusing and ouer-reading his Letter, she findes it full fraught with loue and affection towards her: and therefore disdayning to proue ingratchfull to any, especially to *Sturio*, who

is so kinde and courteous to her, calls for penne and paper, and by his owne conueyance returnes him this answer:

I Cannot rightly define, whether the receipt of thy Letter made mee more glad, or the contents sorrowfull: for as I infinitely reioyced to understand thou wert liuing, so I extremely griued to heare there was no certainty of thy releasement and returne: whether or no Caprea bee thy Purgatory, I know not, but sure I am, Rome is my Hell; sith I cannot be there with thee, nor thou here with mee: and as I lamented with sighes, I could not dye with my brother, so I griue with teares, that I cannot liue with thee: but why write I of liuing, when his mournefull Tragedy, and thy disastrous exile hath made mee more ready to dye then liue, or rather not fit to liue, but dye? for despayring of thy returne, how can I hope for comfort, sith it onely liued in thy presence, as my heart and ioy did in thee? As for Bertolini's folly to mee, and crime to my brother: if thy sword punish him not, Gods iust reuenge will, and wishing thus as a woman, as a Christian, I pardon and forgive him, and so I pray doe thou for my sake, if thou wilt not for that of my dead brothers. Could prayers, or wishes haue effected thy returne to mee, my teares had long since beene thy Hellespont, and Mediterranean sea, and my sighes had fill'd the sayles of my desires and resolutions to haue past Ostia, floated vp Tiber, and landed at Rippa to mee: but alas, alas! heere in remembring Hero's felicitie and ioy, I cannot forget my sorrowes and afflictions: for as Leander liu'd in her armes, so I cannot be so fortunate, either to liue or dye in my Sturio's: and if
now,

now, as a skilfull Mercury, thou couldest inueigle the eyes both of thy fathers malice, and Gardians ielousie; yet that happinesse would come too late and out of season for mee: for before thou shalt haue plotted thy flight and escape from Caprea to Rome, I shall haue acted and finished mine from Rome to Heauen. I would send thee more lines, but that my weake hand, and feeble fingers haue not the power, though the will, any longer to retaine my pen. Heauen will make vs happy, though Earth cannot: therefore my deare Sturio, let this be our last and best consolation; as these ioyes are temporary, and transitory, so those will bee permanent and eternall.

PAULINA.

This Letter of *Paulina* to *Sturio*, meets with a speedy passage from *Rome* to *Caprea*; who receiuing it, and thinking to haue found her in her true and perfect health, with much ioy and affection breakes vp the scales thereof, when, contrary to his hope and expectation, vnderstanding of her sicknesse and approach to death, he tenderly and bitterly weepes at his owne misfortune in her discontent and disaster: yea he passionately and sorrowfully bewailes his fathers cruelty, in thus banishing him from her sight and presence, from the contemplation of whose beauty, and from his innate affection to her, the fates and destinies cannot banish him. But alas, vnfortunate *Sturio*! the newes of thy *Paulina's* sicknesse, is but the *Prologue* to the ensuing sorrowes and afflictions, that are ready to befall and surprize thee: for the newes of her death shall

shortly follow her Letter; and if that drew teares from thine eyes, this shall drowne thine eyes in the Ocean of thy teares: neither shall hee stay long to feele the miserable impetuosity of this mournfull storme: For scarce twenty dayes are past, after the writing of her Letter to *Sturio*, but *Paulina* languishing with griefe, despaire, sorrow and sicknesse, as a female loue-Martyr, takes her last leaue and farewell of this world in *Rome*; it being not in the power or affection of her parents, any longer to diuert her from paying this her last due and tribute vnto Nature, sith wee all haue our liues lent, not giuen vs; and therefore as we receiue, so we must repay them to our Creator and Redeemer, of whom we haue first receiued them.

Old *Sturio* is as glad in *Rome* for the death of *Paulina*, as her parents grieue thereat; and now it is that he intends to be as happy and ioyfull in his sonnes presence, as he hath formerly made himselfe sorrowfull in occasioning his absence. Whereupon, with all expedition, he dispatcheth a seruant of his to *Caprea* with a Letter, to signifie his sonne thereof, and consequently to recall him. This newes of *Paulina's* death infinitely afflicts and torments our *Sturio*: for shee being the Queene of his affections, and the soueraigne Goddesse of his delights and desires, hee resembleth himselfe, and so like a true Louer as hee is, acteth a wonderfull mournful part of sorrow for her vnwished and vnexpected death, he is no longer himselfe: nay, such was his liuing affection to *Paulina*, and such is his immoderate sorrow for her death, as he will not be himselfe, because she is gone, who was the greatest and chiefe part of himselfe. But as wounds cannot be cured, ere searched;

so

so passion transporting his thoughts beyond reason, and reuenge beyond passion; he, for the time present, forsakes the effect, to follow the cause, and so hath no other object before his eyes and thoughts, but that of *Bertolini* his killing of her brother *Brellati*; and this of his fathers vnkind banishing of him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: wherefore, that hee may outliue his sorrowes, and apply a lenitiue to his corrosiue, he vowes to reuenge both. The manner is thus: That as his father deceiued his hopes, in carrying him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: so he will deceiue those of his said father, in carrying himselfe from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, there to finde out *Bertolini*, and to fight with him: it is not the poynt of honour, much lesse, iudgement, and least of all, Religion, that precipitateth and throwes him on this bloody, and therefore vncharitable resolution. But it is the vanity of his thoughts, and his liuing affection to his dead *Mistris Paulina*, which giues life and birth to it: for he (trampling on all dissuasion and opposition) finding a Galley of *Naples*, bound from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, very secretly imbarques himselfe on her, and contemning the impetuosity of the windes, and the mercilesse mercy of the seas, lands at *Palermo*, where hushing himselfe vp the first night priuately in his Inne, and informing himselfe that *Bertolini* was in that City; hee, the next morne, by his Lackey, sendshim this challenge:

Having killed my deare Paulina, in the scandall of her honour, and the death of her brother *Brellati*, my afflictions and sorrowes to suruiue her, make mee contemne mine owne life, to seeke thine: to which purpose I haue left
Caprea,

Caprea, to finde Cicily, and in it thy ſelfe. Wherefore as thou art Bertolini, faile not to meet me this evening 'twixt five and ſixe of the clocke, in the next Meddow, behinde the Carthuſians Monastery: where my ſelfe, aſſiſted onely with a Chirurgicalian, and the choyce of two ſingle Rapiers, will expect and attend thee: thy generoſity inuities thee, and my affection and honour obligeth me to be the onely gheſt of this bloody banquet.

STURIO.

Bertolini receiues and reades this challenge, which, to write the truth, is not ſo pleaſing to him as was that of Brellati: he ſees himſelfe and his honour ingaged to fight, and knowes not how to exempt and free himſelfe thereof. For firſt, he conſidereth that the ground of his defence and quarrell is not good, ſith hee knew in his ſoule and conſcience, that *Paulina* was as chaſte as faire, and that he had wronged himſelfe, in ſeeking to wrong and ſcandalize her; then that hee perfectly vnderſtood *Sturio* was valiant and generous, yea and very expert and ſkilfull in handling his weapons; and withall, that ſingle combates were variable, and onely conſtant in vnconſtancy: ſo that hee began not onely to doubt, but feare, that as he had killed *Brellati*, ſo *Sturio* was reſerued to kill him: but againe, conſidering that his birth and blood was noble; it contrariwiſe ſo incited and animated his courage, and inflamed and ſet an edge on his generoſity, as with a kind of vnwilling willingneſſe he accepts of *Sturio's* challenge, and ſo bade his Lackey tell his Maſter from him, that hee would not faile to meete him, to giue him his welcome to *Palermo*. The clocke ſtrikes five, and long before

fore fixe, our two young *Gentlemen* come ride into the field; where, giuing their horses to their Chirurgians, with command not to stirre till their duty and office call them, they both draw, and so approach each other. But though this fury of theirs begin in blood, yet it shall not heere end in death. At first comming vp, *Sturio* wards *Bertolini's* thrust, and runnes him into the right flanke, of a deepe wound: at the second, hee wounds him againe in the necke, which drawes much blood from him: neither is the third meeting more propitious, or lesse fatall to him: for *Sturio*, without receiuing any touch or scar, giues him a third wound 'twixt his small ribs; wherat his courage seareth, & his strength fainteth; when willing to saue his life, though with the losse of his honor, he throws away his Rapier, and with his hat in hand, begs his life of *Sturio*, and with as much truth as integrity, confesseth and voweth, that he is infinitely sorrowfull and repentant for the scandal, deliuered against the honour of his most faire and chaste *Lady Paulina*; for the which hee craues pardon and remission. *Sturio* is astonished at this vnexpected and cowardly act of *Bertolini*; wherat he bites his lip, but I know not whether more with disdain then anger: onely at first the remembrance of *Brellati* and *Paulina's* deathes, for the present make him inexorable to his request and submission: but at last, making reason giue a law to choller, and Religion to reuenge, and considering that hee was more then a man, sith a *Christian*, as also that the lustre of his blood and extraction had distinguished him from the vulgar, and so made him honourable and noble; he, not as a cruell *Tiger*, but as a generous *Lion*, disdaineth to

blemish his reputation and valour in killing a diſarmed man : and ſo his honour outbrauing his valour and reuenge, he as a truly noble *Gentleman*, giues *Bertolini* his life, as holding himſelfe ſatiſfied, by hauing righted the honour of his dead *Miſtris Paulina*, in *Bertolini's* confeſſion and contrition. So they ſheathevp their ſwords, and like louing friends returne together into the City : where *Sturio* prepareth for his departure, and *Bertolini* betakes himſelfe to haue his wounds dreſſed and cured.

This combate, or *Duell*, is not ſecretly carryed betwixt them and their *Chirurgians*, but all *Palermo* reſounds and prattles thereof; and which is more, this newes ſpeedily ſailes from *Cicily* to *Naples*, and from thence rides poaſt to *Rome*, where *Sturio* and *Bertolini* likewise in ſhort ſpace arriue : but firſt comes *Sturio*, then *Bertolini*, (whoſe father by this time hath obtained his pardon for killing of *Brellati*.) The *Nobility* and *Gentry* of *Rome* ſpeake diuerſly and differently of our two late return'd *Gallants* : ſome, out of reaſon, highly applaud *Sturio's* fighting with *Bertolini*, occaſioned through his affection to his dead *Miſtris Paulina*, and then, his humanity and courteſie ſhewed and extended him, in giuing him his life : others, out of the errors of youth and vanity, taxe and condemne him for not diſpatching and killing him. Againe, many extoll *Bertolini* his valour in killing *Brellati*, but all taunt and taxe him for his cowardize, in not fighting it out with *Sturio*; and which is worſe, for diſgracefully begging and receiuing his life of him. *Bertolini* findes this ſcandall throwne and retorted on him, to bee very diſtaſtfull and diſhonourable : in ſo much as hee cannot
reliſh

rellish it, but with discontent, nor digest it, but with extreme indignation and choller: which throwes him so violently on the execrable humour of reuenge, as he vowes to make *Sturio* pay deare for giuing too much liberty to his tongue, to the preiudice of his honor & reputation. Pust vp thus with these three execrable humours and vices, disdain, enuy and reuenge, whereof the least is great and capable enough to ruine both a fortune and a life: he, out of a wretched resolution, (vnworthy the generosity of a Gentleman) not onely forgets *Sturio* his singular courtesie in giuing him his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to take it from him, but also remembreth, and in that remembrance resolueth to repay him with the vngratefull requitall, and mournfull interest of depriuing him of his. O extreme ingratitude! O yncharitable and base resolution! yea he is so deuoyd of reason, and the purity of his soule and conscience so contaminated and vilified with the contemplation and obiekt of blood, as he giues way thereto, and resolues thereon: yea, permits it to forsake *God*, of purpose wilfully to follow the diuell: yea, his thoughts are so surprized and taken vp with this execrable and hellish resolution of murther, as he thinks of nothing else but of the means and manner how to dispatch *Sturio*; and so to send him in a bloody winding-sheet, from this life to another. To fight with him againe in the field, he dares not, to assassinate and murther him in his bed, he cannot, sith he must passe fīue or sixe seuerall chambers, ere he can come at his: and to pistoll him in the open street, though it bee lesse difficult, yet hee findes it most dangerous, sith hee sees *Sturio* still went bet-

ter followed and accompanied then himselfe, as indeed being more eminent of birth, and noble of extraction then himselfe. But he shall want no inuention to accomplish and bring this his bloody resolution to passe: for if he faile thereof, the diuell is Kill at his elbow to prompt and instruct him therein: yea his impiety is growne so strong with the diuell, and his faith so weake with *God*, as now hauing turned ouer the records of his reuenge, hee at last resolues to shoot *Sturio* frō a window, with a *Petronell*, as he passeth the street: and vpon the attempt and finishing of this hellish stratagem and bloody *Tragedy*, the diuell and he strike hands, and conclude it: the contriuing and perpetrating whereof, shall in the end strangle him, because he was so prophane and gracelesse, as hee would not strangle the first conceit thereof in their births and conceptions.

But leaue we here *Bertolini* ruminating on his intended bloody crime of murther, and come we a little to speake of poore vnfortunate *Sturio*, who not dreaming of his malice, much lesse of his vngratefull and bloody reuenge intended against him, like a mournfull and disconsolate constant Lover, is thinking on nothing so much, as on the liuing beauty and *Idea* of his dead *Paulina*: and although he knew it as palpable folly to bewray his immoderate sorrowes, as discretion to conceale them; yet their impetuosity and feruency giue such a predominating law to his resolutions, as hee cannot refraine from often stealing into *Sancta Maria de Rotunda's* Church, where shee was buried, and there secretly bedewes her tombe, and washes her Sepulchre with his teares: an act and ceremony

remony of Louers, which though affection authorize, yet *Religion* doth neither iustifie, nor can approve: all the care of his father and friends is to seeke how to purge his pensiuenesse, and to wipe off his melancholy sorrowes, and sorrowfull melancholineesse: to which end they proffer him great variety of Noble and beautifull Ladies in marriage, hoping that the sight and presence of a new beauty, would deface the memory and absence of an old: but their policy proues vaine: for *Sturio*, will be as constant in his sorrowes, for his sweet *Paulina's* death, as he was in his affection to her whiles she liued; and therefore, although their power enforce him to see diuers, yet his will can neuer be drawne, or inforced to loue any, as hauing inuiolably contracted himselfe to this definitiue resolution, that sith he could not be *Paulina's* husband, he will neuer wed himselfe to any other wife then his graue.

And here I beginne to write rather with teares, then inke, when I apprehend and consider how soone our poore and innocent *Sturio* shall be by the bloody hand of *Bertolini* layd in his vnfortunate and vntimely graue. Ah *Sturio*, *Sturio*, hadst thou beene more vindictiue, and lesse generous and compassionate, thou hadst preuented thy death by killing *Bertolini*, when thy valour in *Caprea* formerly reduced and exposed him to the mercy of thy sword; or if thou hadst beleeued this *Maxime*, that dead men can neuer offend or hurt, thou needst not haue relied and trusted vpon the false promises of an incensed, and irreconcilable enemy: but what shall I say? It was not thy honour, but *Bertolini's* infamy, which hastneth

and procureth thy death. O that thou shouldest be so true a friend to thine enemy, and he proue so deadly an enemy to thee his true friend ! *Sturio* gaue *Bertolini* his life, and *Bertolini*, in requitall, will giue *Sturio* his death : but such monstrous and bloudy ingratitude will neuer goe vnpunished of *God* ; for as it is odious to earth , so it is execrable to *Heauen* : but I must be so vnfortunate, to bring this deplorable Tragedy on the Theatre of this History : A misery of miseries, that we are many times neere our ends, when we thinke our selues farthest from them ; and (not to rush into the sacred and secret Closet of *Gods* inscrutable providence) I can finde no other pregnant reason thereof either in *Diuinity* or *Nature*, but that at all times and in all places, we should be still prepared and ready for death, e're death for vs, and not protracting or procrastinating the houre thereof, but that whensoever it shall please *God* to call vs to him, or himselfe to vs , that (like good Christians) death may still finde vs alwaies arm'd to meet, neuer vnprovided to encounter it.

But *Bertolini* is so obstinate in his malice, and so wretchedly implacable in his reuenge, as vnderstanding that *Sturio* is accustomed to goe to his mornings Masse, at the *English Colledge*, he provides both himselfe and his *Petronell* charged with a brace of bullets, (or rather the deuill provides both the bullets, the *Petronell* and himselfe :) and so, watching the aduantage of his houre and time, in a Munday morning, a little after the Cardinals, *Farnesi* and *Caponius*, were ridden with their traines to the Confinity, putting himselfe into an vnknowne house be-
twixt

twixt the sayd *English Colledge* and the *Palace of Farnesse*, he hauing his cocke bent, and seeing *Sturio* coming in the street, vpon his prauncing *Barbary* horse and foot-cloth, like a gracelesse and bloudy villaine (hauing neither the feare of *God*, nor the saluation or damnation of his soule before his eyes, nor once imagining that hee shootes at the Maiestie of *God* the Creator, in killing and defacing man his image & creature:) lets flie at him, and the deuill had made him so curious and expert a marke-man, as both the bullets pierce the trunke of his brest; with which mortall wounds, our innocent *Sturio* no longer able to sit his horse, tumbles downe dead to the ground, without hauing the power to vtter a word, but onely to breathe forth two or three lamentable and deadly grones: and this was the vnfortunate and mournfull end of this Noble Gentleman *Sturio*, which I cannot relate without sighes, nor remember without teares.

This bloudy Tragedy acted on so braue a Gallant, in the very bowels and heart of *Rome*, doth extremely amaze, and draw all the spectators to lamentation and mourning, and his two seruants, who walked by his horse side, are so busie in lifting him vp, and rubbing the temples of their dead Master, as they forget the research and enquiry for his murtherer: but the assistants and standers by, hearing the report of the peece, and not onely seeing the smoake in the window and ayre, but this Noble Gentleman dead in the street, they ascend the house, finde the *Petronell* on the table, but the shooter fled vpon a swift Spanish Gennet, by the backe doore, they of the house affirming

ming with teares, that they knew not the Gentleman that did it, neither was it in their powers to stop or preuent his escape.

This fatall and mournfull newes disperfed and spred o're the Citie of *Rome*; the Sargeant and Capitaines guard are busie to finde out the murtherer, who by this time they know to be *Signior Bertolini*: but being gallantly mounted, hee speeds away thorow the streets amaine, and is so farre from despaire, as hee makes no doubt, but to recouer the *Latteran* gate, and to escape this his second danger, as fortunately as he did his first, by flying into the Kingdome of *Naples*: but his hopes shall deceiue him: for if hee bought *Brellati's* murther at an easie rate, *God* hath now ordained and decreed, that he shall pay deare for this his second of *Sturio*: and lo, heere the impetuous storme of *Gods* iust reuenge and indignation now befalls him, when hee least thinkes or feares thereof: The manner thus:

As he was swiftly galloping thorow *Campo de Fuogo*, (the publike place where the Pope (that *Antichrist* of *Rome*) burnes the children of *God*, for the profession of his glorious Gospell) and being at the farther end thereof, with an intent to draw towards the back-side of the *Capitall*, behold, two brick-layers building of a house vpon a scaffold, two stories high in the streete; as *Bertolini* passed, both the scaffold, & the two brick-layers fell downe vpon him, and his horse; and so beat them both to the ground: but as yet the newes of *Sturio's* murther was not arriued thither: so as danger and feare making *Bertolini* forget the hurt of his fall, hee againe riseth vp, and calls for his horse; which

which was speedily brought him: so leaping into his saddle, hee spurs away, with as much celerity as his Gennet could possible driue vnder him: but if he haue escaped this first iudgement of God, hee shall not the second, for hauing past the *Capitoll* and the *Amphitheatre*, his Gennet 'twixt that and the *Lateran*, fell vnder him, which putting his shoulder out of ioynt, the poore afflicted beast could not rise with his master, who by this time is more afflicted and griued, then the harmelesse Gennet he rides vpon. Whereupon being amazed, and fearing that the search would instantly follow and surprize him, he leauing his horse, betakes himselfe to his owne heeles: and so with much terrour both of minde and conscience, hee knowes not whither to goe, or where to hide himselfe: but at last considering that the greatest dangers haue need of the least distraction, and most discretion, hee thinkes to fle on his right hand to *Flora Farnesi*, or the gardens & orchards which belong to that *Illustrious Family*: but then againe, fearing to meet with a wooden face, in stead of finding an open doore, he leaues that resolution, and (as fast as his legges and feet can beare him) flies on his left hand vp towards *Nero's tower*, & so famous for that Emperours insamy in standing thereon, when he delighted to see all *Rome* on fire) and here in the ruines and demolitions of an infinite number of Palaces, Churches and other stupendious buildings, our murderous *Bertolini* hides and husheth vp himselfe, hoping if the day were past, to escape and recover some secret friends house by night.

But God is too iust, to let this his cruell fact passe

vnreunged, and this bloody murtherer unpunished : for he hath scarce beene there halfe an houre, but he is knowne there, found out and hemm'd in of all sides by the Captaines gard, arm'd with Partisans and Pistols. Here *Bertolini* considering himselfe a *Roman Gentleman*, would sayne haue made some resistance with his Rapier : but seeing their numbers to increase, and himselfe alone, as also that it would farther augment his crime, and exasperate his Iudges against him, he at their first assummons deliuereth vp his Rapier, and yeelds, and rendereth himselfe into their hands, who presently conuey him to prison, where he shall haue but little time to thinke of his hainous, and bloody murthers, ere we shall see him brought foorth and arraigned before his Iudges : but in the *Interim* all *Rome* is possessed and informed hereof.

So the second morne of *Bertolini* his imprisonment, he is fetcht before his Iudges, where at first the deuill is so strong with him, as he once thought to haue denied this murther of *Sturio* : but God prouing more mercifull to his soule, he vpon his Iudges graue and religious remonstrances, with many sighes and teares freely confesseth it, humbly beseeching them to take pittie of his young yeeres, and that it was onely the heate of youth, and the vanity of his ambitious honour, which had thus betrayed and seduced his soule to perpetrate this cruell and impious murther, and for the which hee extremely and bitterly repented himselfe.

But the arrow of Gods wrath and reuenge, is now fully bent against *Bertolini*, as his bullets were against *Sturio* : so as his *Sacred Maiessty*, causing his Iudges

to resemble themselves, they are deafe to his requests, and tell him, it is not his youth or his ambition, but the deuill that hath seduced and drawne him to performe this bloody murder : and so for expiation thereof, they, in consideration he is a Roman Gentleman, nobly descended, will not hang him, but adiuudge his two hands to be cut off before the house where he shot at *Sturio*, and then to be beheaded at the common place of execution, at the foote of *Saint Angelos* bridge, his head to be set vpon a pole, ouer *Saint Iohn de Laterans* gate, and his body to be throwne into *Tiber* : which the next day was accordingly executed in presence of many thousand people of both sexes and of all ranks, notwithstanding the importunate solicitations which his father made to *Cardinall Borghese* (the *Pope Paulus Quintus* Nephew) to the contrary; who was too Noble and generous to assist him in so base and ignoble a murder.

And these were the liues and deaths of these three vnfortunate *Roman Gentlemen*, *Brellati*, *Sturio*, and *Bertolini*, and of that beautifull, chaste, and sorrowfull Lady *Paulina*. And here to conclude and shut vp this their mournfull History; I haue beene informed that the curious wits of *Rome* made many exquisite Epitaphs vpon the deaths of *Sturio* and *Paulina*, as also that *Bertolini* made a religious and most Christian speech at his end, of which I must confesse I was not so happie to recouer the sight, or copies of either : for if I had, I would not haue failed to haue inserted, and placed them at the end of this their History, to haue serued as a grace and ornament thereunto, in inter-

lacing my Prose with others Verses, for the better delight and recreation of my Reader. But I must (iustly) craue excuse herein: for my curiositie sought them; though my vnfortunacy found them not: and because I wholly ayme rather to profit then please my Reader, let vs forget the shaddowes, to remember the substance, and so looke from the Mappe, to the Morall of this History: that the foule example of *Bertolini's* crime of murther, and the iustnesse of his punishment, may make vs lesse bloudy, and more compasionate and charitable to our Christian brethren, and consequently more pious towards God, of whom we all beare the liuing image, and true and liuely Character.

FINIS.

